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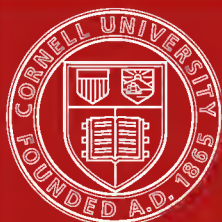
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A
LAND OF LOVE.

BY
SIDNEY LUSKA,
AUTHOR OF "THE YOKE OF THE THORAH," "AS IT WAS WRITTEN,"
"MRS. PEIXADA," ETC.

"'Tis thus that an ardent youngster makes
The Latin Quarter a land of love."

*Edmund Clarence Stedmon's translation
of Jean Prouvaire's Song.*

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LIPPINCOTT'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

AUGUST, 1887.

A LAND OF LOVE.

"'Tis thus that an ardent youngster makes
The Latin Quarter a land of love."
*Edmund Clarence Stedman's translation
of Jean Prouvaire's Song.*

I.

AFTER Stephen Ormizon had put the finishing touches to the last page of his novel, *A Voice from the Wilderness*,—which he did in Paris, early in August, 1885,—he was anxious, for precautionary reasons that we need not enter into here, to have a copy made of the manuscript; and to this end he advertised for a copyist in the *Morning News*. The post brought him thirteen replies: ominous number. Of these, six were hopelessly bad in the prerequisite of penmanship. Six were edifying specimens of English as she can be wrote, when venturesome and intrepid Frenchmen seriously bend their minds to it. The thirteenth, also, appeared to be of native authorship; but it was feasible. Written in a delicate feminine hand, upon paper that was haunted by the mere ghost of a sweet smell, it ran thus:

"No. —, RUE SOUFFLOT, August 8, 1885.

"SIR,—In response to the enclosed advertisement, cut from the *Morning News* of yesterday, I beg leave to say that I should very much like to make the copy which you desire, if you infer from this example that my handwriting will be suitable,

"Very respectfully yours,

"D. PERSONETTE.

"To MONSIEUR S. O., Office of the *Morning News*."

"I guess," said Ormizon to himself,—*"I guess D. Personette is my man; though, on second thoughts, D. Personette is probably a woman. I wonder whether she is an old woman or a young woman, a pretty woman or an ugly woman, a married woman, or a single woman, or a widow. This,"* sniffing at the paper,—*"this perfume suggests something rather nice. So does the chirography. It's elegant and graceful, and at the same time free from those nonsensical hair-lines and flourishes. Yes, I suspect . . . Still, you can't be sure; and quite possibly she's not a woman, after all. These Frenchmen often write lady-like hands, and scent their letters as they do their gloves and handkerchiefs. Well, at any rate, I shall soon find out; for I'll go at once and pay D. Personette a visit."*

He had his boots blacked, and put on his best frock-coat. There was no telling what sort of person this Personette might be; and he surmised that he should perhaps want to create a favorable impression. If she were by chance a young and pretty woman, now, you understand—! Then he left his house, and after a walk of five or fewer minutes—for he himself dwelt in Rue Gay-Lussac—was catechising the concierge of No. —, Rue Soufflot.

"Monsieur Personette?" he demanded, in an off-hand way.

As the conclusion of some debate with himself, he had resolved to assume, for the purposes of a working hypothesis, the masculinity of his correspondent; impelled to do so, in part, it may be, because, secretly hoping that the truth was otherwise, he thus avoided from the outset the risk of a disappointment.

"Monsieur Personette?" the concierge rejoined, with a dubious shrug and gesture. "Mademoiselle Personette, you wish to say, is it not, monsieur?"

"Ah, yes; precisely; Mademoiselle Personette. À quel étage?"

And so a woman she was, in point of fact. Yet—mademoiselle? Dire potentialities resided in that title mademoiselle. Mademoiselle Personette? A vision of ancient spinsterhood, gray, tall, angular, ascetic, with thin lips and a perpetual frown, clad in neat though rusty alpaca, flitted rapidly before our hero's mental eye. Mademoiselle Personette. . . . Ah, well, it didn't much matter one way or the other; and, anyhow, time would show.

"Cinquième à gauche," the concierge had meanwhile announced, and retired within his den.

Ormizon tugged up five slippery flights of stairs, redolent of beeswax, turpentine, and bygone cookery, and pulled the tasselled bell-cord that dangled outside the door at the left of the topmost landing. The door at the right was decorated with a tin sign, proclaiming, "Dr. Maccarin, Dentiste Américain." It didn't look like a very American name; but it gave Ormizon for an instant a glow of compatriotic feeling.

"Mademoiselle Personette, is she at home?" he asked of the woman who presently opened to him, doubtful whether this might not be Mademoiselle Personette herself.

"Ah, oui, monsieur," she answered, with that peculiar Parisian inflection which no combination of letters can be made to render, and

which seems to give to "Ah, oui" the force of "Why, of course. You ought to have known it." "Take the pain, monsieur, to enter into the salon, and to seat yourself."

Obviously, this was *not* Mademoiselle Personette. He handed her his visiting-card, and added, "Say that it is the gentleman who advertised in the *Morning News*."

"Hein, oui, monsieur ; le *Mawnee Noose*," she repeated, with a toss of the head, to show that she understood ; and, dropping a courtesy, vanished.

After she was gone, he sat down, and began to look around him.

II.

It was rather a pretty, though a very modest, little room, this salon ; a bright, cheerful little room ; triangle-shaped, or nearly so, as such a number of rooms in Paris are. The walls were panelled in white and gold ; though the white had begun to turn yellow, and the gold to tarnish,—in some places, indeed, to scale off. An immense looking-glass, in a gilt frame sculptured with flowers and leaves and grotesque grinning faces, surmounted the mantel, by the aid of which Ormizon gave a touch or two to his cravat and subdued a refractory lock of hair. By chains, from the centre of the ceiling, swung a large old-fashioned lamp, of bronze and porcelain, with a shade big enough for an umbrella. A flood of sunshine pouring in through the open windows did a great deal to atone for a certain scantiness of furniture, and supplied the place of a carpet upon the highly-polished floor. An upright piano, with a lot of music piled on top of it, an engraving of Titian's Flora, two little landscapes in oil, a photograph of the Cathedral at Rouen, and a plaster bust of Victor Hugo, spoke for the fine arts ; while a well-filled book-case represented letters. The air bore a faint, elusive, aromatic odor, something like sandal-wood, something like dried rose-leaves, the source of which Ormizon could not determine, but which, as he afterward found out, issued from a pot-pourri of old red Kaga, on the centre-table, under the hanging lamp. He was trying, not very successfully, to deduce from these surroundings some more definite idea of their proprietress than he had got already from the sound of her name, when the door opened, and—

"Why, Mr. Ormizon !" cried an agreeable womanly voice, in which surprise and pleasure were evenly blended.

In a twinkling Ormizon was on his feet and half-way across the room. He saw before him a decidedly pretty, plump little lady, perhaps thirty years of age, whose face was wreathed in smiles, and whose hands were extended toward him in a manner that betokened great and genuine cordiality, mingled with considerable bewilderment and wonder.

"Why, Miss—why, Dr.—Gluck !" he stammered. "Why—well—well, I declare !"

Then he took possession of the proffered hands ; and they stood together, speechless, waiting each apparently for the other to commence an explanation.

"Well—there—sit down—do," finally ejaculated the vivacious Dr. Gluck, pushing him toward a chair. "And, for mercy's sake, tell me what this means."

"I'm sure it surpasses *my* powers of elucidation," he confessed, nodding his puzzled head. "You're the last person I expected to find here. I called to see a certain Mademoiselle Personette—D. Personette, she subscribes herself. Unless that's one of your *noms de guerre*—"

"Oh, no. That's Denise. You see, Zélie—Zélie's the maid who let you in—she thought Denise was at home; and when she discovered her mistake she came to me and gave me your card,—see, here it is,—and when I read your name,—Mr. Stephen Ormizon,—well, you may just imagine! But I couldn't believe that it was really you until I actually beheld you seated here. And even now—oh, it's too good to be true. I'm not sure even now but you may be a ghost, an hallucination."

"I'm a pretty substantial one, I give you my word. But you—how—what—why, I didn't dream you were in Paris. I had an idea you were in Vienna, or Berlin, or somewhere. Wasn't it Vienna you were going to when you bade us all good-by?"

"Oh, yes; but, then, you needn't have expected me to take root in Vienna. I left there ages ago. I've been here—let me see—ever since—why, it must be two years, almost. But you—have you dropped straight out of the clouds? Or where *do* you come from? And when did you arrive? And how long are you going to stay? And everything? It—it's certainly the most extraordinary coincidence I ever heard of in my life, upon my honor!"

"If you want to be correct, and complete the situation, you should observe, with the air of having made a discovery, that it shows how small the world is. That's the reflection cut and dried for just such emergencies. But it is odd, joking aside. I arrived clear back in May—the first week in May. I came from Italy—from Rome—where I had been spending the winter, and basking under the Italian skies, which shed rain-water upon us almost every day. . . . But to think! I never knew of anything more exasperating. It makes me want to beat my breast and rend my garments. Well, it's just my luck."

"Why, what? What's the matter?" the doctor inquired, in evident alarm.

"Matter! Why, to think of all this precious time that I have lost—of all these weeks that I might have been enjoying in your society—if I had only had an inkling that you were here."

"Oh, well, never mind. No use crying over spilt milk. Besides, we'll make up for it. Just fancy the jollifications we shall have now!"

"Yes—except that I've got to go home next month."

"Oh, is that so?"—with falling voice.

"Yes; I've engaged my passage for the 26th."

"Oh, dear! that is too bad. But—but you can postpone it, can't you?"

"Alas, I'm afraid not. I've been away nearly a year already; and, besides, I've got business to attend to in New York."

"Oh, well, we'll simply have to make the most of the meanwhile,

then ; that's all. And we'll do it, never fear. To-day—to-day is the 8th, isn't it? And between now and the 26th of September—why, there's a lifetime! But tell me, how—oh, yes, I remember. You came to see Denise. But what—what in the world can you want to see Denise about?"

"Why, yesterday, don't you know, I advertised in the *Morning News* for a person to do some copying, and——"

"Oh! Then you—you are S. O.—the mysterious S. O. Well, I never!" And the doctor broke into a merry peal of laughter.

"I can't say that I see the joke," Ormizon complained.

Repressing her mirth, "Well, it isn't exactly a *joke*," the doctor admitted. "But Denise and I, we've speculated so much about who S. O. might be, and what he was like, and everything—and then to have it turn out to be you—you—well, it is too funny."

And she went off in a new peal of laughter.

"I'm glad it affords you so much amusement, I'm sure," he said, nettled a little.

"Oh, there; you needn't get on your dignity; for it's entirely charming, too. Do you know, we conceived of you—just fancy!—as a wretched old Englishman, who took snuff, and had a red nose, and great bushy gray whiskers. And we thought your name was Solomon Oglesby, or something like that. And—oh, if Denise were *only* here! She—she'll be delighted."

"Will she, really? Well, that's good. . . . And now, by the bye, don't you think the proper moment has arrived for you to inform me who Denise is?"

"Why, Denise—why, she's Mademoiselle Personette, of course."

"That much I had already conjectured. I mean, who is Mademoiselle Personette? And how is she related to you?"

"Oh, she's not *related*. She—she's my chum, and my dearest friend, and my protégée, and—oh, it's a long story, all about Denise."

"Well, go on. Tell it to me. Do."

"Well, it begins away back at the time of my arrival here in Paris. I went to a horrid little pension in the Rue Vanneau, kept by a regular old cat whose name was Madame Minoir; and there I met Denise. She was boarding there, and we had seats next to each other at table. She had recently lost her mother, who was an American lady; and the poor little thing was completely broken down in health and spirits. She did look so pathetic and interesting, in her mourning, with her pale face and great dark eyes, that I was drawn to her from the very first. So—well, I began to take French lessons of her; and I made her submit to my treatment; and we fell desperately in love with each other, and vowed never to separate, and all that; and finally, about a year ago, more or less, we rented this apartment, and set up housekeeping together. It's awfully jolly, and free, and independent; perhaps a trifle unconventional; but I'm old enough to chaperon us both."

"I should think it would be delightful. And you—I suppose you are carrying on your studies, of course, and getting wiser and wiser every day?"

"Well, I'm working pretty hard—yes. I have a clinic of my own in diseases of the ear; and then I'm going into animal magnetism, mesmerism, hypnotism, and that sort of thing, a good deal. Some time I'll tell you all about it. I dare say you've heard of Charcot's experiments,—haven't you?—and all the extraordinary results he has obtained? Well, I'm immensely interested in following them. I believe they will lead to a revolution in the theory and practice of medicine, and elevate it from the plane of mere empiricism to that of an authentic science. Ahem! You smile. Well, I remember, you never could take my profession seriously. . . . Denise, she teaches. English and French, you know. English to the natives, and French to the English and Americans. But just now she isn't very busy. Toward the end of summer the town is nearly empty; and so it's Denise's dull season. She was very glad when she saw your advertisement; though she was afraid she wouldn't stand much chance of getting the work. We supposed you'd have so many applications."

"Yes, I had thirteen; and very amusing some of them were. Hers was the only one I paid the least attention to."

"And isn't it fortunate that you did so? Otherwise—! Dear, dear! I can hardly believe my eyes even now. I shouldn't be a bit surprised if you were to vanish into thin air this very instant," said the doctor, laughing.

"You take the notion very cheerfully. To me, it wouldn't be a laughing matter."

"Oh, no; nor to me, either. I was only laughing at the *idea*. If it really happened I should be broken-hearted, inconsolable. And Denise—it *will* please her so. I do wish she'd hurry up and get here."

"No, no; let her take her time. It's so long since I've enjoyed a real comfortable tête-à-tête with you—"

"There! You base flatterer! Have done. You wouldn't say such a thing as that to an old maid like me, if you had ever seen Denise. You'll be perfectly fascinated by her. I know you will. . . . Bnt now tell me, how's your mother? She—she's not here in Paris with you?"

"Oh, no, indeed. She's at home, in New York; or just now, I suppose, she's up at our country-place in Oldbridge. You couldn't tempt her to cross the ocean for any consideration. She dreads the sea-sickness so."

"But she's well, I hope?"

"Oh, yes, thank you. About as usual, at last accounts."

"And your cousin, Miss Clark?"

"Oh, Fanny—oh, she's the same as ever."

"Not married yet?"

"No."

"Nor engaged?"

"Well—no, I guess not."

"You only guess! Aren't you certain? Is there a young man?"

"I—I really don't know," he answered, with an imperceptible squirm. . . . He deemed it unnecessary to confess the truth,—a truth exceedingly distasteful to him, and which he tried to keep in perpetual banish-

ment from his mind,—that he and his cousin were tacitly betrothed. That is to say, he had promised his mother to make Fanny his wife; and Fanny had promised her aunt to accept Stephen as her husband; but the two principals had never exchanged a word upon the subject with each other.

“Well,” went on Dr. Gluck, “of course, when I saw her, she was scarcely more than a child. But she bade fair to become quite pretty; and I should suppose the young men would be flocking around her by this time. How old is she?”

“About twenty, I think. Yes, she’s pretty enough, if you like that type. Blue eyes, fair skin, light brown hair. She’s a tremendously pious girl, you know. Teaches in Sunday-school, and carries tracts around to the hospitals, and prays for the unconverted heathen, and all that. Devoted to my mother; and my mother loves her like a child of her own.”

“And the Merriwethers—do you see as much of them as you used to?”

“Oh, no. They moved to Newark very shortly after you sailed; and for social purposes they might as well have moved to South America. I’ve scarcely seen them since. Last time I met Mr. Merriwether—it was on Broadway, one afternoon—he told me you were in Vienna. So you may calculate how long ago that was.”

“Ah, yes. Dear me, what happy days those were! I often think of them and wish them back. What good times we did use to have, didn’t we? But . . . Hark! Isn’t that—I think that’s Denise, just come in.”

The doctor listened for an instant. Then, stepping to the door, “*C’est toi, Denise?*” she called.

“*Oui, Isabel.*”

“Come here, dear, please.”

Next moment Denise entered the room. . . .

III.

Now, the psychology of it I cannot undertake to explain, but this is the fact: that at the sound of Denise’s voice answering, “*Oui, Isabel,*” Stephen Ormizon felt his heart all at once break from its customary easy pace into a quite obstreperous gallop, and the blood rush warm and tingling to his cheeks. Was it due to some peculiar electric or magnetic property resident in the voice itself? Possibly. It was at any rate a sweet fresh girlish voice, and forcibly suggested a sweet fresh girlish owner. Or was it that, all the while, in Ormizon’s subconsciousness, Denise had formed the subject-matter of his conjectures, and that now, at the prospect of an immediate encounter with her in the flesh, his smouldering curiosity, so to speak, leapt into flame? Or may it indeed have been—as Dr. Gluck, in debate with me, has strenuously maintained—a subtle and occult prescience that his destiny was at hand? . . . I simply record the phenomenon, and leave the reader to frame a theory that will satisfactorily account for it.

Denise entered the room, quite unaware of the presence of a strange

man, with a question in her eyes, aimed at her companion, as much as to ask, "What is it, Isabel? What did you wish?" She had progressed a yard or two beyond the threshold before she perceived Ormizon. Then she halted; and gave a little start of surprise; and suspended the operation of pulling off her gloves, which she had been engaged in; and waited, an interrogation-point.

"Mademoiselle Personette, permettez-moi de vous présenter Monsieur Ormizon," said Dr. Gluck, with a flourish of the hand.

Monsieur Ormizon performed the courtliest obeisance in his repertory. Mademoiselle Personette courtesied, and suffered two starry eyes to shine for a second full upon Monsieur Ormizon's face.

"Denise," Miss Gluck resumed, "it was Mr. Ormizon who advertised in the *Morning News*."

"Oh!" Denise responded; and instantly a change, which it would be hard to picture, came over her entire little person. It was like the sudden precipitation of a frost. It seemed to say, "Oh, I thought you were a friend. But I see—it is only business."

"Yes," pursued the doctor, "you behold before you, in proper person, the redoubtable, the problematical S. O. Where, then, you wonder, are his bushy whiskers, his lurid nose? I answer, give him time. His name is not Solomon, but Stephen. Neither does he take snuff; but, I blush to own, he smokes and drinks. Neither is he an infâme Anglais, but a true and loyal son of the stars and stripes. . . . There, S. O., now you may sit down."

Denise looked thoroughly mystified, somewhat amused, and a little embarrassed, as though she could not at all account for the airs of familiarity that Isabel was taking on, but assumed that there must be some sufficient justification for them.

"Enfin," Miss Gluck concluded, "you never heard of so strange a coincidence. Mr. Ormizon called this afternoon to see you about his advertisement; and as you weren't at home, as she had thought when she let him in, Zélie brought me his card. And—and what do you suppose? I read upon it the name of one of my old and particular friends in New York—Mr. Stephen Ormizon! But, 'Oh,' I said to myself, 'it can't really be he.' However, I thought I'd just take a peep into the parlör, to make sure; and I did so; and there, beyond a peradventure, he sat, as large as life! Now, what do you say to that?"

Instantly the frost melted, evaporated. Denise smiled, and, with a little graceful inclination of the head toward Ormizon, said, "Why, how very strange and—and pleasant!" She spoke with the least trace of a foreign accent, chiefly remarkable in a certain weakness of her r's, and in a peculiarly distinct enunciation of the minor syllables that we are apt to blur. Her auditor thought it was notably quaint and pretty.

"You've heard me speak of my friends the Merriwethers—the people I lived with when I was studying in New York?" the doctor queried.

"Oh, yes; many times," Denise assented.

"Well, Mr. Ormizon was as intimate with the Merriwethers as I was, nearly. We used to meet each other at their house regularly two

or three times a week. He used to take tea with us every Sunday evening, almost. Don't you remember?"—turning to Stephen. "And the theatre-parties we used to have? And everything?"

"Indeed I do," was his rejoinder. "Those were famous days. I shall always think of them with kindness."

"And so shall I," said the doctor, with a touch of melancholy. "Ah me! But to—to meet you again—this way—it's almost—it's the next best thing to getting back to them. It's like renewing my youth."

She put out her hand and gave Ormizon's a gentle pressure. He returned it with interest.

Denise, possessing herself of the doctor's other hand, patted it softly, stroked it, then kissed it, and murmured, "Chère p'tite Isabel. . . . But," she added, "you must not think of those times. That was before you knew me. That makes me jealous."

"Oh, you sweet thing!" exclaimed the doctor, putting her arm around Denise's waist. "You have no reason to be jealous. I never knew what real happiness meant till I met you. But there! A truce to sentiment. Let's sit down and be comfortable, and have a good long talk."

She and Denise seated themselves on the sofa, linking their arms together. Ormizon took a low easy-chair, fronting them. The doctor herself supplied most of the good long talk; calling up reminiscences and anecdotes of the old days in New York, and humming tunes from *Pinafore*, which had then been at the acme of its vogue. She beguiled in this wise pretty much the entire twilight. Ormizon fixed his eyes upon Denise's face, where they remained, until, fading by slow degrees, it at last vanished in the darkness.

It was a pale, tired little face that Stephen Ormizon saw before him there in the thickening dusk, but a very interesting face, a very pretty and winning face, *he* thought even a very beautiful face, nevertheless. I own I incline to his opinion; for, as the author remarks, with great penetration, upon page 49 of *A Voice from the Wilderness*, "after all, the beauty of a woman's face is ultimately determined by the eyes. If the eyes be truly beautiful, they impart beauty to the whole face; if the eyes be other than beautiful, then, no matter how fine, how regular, the other features, the whole face is spoiled." Therefore, applying this rule to the case of Denise: if the warm red of her full and daintily-chiselled lips; if the delicate modelling of her nose and chin; if her low and shapely forehead, snow-white beneath a wealth of waving dark-brown hair: if these did not suffice to make her beautiful, her eyes, in my judgment, unquestionably did. Overarched by eyebrows as firm, yet as exquisite, as if pencilled in India-ink, they were large and luminously dark; though whether black or brown it would be impossible to tell. In certain lights, in certain moods, they were indisputably black: a soft, liquid, yet impenetrable black. But quite as often they were two or three shades off color,—a radiant, transparent brown, into which your gaze could plunge fathoms deep and never reach the ethereal fitful fire that burned at the bottom. Yes, they were a lovely pair of eyes; and they illumined and beautified the entire

countenance that they pertained to, giving it life and spirit. They were what you would call ardent passionate eyes. Ormizon says "soulful"; but I can't find the word in the dictionary. When you looked into them, you would think, "How that girl could love!" Yet they were wistful pathetic eyes, aglow with a mysterious appealing sadness; so that you would add, "And how she could suffer, too!" They were dangerous eyes for a susceptible young man to let his own associate with, at any rate; and as Stephen Ormizon beheld them shining in the twilight, upturned upon the doctor's face, he felt strange and powerful forces loosening in his heart and going out toward their possessor. He felt a strange strong tenderness and compassion for her, a vague longing to be something more than a mere acquaintance to her, to make himself in some way of importance, of service, of comfort, to her. And when now and then, wandering a little, her eyes encountered his,—lo! he felt the keenest, the most violent, yet withal the most delicious thrill go darting, quivering, wildly through the length and breadth of his body; and he had to catch for his breath. . . . In straightforward English, though he never so much as suspected it at the time, he was getting his first taste of the intoxicating bitter-sweet of love.

All at once Miss Gluck started up, and cried, "Why, mercy on me! It's gone and got dark; and I never thought of it. I've been so absorbed in hearing myself talk, I never thought to light the candles. Denise, why didn't you remind me?"

"Why, I never thought of it, either," said Denise. "You were so interesting."

Ormizon extracted a box of matches from his pocket, scratched one of them, and asked, "Shall I light these on the mantel-piece?"

"Yes, if you please," Denise replied; and he obeyed, while she busied herself with drawing the window-curtains.

At this juncture the servant, who some two or three hours earlier had admitted him (and whom, as he remembered with much wonder, he had taken to be perhaps Mademoiselle Personette), appeared in the door-way, and announced, "Ces dames sont servies."

"Pshaw!" was his reflection, "I have stayed too long. What will they think of me? Now I must clear out at once." And offering his hand to the doctor, "Well, good-by," he began. "You know how delighted I am to have discovered you, and I hope——"

"Goodness!" she interrupted. "You don't mean that you are going to run away from us like this!" Her air of dismay was unmistakably genuine. "Why, that would be absurd. Can't you—won't you—*do* stay and take pot-luck with us."

Involuntarily his eyes sought those of Mademoiselle Denise. In them he read an earnest appeal to him to do as the doctor wished. For an instant—his heart beat so—he could not speak. In the end he said, "Thank you. You are very kind. I should like nothing better."

They went into the cosiest of little dining-rooms, and arranged themselves around the snowiest of little tables. Denise with her own hands laid a cover for him. Then the servant brought in an inspiring pot-au-feu, which they immediately proceeded to discuss.

"Well," declared Ormizon, "I think that this is by all odds the most novel, the most deliciously Bohemian, sort of thing I ever knew of—the way you two young ladies keep house here together. It's so thoroughly independent, such a vast improvement on a hotel or a boarding-house."

"Yes," concurred the doctor, "it's very good fun."

"It is charming," added Denise. "It was an inspiration of Isabel's. Ah, if you could compare it with that pension of Madame Minoir's, in the Rue Vanneau!" A little shrug, a little grimace, which Ormizon thought adorable; so piquant, you know, so inimitably Parisian. "N'est-ce pas, Isabel?"

"Oh, don't mention that old dragon of a Madame Minoir," cried the doctor. "She used to steal into our rooms and read our letters; I'm sure she did. But here—why, we're just like husband and wife; aren't we, Denise?"

"Perfectly," Denise responded.

"Which is which?" Ormizon inquired.

"Now, what a question!" cried the doctor.

And thereupon the quasi-conjugal pair went off in a regular gale of laughter, as though it were the funniest joke in the world. It's a wonder, how little it takes to excite the risibility of light-hearted young women.

"Well, I suppose you have your interesting little family jars, and curtain lectures, and the whole programme, don't you?" he pursued.

"Nonsense, you cynic. We have never had a single cross word; have we, Denise?"

"Nevair! It has all been honeymoon from the first."

"Why, it's hardly credible," he vowed, "both of you being women. I thought women always quarrelled."

"Well, they *are* a quarrelsome lot as a rule, it must be confessed. But you see Denise and I differ from ordinary specimens of our sex. I'm a doctor, and Denise is an angel. Nobody could quarrel with Denise."

"Oh, tais-toi," cried Denise, coloring. "Mr. Ormizon will think we are a society of mutual admiration." Then, to change the subject, "Where do you live, Mr. Ormizon? In what part of Paris?"

"I live not a stone's throw from you,—around the corner, in Rue Gay-Lussac."

"Is it possible!" put in the doctor. "Rue Gay-Lussac? A howling swell like you? Why, how did you come to choose such an unfashionable neighborhood?"

"Now don't call me a howling swell. I object. You'll convey an altogether false impression of me to Mademoiselle Personette. This coat that I have on—it's absolutely the best in my wardrobe, I give you my word."

"Well, then, question, question!" cried the doctor.

"Let's see; what *was* the question?" he demanded.

"Why you live in Rue Gay-Lussac?" Denise informed him.

"Oh! Well, because it's the Latin Quarter—the quarter of Murger, of de Musset, of Rodolphe, of Frédéric. I wanted to live in

the Latin Quarter for the sake of its traditions, its atmosphere, its associations."

"How funny! Why, it's on that very account that most people prefer to live elsewhere. It isn't considered the *thing*, you know, except for students. We live here because it's cheap. Low rent, you understand. It would be cheaper still, and pleasanter, in Passy, or Auteuil, or somewhere; but then Denise would lose so much time and get so tired, going and coming to and from her lessons."

"Yes; but here it's so interesting; there's so much color, life, picturesqueness. You feel as though you were right in the midst of the *mise-en-scène* of a romance. Passy, Auteuil, and such places are so frightfully provincial, so dead, and dreary, and out of the world. I should hate to live in Passy. I'd as soon live in Brooklyn."

"You are a man," observed Denise. "You would prefer Passy—you would prefer anything almost—to the *quartier latin*, if you were a young girl; is it not so, Isabel?"

"Why is that?" he asked.

"Because in Passy it is possible for a young girl to venture alone out in the street without always being insulted. Here in the Latin Quarter—no; it is not allowed. Each day the young girl is rendered miserable—stared at, addressed, humiliated. Ask Isabel. In other parts of Paris it is not so bad. Here—oh-h-h!" She gave the most charming little shudder. "Every day I must run the gauntlet of these students, who are without heart, without feeling. I would—I would *razaire* die."

"Ra-th-er," corrected Dr. Gluck. "Don't forget your t-h's, Denise."

"By—by—*by Jove!*" thundered Ormizon, eyes flashing, cheeks flushing, fingers clutching dangerously at the handle of his knife. His boiling blood had nearly got the better of him. He remembered himself just in time to steer clear of a stronger adjuration. "By Jove! Do you mean to say that—they dare—to be rude—to you? By G—I—I'd like to catch one of them at it. I'd like to be around when one of them offered to speak to you. I'd wring his neck. I'd break every bone in his body. Oh, wouldn't I like—I—I beg your pardon. I forgot. But—but, good Lord! I never heard of anything so outrageous."

"Vive l'Amérique!" cried Dr. Gluck, waving her napkin, as though it were a flag. "You're a thorough Yankee, S. O. Do you know what a Frenchman would suppose, to see you flare up like that?"

"No. What?"

"He'd put you down for a lunatic. Respect for an unprotected woman, provided she's young and pretty, would be proof positive of lunacy to the way of thinking of an average Frenchman. Wouldn't it, Denise?"

"Yes; that is so," acquiesced Denise. "Women are fair prey; especially on the left bank of the Seine."

"Every day she comes home perfectly exhausted,—sick with mortification and anger," said the doctor. "I tell her she ought to follow the example of the eels, and get used to it; but she doesn't. They

don't bother *me* much, though. So there are some compensations for being old and ugly."

"Old and ugly!" echoed Denise, with withering scorn. "You old! You ugly! Why, you are as beautiful—as beautiful as——"

In default of a simile, she kissed her hand, and tossed the kiss across the table to the doctor.

"As one of your kisses, do you mean to say?" queried the doctor, maliciously.

"Oh—you—oh!" stammered Denise, all blushes and confusion.

Ormizon took a sip of wine. No sooner had he done so, than a smile of pleasure lighted up his face. Miss Gluck noted it.

"You like it?" she questioned.

"Perfectly delicious. I never tasted anything approaching it. Such a peculiar, spicy flavor. What is it?"

"A cousin of mine sent it to me from Bulgaria, where he was travelling. It has rather a dark and sinister name. It's called Turk's Blood."

"Why, that's very romantic and picturesque, I should say," he remarked, emptying his glass.

Denise refilled it for him.

"And," Miss Gluck went on, "my cousin wrote, the natives have a curious little ceremony that they practise whenever a bottle is uncorked. . . . Let's see. How does it go, Denise?"

"Why, you remember. 'What is this?' asks one. . . ."

"Oh, yes. Well? And then?"

"Why, how funny that you should forget! Another replies, 'It is Turk's Blood.'" This, Mademoiselle Denise rendered in a chilling stage-whisper. "'Then let it flow freely,' they all shout in chorus."

"It strikes me the Bulgarians are a very sensible people," said Ormizon, and carried his glass to his lips.

"Now, then, a toast, a toast!" called the doctor. "All good things are three, the Germans say. Let us then baptize our triple alliance."

They clinked their glasses, and drank the toast with enthusiasm.

Presently, "You have never been in America, Mademoiselle Personette?" Ormizon inquired.

"Hélas, no. And I suppose I shall never go."

"Why hélas? Do you mean that you would like to?"

"Oh, I should love it. I should be delighted."

"Indeed? Is that so? Why, that's rather odd."

"Odd? How?"

"Why, most French people, especially Parisians, find their own country sufficient unto itself. They have no desire to travel."

"Ah, yes. But you forget. I am not all French. I am one-half American, Anglo-Saxon."

"True. Still, you have grown up in France, amid French influences; and I should suppose that in your feelings, your sympathies, you would be essentially French, despite your American blood."

"Ah, well; that depends. In some things, yes, you are right. In others, no. In patriotism, yes; I am French to the core. In war, I would fight for my country to the death. When we have our revenge

with Germany, I will wish I was a man, to be a soldier, to kill those barbarians, those tyrants—oh! But in many ideas I am thoroughly American; or, as you say, Anglo-Saxon. In my heart there comes, when I speak the word *America*, a warm glow of love. It was the country of my mother. Though she lived in France twenty, twenty-five years, she was always American, never French."

"Down deep," averred Dr. Gluck, "Denise is an out-and-out Yankee. She has the American *character*, which is the important thing. But it's colored and warmed up by the French *temperament*, which is undeniably an addition. Now, you take the matter of reading. If anything has an influence in shaping a person's character, reading has; and she reads English pretty much all the time."

"Ah, indeed! Are you really fond of our literature?" he asked. "In general the French are so indifferent to it."

"Oh, to me, it is by far the best. It is that which I mean when I say that in many ideas I am Anglo-Saxon. It is the English literature which moves me most deeply, which has most to do with forming my opinions."

"So that, in a certain sense, you have adopted the Anglo-Saxon point of view?"

"Yes; what you call the Anglo-Saxon feeling about life. French literature—it is the spirit of it which I do not like. If it is not cynical, pessimistic, then it is sentimental, goody-good. If it is not extravagant, bombastic, then it is insipid, sickish-sweet. If it is not Daudet, it is Malot; if not Hugo, Lamartine. We have in French no Howells, no Emerson, no Browning—nothing so healthy, so tonic, you know."

"Well, I don't know whether I could subscribe to your condemnation of French literature. Daudet, it seems to me, is a great artist; and, then, you have left out Halévy. What could be healthier or more charming than his *Mariage d'Amour*? But I'm very glad to find that you like ours. And the three you mention—Howells, Browning, Emerson—are they your favorites?"

"How can any self-respecting woman forgive Howells, after he let Dr. Breen go back on her profession?" cried Dr. Gluck.

"Yes, especially Browning," said Denise, in answer to Ormizon. "They are yours also—no?"

"Well, I had an Emerson phase—yes. I don't read him much nowadays, though. Browning I have never tackled."

"Oh! You have never read Browning!"

"Not more than ten lines. It took me so long to understand them, I got discouraged. I'm not sure I really did understand them, even now."

"Oh, I wish I were in your place!"

"Why?"

"You have such a world to conquer, such a feast awaiting you. Why, do you know, there is in life no other pleasure equivalent to that which one enjoys in reading Browning?"

"No. I didn't know it," he replied, amused, yet also charmed, by her fervor. "Is it so? It's a pretty sweeping statement."

"Yes; but it is true,—literally, absolutely true. He lifts you into a new atmosphere; he vivifies you. Oh, when you read him, you feel so exhilarated, so exalted! He makes you thrill and tingle through and through. He is—really—without exaggeration—he is the greatest poet that has ever written,—greater than Dante, greater than Shakespeare, even. You look incredulous. You don't believe it. Wait till you have read him. You will say so too."

"In what does his greatness especially consist?"

"Oh, in many things. But especially—I believe especially in his wisdom. Wisdom, I mean, in the scriptural sense. His insight, his deep knowledge, his unfearing love, of the truth,—the fundamental, the essential, the permanent, truth of human nature and life. He pierces down to the very marrow, the quick, the core, of human nature. There is not, apparently, a single human experience which he has not—how you say?—plombé?—fathomed: not a single doubt, fear, hope, temptation, aspiration,—in fine, emotion. By the force of his imagination, he has tasted all the joys, endured all the agonies, achieved all the heroism, committed even all the sin, of which human nature is capable. He knows, he comprehends it all."

She paused. Ormizon impulsively exclaimed, "Go on, go on."

"Well, that is what I mean. Maybe I do not make it very clear. But—well, this is the point: you will find somewhere in Browning a voice, an expression, for every feeling, for every mood, that you can have. All your own vague, nebulous thoughts, you will find them precisely, eloquently stated. All your own unutterable feelings, you will find them uttered for you. And in such a virile, vigorous style; so nobly, so beautifully, so melodiously. Oh, you—you must read him right away. You will wonder, after you have read him, you will wonder how you have ever lived without him. He is so satisfying, so consoling, so inspiring. Why, for me—why, if I have to choose between giving up Browning and giving up all the rest of literature and art,—music, painting, everything,—I shall not hesitate for an instant. He is like a prophet, like Isaiah,—only greater,—much, immeasurably, greater."

Color had mounted to her pale cheeks. Her brown eyes burned with eagerness, earnestness. Her voice vibrated with feeling. Ormizon thought that he had never beheld anything half so beautiful, never heard anything half so eloquent, as Mademoiselle Denise in this moment of enthusiasm.

"I shall certainly apply myself to Browning forthwith," he said. "I had always imagined that he was affected, pedantic, obscure, tedious,—I don't know what all."

Denise sprang up, as though she had been stung.

"Just wait an instant. I will show you," she cried, and ran out of the room.

"You see, you've got her started," said Dr. Gluck, smiling.

"She—she—she is——" He stopped himself. "Adorable" was the word at the tip of his tongue. He suppressed it, and left his judgment of her forever unrecorded.

"Yes," assented the doctor, "she's a great enthusiast."

"And you—are you too a Browning-phile?" he asked.

"Oh, dear, no. I don't go in for poetry. Landolt on the eye and ear is poetic enough for me."

Denise came back, carrying a book in her hand.

"Now," she explained, "of course his best things are long,—too long to read aloud. But I will just read you one or two of his little songs,—just to give you a taste, you know, to whet your appetite."

Then she read *Misconceptions*, *In a Year*, and *Mesmerism*. When she had done, Ormizon confessed that it was without exception the most beautiful poetry that he had ever heard; though I suspect his admiration was occasioned rather by the reader and the reader's way of reading than by the intrinsic merit of what she read. Indeed, I suspect that if she had read as many of Edward Lear's nonsense verses, or of Martin Tupper's philosophical proverbs, Ormizon would have accounted them triumphs of the poetic art.

"Well," said Denise, "you will take this book home with you, when you go, will you not? And then you can read it by yourself, and study it; and then, I am sure, you will be as much of an enthusiast as I am."

After dinner they went back to the salon.

"Now, Mr. Ormizon," said the doctor, "I know that you are dying to smoke. Therefore, please light your cigarette."

He obeyed with thanks.

"Sabel, will you not play a little?" asked Denise.

The doctor sat down at the piano, and played with a good deal of dash and spirit Weber's *Invitation to the Waltz*. After which, "Now, Denise," said she, "it's your turn."

Very delicately and intelligently, in a sweet, fresh, nicely-trained mezzo-soprano voice, to the doctor's accompaniment, Denise sang Gounod's charming barcarolle, *Dites la jeune belle*.

Pretty soon after she had finished, Ormizon bade her and the doctor good-by.

The melody of the barcarolle rang in his memory all night long.

IV.

The next day was Sunday.

Ormizon, usually an early riser, did not wake up till nearly ten o'clock. That, however, was natural enough; for he had not fallen asleep till very late the night before. He had tossed from side to side, in an unwonted state of excitement, for two or three hours after he went to bed. His insomnia he attributed to the coffee he had drunk after dinner.

Even now, advanced as the forenoon was, he did not at once forsake his pillow. He reached out of bed, and procured a cigarette from the table near at hand. Then he lay still, smoking, gazing at the ceiling, absently noting how the cracks thereof seemed to shape themselves in queer uncanny physiognomies, and thinking over his visit in the Rue Soufflot.

The sensations that accompanied this effort of memory were exceed-

ingly agreeable. On the whole, he told himself, it had been as pleasant an evening as he had ever passed in his life. How strangely, how surprisingly, the whole thing had befallen! And how delightfully! How far he had been from anticipating anything like it, when he had started out to respond in person to the note from D. Personette! Are these happenings which we call accidents,—are they really accidental? Or, as one would like to be able to believe, is the hand of Providence in them, after all? What—what a dear good creature Dr. Gluck was! So genuine, so simple-minded, so cordial, so warm-hearted! A veritable child of nature; yet always a lady, always a gentlewoman, despite her excess of animal spirits, despite her profession, despite her tendency toward the Bohémienne. And Denise—ah!

At the thought of Denise, a host of unspeakable emotions, very delicious, yet provocative of great unrest,—of a strong keen longing for—for what?—for something that he could neither name nor describe,—began to stir turbulently in his bosom.

“Denise!”

He pronounced her name. Then he drew a deep long breath, every inch of which thrilled him through and through. Then he took a puff at his cigarette, and pronounced it again:

“Denise!”

How frail, how dainty, how exquisite, how—how—how adorable and fascinating she was! And how—what—what a shame it was that she should have to slave her life away, and put up with all manner of hardships and humiliations, in order to earn her meagre livelihood! And how pitiable, how pathetic, her position, alone in the great world, without father or mother, kith or kin,—with no one but her friend the doctor to depend upon for sympathy, for counsel, for protection! Oh that there were some way in which *he* might do something to render her lot easier and happier! . . . Those little shapely white hands of hers,—what wouldn't he give for the privilege of holding one of them a little while in his! And that mysterious passionate appealing fire that palpitated deep in her eyes! And her voice, and that delicate touch of a foreign accent! And those poems,—how charmingly she had read them! And that barcarolle,—how bewitchingly she had sung it! . . .

“*Di-tes la jeu-ne belle, où voulez-vous aller?*” He hummed the tune of it softly to himself.

But suddenly he started to a sitting position; and his face took on an expression of perplexity.

“Well, I declare!” he muttered, half aloud. “Well, I never heard of anything quite so idiotic!”

He had just recalled a ridiculous little circumstance: namely, that he had totally omitted and forgotten to discuss with D. Personette the business that had brought about their meeting. He had not so much as broached the subject of the copying of his manuscript.

But now his mind misgave him. It was in scorn of himself that he cried, “What! Shall I—great, strapping fellow that I am—shall I—because I dread the labor, the fatigue, the drudgery, of it—shall I

let that delicate little girl wear herself out over it? Shall I shirk my task, and let her perform it?—throw down my burden, and let her take it up? Isn't she heavily laden enough already? How pale and tired she looked,—poor little thing, dear little thing! And do I—do I want to see her grow paler and still more tired, slaving for me? Oh, shame!"

He had wrought himself into quite a fine frenzy of indignation, before it occurred to him to remember that she no doubt very much needed the money. But even this consideration did not altogether allay his pangs of self-reproach. If there were only some means by which he could make the money hers without allowing her to do the work! Alas! he cudgelled his wits in vain. He could conceive of none.

"No," he concluded, "I suppose I shall have to let her do it. It goes horribly against the grain. I never shall be easy in my conscience, so long as I think of her breaking her back in my service. But there's no way out of it—no escape from it. So . . . Yet—yet—ah! I know what I'll do! I—I'll pay her—I'll make her take—twice—three times—what I should have to pay another. . . . Yes, I will. I'll say that the regular price for such work is—let's see . . . well, a franc the hundred words. She's never done any copying before, and won't know the difference. Yes, sir; that's what I'll do. That's a great idea. *Di-tes la jeu-ne belle, où voulez-vous aller?*"—his relief at having solved the problem finding vent in a jubilant burst of song.

He got up and dressed; drank his coffee, which had grown stone-cold, waiting for admittance on the floor outside his threshold, where Désiré, the garçon, had left it some hours earlier; dashed off a perfunctory letter to his mother, recounting, among other things, in a casual fashion, the events of yesterday; went around to an Etablissement Duval in the vicinity for his breakfast; and finally, at about two o'clock, presented himself at Mademoiselle Personette's door.

"Ah, monsieur," the servant said, with an accent of commiseration, "the ladies are not at home—are gone out to walk."

"Oh, is that so?" he faltered.

Here was a contingency for which he had made no allowance. His spirits dropped many fathoms. The bitterness of his disappointment was significant, though its significance he did not yet understand.

"You don't know where they have gone?" he asked, inspired by a forlorn hope.

"Ah, no, monsieur. They did not say."

"Well, please tell them that I was here," was his last request, in a sinking voice; and, turning about, he set his dejected face toward home.

But when he reached the corner of the Boulevard St.-Michel, and saw the greenery and whiffed the freshness of the Luxembourg Gardens across the way, he changed his course. No; why should he go home? he asked himself. Why not enter and stroll for a little, over there under the trees?

It was a mellow summer afternoon,—bright sunshine, soft sweet air. The gardens were alive with people,—with many sorts and conditions of men and women, all industriously amusing themselves according to their several tastes: tidy old ladies seated in the shade, gos-

siping and doing needle-work ; white-mustachioed gentlemen, puffing their cigarettes, reading their newspapers (if a French journal can be called a *newspaper*), exchanging their vociferous opinions anent public affairs ; rosy-cheeked children, in bright-hued dresses, with frantic war-whoops and wild explosions of laughter, dashing hither and thither at their games, like flashes of colored lightning ; sturdy peasant nursemaids with their charges ; soldiers in their regimentals, priests in their cassocks, students with their serviettes, tourists with their guide-books ; but principally, it seemed to Ormizon, lovers with their sweethearts. Yes, every other young fellow had his pretty girl clinging to his arm, smiling into his eyes : the contemplation of which spectacle made our hero feel acutely his own singleness, and brought him a realizing sense that it is not good for man to be alone,—roused, that is to say, a hunger for like companionship in his own bosom, just as the spectacle of one's neighbor enjoying a toothsome dainty will whet one's own appetite for food. . . . A state of consciousness that was perhaps intensified by the warmth and the fragrance of the weather.

"Ah me, if they had only been at home!" he was sighing sadly to himself.

"Why, Mr. Ormizon!" suddenly a familiar voice called out.

His heart gave a great suffocating leap.

"Why, Mr. Ormizon!" the doctor repeated. "How perfectly delightful!"

Denise did not speak ; but she raised her eyes to his, and smiled.

Neither did Ormizon speak. His voice and his vocabulary, together with his presence of mind, had deserted him. He doffed his hat, and bowed his lowest. At last he contrived to stammer forth, "I—I have just left your house. I—I just called upon you."

"Oh ! And found us out ! That was too bad. But—but how did you know that we had come here?" the doctor wondered. "Did Zélie tell you? No : she couldn't have. She didn't know. Though, of course, if we had dreamed that you were going to call, we should have left word."

He sought to disguise his perturbation under excessive volubility :

"It was my lucky star which guided me. I was going home to chew the cud of my disappointment in solitude, when an impulse, an inspiration, prompted me to turn in here. It's a striking instance of telepathy. I shall make a record of it, and transmit it to the Society for Psychical Research."

"Really?" questioned the doctor, literally. "Do you really think so?"

"Oh, you must not make fun of the Society for Psychical Research," cried Denise, laughing. "Isabel is a member."

"Oh, then you were only *joking*!" said the doctor, reproachfully. "You ought to be ashamed."

"We have come for the music," Denise went on to explain, "and to see the people, and everything. It ought to begin very soon now, ought it not?"

It began next instant. The band struck up the familiar strains of the Turkish Reveille.

"Shan't we sit down?" Ormizon suggested.

They were standing directly in front of the little open-air café in the middle of the garden. They established themselves at one of the small iron tables, and called for sirop de groseille and crisp hot gauffres. The band played lustily. The people moved about, laughing and chattering. The doctor gave him permission to light a cigarette. Denise kept smiling upon him in the most amicable fashion. Take it for all in all, Stephen Ormizon's felicity was probably as complete as that of any man abroad that day.

All at once Denise exclaimed, "Oh, this gauffre of mine! It is the best I have ever tasted. It is done juste à point. You must each take a bite."

She broke it into three morsels, and with her own fingers deposited one of them upon the doctor's plate, and another upon Ormizon's.

He felt as though it would somehow be a desecration to *eat* that bit of gauffre. He would have liked to preserve it forever. But gauffre, by its very nature, is perishable to the last degree. Besides, to put it into his pocket would attract attention, and very possibly make the ladies think he was a madman. So, with the courage of despair, he gulped it down.

"Yes, it is certainly the most delicious gauffre I ever tasted," he declared, with unquestionable sincerity. Had not her fingers touched it, gloved though they were?

By and by, "Allons," said the doctor. "Let us walk a little."

As he sauntered at Denise's side through the soft summer weather, a glow of well-being suffused his senses. The very smell of the leaves, brought out by the heat of the sun, regaled his nostrils like the rarest incense. His blood went leaping, tingling, through his veins. Without knowing it, he began to sing softly to himself,—

"Di-tes la jeu-ne belle, où voulez-vous aller?"

"Why, how lovely!" suddenly cried Dr. Gluck. "There's Lancelot. Isn't it jolly?"

"Oh, yes," chimed in Denise, with an air that betokened much pleasure, and that sent a pang of jealousy shooting through Ormizon's breast; "so it is. Quel bonheur!"

"Lancelot! Lancelot!" called the doctor, flourishing her parasol to attract Lancelot's notice.

"Hi! Hello!" Lancelot responded, and elbowed his way to where they waited for him.

After greetings and hand-shakes had been exchanged between the new-comer and the ladies, "Mr. Ormizon," said the doctor, "allow me to present our friend Mr. Palmer."

Mr. Palmer was a tall thin young fellow, of five- or six-and-twenty, with clean-cut aquiline features, deep-set intelligent gray eyes, and a thick shock of brown hair that fell below the collar of his coat at the back. The coat in question was a Prince Albert, faded, threadbare, white at the seams, frayed at the binding, and conspicuous for its exceedingly long skirts, which descended as low as the wearer's knees. On the top of his head he wore a small soft wide-awake hat, that produced a somewhat incongruous effect of boyishness. At the other

extremity he was distinguished by a pair of wonderfully large feet, encased in shoes that needed blacking. . . . He was what you would call an odd-looking chap, yet pleasant-looking, prepossessing. You would not have been in the least surprised, either, when Dr. Gluck, after her introduction, added, "Mr. Palmer is an artist."

The two young men shook hands, eying each other rather askance, as young men under such auspices sometimes will.

"How are you?" inquired Palmer.

"Glad to meet you," announced Ormizon; thinking in his soul, "I wonder whether this fellow is a—I wonder whether by any chance there's anything between him and Mademoiselle Denise."

This suspicion of a possible rival robbed the sky of half its color, the breeze of half its balm.

"Well, doctor," Lancelot declared, "this is real nice. What do you suppose? I was just around to your place, to ask if you and Mamselle, here, didn't want to go down to Suresne for dinner. Well, sir, Zélie, she said you weren't at home, and didn't know where you'd gone; and I felt quite broke up, until, thinks I, just as like as not they've gone to the Luxembourg to hear the music. So here I came, hunting for you. But it was about as hopeless as hunting for a needle in a hay-stack; and I was beginning to get discouraged, and to give you up; when, first thing I knew, I heard you hollering out, 'Hey! Lancelot! Lancelot!' And I looked; and there, by gum, you were, as sure as pop. . . . Well, now, will you go?"

"Oh, Suresne! By all means," agreed the doctor. "It's a splendid idea."

"Oh, Suresne! Suresne is the loveliest place in the world," cried Denise. "An open-air dinner at Suresne! Hurrah! And then afterward we can walk in the Bois."

"You'll come along too, won't you?" Lancelot demanded of Ormizon. "Dutch treat, vous savez."

"Oh, yes, thanks; I'm with you," Ormizon replied.

"And now," concluded Lancelot, "so's to have plenty of time, let's start right off—hey?"

"Oh, yes; in order to have plenty of daylight. It gets dark so early now," assented the doctor.

"Oh, what fun!" murmured Denise, clapping her hands. "Lancelot, you were inspired."

"No; there can't be anything between them," Ormizon was reasoning. "She's altogether too frank and cordial with him for that."

He drew a deep breath of relief.

They left the Luxembourg, and were jolted in an omnibus over the cobble-stones from the Odéon to the Place de la Concorde, whence they embarked for Suresne aboard a bateau-mouche.

Under friendly skies, the sail down the river to Suresne is always pleasant. In company with Denise, how could Ormizon help finding it trebly so? They sat forward in the bow of the boat, delightfully close together, where they could get the full benefit of what breeze there was, and enjoy without obstruction the prospect ahead and to either side. His sense of propinquity to her kept his heart in a constant

blissful tremor. Before long they had left behind them the quays of Passy and Auteuil, with their hand-organs and their dancing-parties; had cleared the frowning fortifications; and were gliding onward through the still cool waters, between sleek grassy banks, in the shade of great overhanging trees; while far and wide the surrounding country lay smiling Danae-like in its sun-bath of gold. It was past four o'clock when they reached Suresne.

"Now," said Lancelot, "I don't want to hurry anybody; but I move that we get our dinner first thing of all. I'm pretty nigh famished myself. Fact is, I haven't had a square meal in a week. I've been saving up for this spree. All those in favor of sailing right into the eatables, please signify it by saying ay."

"Ay!"

"Ay!"

"Ay!"

So they took their places in the garden of one of the river-side restaurants, and for the next hour or two applied themselves to their knives and forks; not to mention their wineglasses, which flowed with amber-hued Châblis—at a franc the bottle. Ah, such Châblis! fragrant of the grape, soft as oil upon the palate, looking like liquid sunshine, tasting like nectar of the gods. And such *friture-de-Seine*! A hundred tiny fishes, fried golden brown; each of them, as Lancelot fervently avowed, "melting in the mouth like a trill in the throat of a nightingale." And for the *pièce-de-résistance*, such a *fricandeau-à-l'oseille*! "It's so good," cried Lancelot, "I'll have to have another." Which he proceeded to order, and to eat, while his companions waited in murmurous admiration. And finally, for dessert, such plums, such apricots, such figs!—*figues-à-goutte-d'or*,—bags of purple satin, bursting with golden honey. . . . Their conversation all this while was of a most light and frivolous, yet a most entertaining, quality: so, at least, I am informed by Ormizon. But when I have pressed him for a synopsis of it, he has admitted that he can't remember a single word. "It wasn't so much *what* she said, you know, as—as the fact that she said it, you see," is his lucid statement of the case. "After dinner," he adds, "we crossed the bridge, to spend the sunset and the 'quiet colored end of evening' in the Bois, among the trees. And she sat on a rock, and sang the evening hymn from David's 'Désert;' and that was the brightest sunset, the tenderest twilight, I ever witnessed in my life."

They returned to town by the eight-o'clock boat. Dr. Gluck complained of feeling a little chilly, and thought she had better seek the seclusion of the cabin.

"But you children stay right here," she insisted. "I'm not going to deprive you of the pleasure of the sail."

They unanimously demurred against allowing the doctor to remain in solitude below; but she settled the question by declaring, "Very well. Then I'll sit it out up here, and catch my death of cold."

"Oh, come," put in Lancelot. "Let's arrange it thusly. You," addressing Ormizon, "you and Mamselle stay where you are; and the doctor and I, we'll retire to the cabin and talk about ghosts. There's

nothing I get more solid comfort out of, than I do talking with the doctor about ghosts. She really believes in 'em, you know; and when she gets started on the subject she's immense."

He and the doctor disappeared down the companion-way.

Next instant the boat shot around a curve in the river; and, "Oh, how lovely!" cried Denise, with an ecstatic little gesture.

"What?" Ormizon queried.

"Why, do you not see? The moon."

Surely enough, there was the moon, a great, round, red patch of flame, slowly floating upward from behind the trees, and transmuting the bubbles on the surface of the water to carbuncles and rubies.

"Oh, how lovely!" Denise repeated. "And what a sweet smell there is on the air,—like new-mown hay! And the ripple; do you hear the waves rippling, as we cut through them?"

"Yes; it's very fine," he said. . . . To himself he was holding forth as follows: "I suppose I've got to start in about that copying sooner or later. I suppose the present is as good a time as any. We're alone; and I can talk to her with greater ease and freedom than I could if the doctor were by. Yes, I guess I may as well make the plunge."

He turned to Denise. She was gazing pensively up at the moon; and her eyes softly reflected the light of it. He shrank from broaching so unromantic a topic. Nevertheless, he was anxious, he was determined, to have it over with. He gritted his teeth, clinched his fists, and began:

"Er—mademoiselle—you know—that is—I—I hate to lug anything so—so inappropriate—upon the carpet at such a moment; but you know, we have never yet spoken together about that—that copying—that I advertised for; don't you remember?"

"Oh, yes," was her response. "That is true. Why, how absurd! I had forgotten all about it."

"Well, so had I, almost. But I suppose we may as well arrange about it. I suppose we may as well have the matter settled; don't you?"

"Oh, yes; certainly."

Her tone indicated that she was not perfectly unembarrassed, either.

"Well, you may think that I'm a frightful lazybones not to do it myself. But I've got several good reasons. Among others, I'm troubled with writer's cramp."

"Oh," she murmured, sympathetically.

"Then, besides," he went on, "I'm sure, if I should undertake to copy it, I shouldn't be able to let it alone. I should begin fussing with it, and trying to alter it and improve it; and I'd end by spoiling it and making a mess of it. Yes, I've been over it times enough already; and my only safeguard now lies in leaving it just as it stands, with all its faults."

"What is *it*? Something that you have written?"

"Yes, a novel. That is, at least, I mean, it's an attempt at a novel."

"Oh, how interesting! Tell me, what is it about?"

"Oh, that's a long story. You'd better not get me wound up on that subject. About love, religion, lots of things."

"And its title?"

"Well, I have thought of calling it *A Voice from the Wilderness*. How does that strike *you*?"

"*A Voice from the Wilderness?*" she repeated reflectively. "Oh, excellent. I think it is an excellent title. I am sure I should want to read a book with that title. Ça pique l'appétit. It excites one's curiosity."

"Do you really think so? I'm very glad if you do. I hope, though, that you won't find the title the best thing about it. I remember one novel that was published a year or so ago, and the critics said the title was the only part of it worth reading."

"How cruel of them! How bad it must have made the poor author feel! When—when is yours coming out?"

"Oh, I don't know that it will ever come out at all. Perhaps no publisher will accept it. That's what happens to most novels, you know. But—but to come back to the point. It's pretty long—nearly a hundred thousand words. Do you think you will care to undertake such a labor?"

"I do not know how long that means—a hundred thousand words. But I suppose, if you are not in a great hurry, that I could do it. I write pretty rapidly."

"Oh, no; I'm not in a hurry. I shan't leave Paris for a month or more. In that time you could get it finished, even if you didn't write more than two or three thousand words a day. But, you know, copying is an awfully fatiguing sort of work. I hate to think of you tiring yourself out on my account."

"Oh, I shall not mind the fatigue. It will not be so bad as teaching. That is the hardest work I can imagine,—to try to make an Englishwoman pronounce the French as it should be, or a Frenchwoman pronounce the English. Ça—c'est épouvantable! I shall be excessively interested to copy your novel. Is—is it exciting?"

"Well, you can decide that question better than I can. I'm afraid it isn't very. I'm afraid in some places it's dull, and drags. I'm afraid it's a little too serious. But when would you like to begin?"

"Oh, any time. As soon as you desire. Immediately. To-morrow, if you like."

"Yes; I think the sooner the better; so that you can take it leisurely. I'll bring the manuscript around to you to-morrow morning."

"Thank you. Then I will set to work at once."

"But remember, you have more than a month to do it in. So, don't work more than a little every day. Never tire yourself out over it, will you? Just as soon as you begin to feel tired, put it by till to-morrow."

"Oh, n'ayez pas peur, monsieur. You do not know what a grand—how you call it?—paresseuse—idler—I am."

"Well, I want you to promise. I shouldn't be able to sleep at night, if I thought you were allowing yourself to get tired on my account."

"You are very considerate, Mr. Ormizon."

"Of myself; so I am. You see, I don't covet insomnia. And now—and now—about—terms."

"Oh, that, of course, I leave entirely to you."

"Well, the regular price for such work is a franc the hundred words. Do you think that will be enough? That would make—let's see—that would make a thousand francs for the whole book."

"A thousand francs! Why—why, I never heard of such a thing. I—oh, I am sure you must be mistaken. I am sure it is too much."

"Oh, no; that's the regular price: twenty cents—a franc—for each hundred words. Honestly."

"Oh, but—! A thousand francs! Do you know—have you any idea—how long it would take me to earn that, giving lessons?"

"No. How long?"

"Six months,—half a year. In a whole year I can earn perhaps two thousand,—no more."

"Two thousand! Is it possible? Why, that—that's only four hundred dollars."

"Well, that is the most I can earn. You see, the greater number of my pupils, they are French, of the little bourgeoisie, who keep shops, and like that. They pay me—well, how much you think? One franc the lesson of an hour. The English, the Americans, of course they pay much more—three francs even. But I have only a very few of them, and only for a few months of the year. In these months of the summer—August, September—I can earn scarcely anything at all. I must depend on what I have saved. . . . Oh, a thousand francs! That makes me rich!"

Ormizon did not speak. He could not trust himself to speak. There was only one thing that he could think of to say; and the time had not yet come for saying that.

"Yes," Denise continued, "it makes me rich. And now—now—I can go see Dr. Marsac."

"Dr. —!" faltered Ormizon, aghast. "Why, are—are you in ill health?"

"Oh, no—not I. It was Dr. Marsac who took care of my mother. She was sick so long; and he came all the time, and was so kind and good; and I have never been able to pay him. I have needed every sou to support myself. But now—— Oh, Mr. Ormizon, you have made me feel so happy!"

She lifted two beautiful earnest tearful eyes upon Ormizon's face. It was only by the exercise of main force that he kept himself from folding her in his arms and kissing her.

"I was before," she went on rapidly, "I was the most miserable girl in the whole world. That thing—that debt—it lay upon my conscience day and night, all the time. And I was so hopeless. I could see no prospect to pay it. Ah, mon Dieu! It made me so uneasy, so ashamed. It is like a great load which you have lifted off my back. I thank you—I thank you from my heart, Mr. Ormizon."

"Dear—dear Mademoiselle Denise—" he was beginning. Then a lump, or something, got stuck in his throat, and choked his utterance.

. . . There was a little pause, during which the moon shone sentimentally.

All at once she looked up, and asked very gravely, with a naïveté that had its due effect, "Is—is it true that you leave Paris next month?"

Oh! How violently his heart leapt! How madly it began to pound against his side!

His voice shook as he answered, "I—I sail on the 26th."

Suddenly a bell began to ring, and the boatmen sang out, "Place de la Concorde!"

"Oh, here we are!" exclaimed Denise, starting up.

Lancelot and the doctor joined them. They took a cab to the Rue Soufflot.

V.

"Well, Mr. Palmer," began Ormizon, after they had parted from the ladies, "did you and the doctor exhaust the subject of ghosts?"

"It's inexhaustible," returned Palmer; "that is, when the doctor seriously assaults it. You know, Dr. Gluck is what you might call a scientific spiritualist. She accepts all the phenomena alleged by the spiritualists as authentic; vows she's seen 'em with her own eyes; and then she undertakes to explain them on a scientific basis. Well, of course I don't agree with her; I think it's all stuff. But I enjoy getting her stirred up on the subject, just the same. She has a large head, and she talks well. But then I always enjoy the doctor, anyhow. Take her all around, she's the best fellow I know. I often think what a pity she ain't a man. She's got so much of what the French call *bonhomie*."

"Yes, that's a fact. She's a jolly good fellow," Ormizon assented. "You know, she and I have been acquainted years and years."

"So I judged, from something she let fall. Well, now, she's not half bad-looking, either, is she? Her coloring is tip-top; and though she's short and plump, she's shapely, and she carries herself well. Kind of funny she's never got married. She'll be an old maid before long now, if she don't look sharp. . . . I say, by the way, are you the enviable possessor of a watch and chain?"

"Yes."

"Well, would you mind telling a less fortunate mortal what o'clock it is?"

"It's half-past nine."

"Thanks. I thought it was later. To confess the truth, I feel the need of some slight stimulus. And what do you say to reposing our weary bones for a little at yonder wayside inn?"

He pointed to a brilliantly-lighted café on the Boulevard St.-Michel, into which thoroughfare they had just turned.

"It's a good idea," Ormizon assented.

They sat down at one of the café tables. Palmer ordered absinthe. Ormizon contented himself with beer.

"Smoke?" suggested the latter, proffering a bundle of cigarettes.

"Thanks. I prefer a pipe," said Palmer, and proceeded to fill a

short clay pipe with Caporal tobacco. After he had sucked it well alight, "I was once the proprietor of a timepiece myself," he resumed. "But I've loaned it to my uncle."

Ormizon smiled.

"Now, I dare say you've never had occasion to curry favor with your uncle—hey?" questioned Palmer. Then, without waiting for an answer, "Well, you're almighty lucky. I've been on intimate terms with the old gentleman for many years. Just at present there's a trifling coolness between us, caused by the fact that my stock of marketable chattels, jewels, ornaments, articles of virtù, etcetera, has run dry; and he is not possessed of sufficient artistic discrimination to be willing to advance anything upon my own creations. However, I live in the hope that this sad misunderstanding may be set right, and our fond hearts reconciled. He's a convenient, though a stern and exacting, relative, your uncle. Lord bless you, he and I have had dealings ever since I was a lad. Now, when I was a divinity student——"

"Why, have you been a divinity student?"

"In the course of a long and somewhat eventful career, I've been various sorts of things. I've been a farmer, a carpenter, a school-teacher. Then, when I was eighteen, I went on to Boston with the idea of becoming a lawyer. But after six months in the law school I got disgusted. I wanted realities, and they gave me formulas. I wanted bread, and they gave me red tape. Then I packed my traps, and moved over to the theological seminary. There too, however, I paled and sickened. The atmosphere of cant, sham, insincerity, didn't agree with me. It was death to my self-respect. I'd look at those sleek, smug-faced, unfledged parsons, and I'd tremble, by George, to think that I might grow to be *like* them. No, sir; I've knocked around a good deal, but I never struck a hole yet where there was more downright meanness, and untruthfulness, and envy, and what you call pure cussedness, and less Christianity, than there was in that whited sepulchre of a divinity school. Why, the art schools here in Paris, why, they're nest-beds of virtue, compared to it; and you know what their reputation is. Gad, it makes me sick, merely to remember it. . . Well, after that I turned my attention to medicine. I didn't enjoy it; I didn't especially believe in it; I thought it was nine-tenths humbug and pretence: still, I was in a fair way to obtain my M.D.—which, I've often thought since, would have been my moral damnation—I was in a fair way to obtain it, and to start out in the practice of my quackery, when, during one summer vacation, I tried my hand at sign-painting. The transition from a sign-painter to a would-be picture-painter was easy and obvious."

Ormizon laughed. "And next? What do you mean to be next?" he asked, with a flippancy which he was very soon sorry for.

"No, sir. There's no next on my programme. At last I'm firmly anchored. Art is not my mistress; she's my wife. I'm not coquetting with her; I'm married to her for better or for worse—especially for worse. Indissolubly wedded we are, and shall remain, till death parts us. We've starved along together for some four years already, and I guess we're not likely to quarrel for a good while to come. She's jealous,

she's exacting, she knows how to make you feel mighty uncomfortable and unhappy, her favors are hard to win ; but she's honest, she's real, she's worth while ; I'd rather eat a dinner of herbs in her company than a stalled ox in any other ; I love her with all my heart. That's about the size of it, Mr. Ormizon. It took us a long time to find each other out ; but we were meant for each other from the beginning, all the same. Why, look here. I was born and raised 'way down in the little village of Unity, Maine, among the Quakers, where they have no more idea of art than they have of Egyptology, and where they'd hold both to be equally ungodly. My father, and his father before him, and his grandfathers, clear back to the settlement of the colony, had been Quakers and farmers. So it ain't strange that I had to flounder around a good deal, and make considerable many false shots, before I finally hit the mark. . . . No, sir ; my art is dearer to me than my life. Art is truth ; and truth is the only thing worth bothering about in this world."

Palmer paused, and relighted his pipe, which had taken advantage of his monologue to go out.

"I beg your pardon for speaking as I did," said Ormizon. "It was very silly and thoughtless of me. . . . You—you are studying here in Paris, I suppose?"

"Oh, don't mention it. That's all right. I understood that you were joking. . . . Yes, I'm at Julien's. Before that I was at the Students' League in New York, and also worked under Sartain in his studio. I've been here going on eighteen months. I arrived in Paris with a capital of four hundred dollars, which I'd saved up teaching drawing in a young ladies' boarding-school out West—in Indiana. Ah me ! where are those dollars now ? Gone to join the Hebrew children, I dare say. Well, well ! But my heart yearns toward them, wheresoe'er they be. If I should meet one of them here on the Boulevard to-night, I'd greet it with the rapturous enthusiasm of old friendship. I'd welcome it with a kiss and a hug. I'd kill the fattened calf, I'd set up the drinks, in its honor. I'd forgive its perfidy, even ; for, between you and me, it was frightful, it was disheartening, the cold-blooded haste those dollars made to desert me, after my advent here. . . . Ah, well, I suppose I might as reasonably wish for the snows of yester-year. Here's peace to their ashes." He emptied his glass.

"You've got something better than money, Palmer ; a light heart."

"Have I, though ? Perhaps, my dear fellow, it's not so light as it seems. Anyhow, I wish it was as light as my purse—or, for that matter, as light as my stomach is most of the time. That's my great trouble. I can't seem to get enough to eat. I can't afford to spend much on my eating, especially when I haven't got anything to spend ; and, consequence is, I go to bed hungry 'most every night. Lately I've adopted the system of saving up all through the week, and then going in for a real square meal on Sunday—such as I had to-day. I tell you, a dinner like that one we had down to Suresne this afternoon—that's the sort of thing that makes a man of me. On a full stomach, sir, I rise in my own estimation at least fifty per cent. . . . Hi ! Garçon ! Encore une absinthe-à-la-gomme !"

"Yes; but your system is a very imprudent one. You'll ruin your digestion."

"You show me a means of getting rich, and I'll drop the system like a hot potato. If you've got any Philistines to be despoiled, trot 'em around to my studio, and I'll feast like an epicure every day as long as they hold out. Otherwise—don't talk to me about digestion."

"Where is your studio?"

"My studio and residence combined are around in the Rue St.-Jacques, on the top floor of the Hôtel du St.-Esprit. 'Sky-parlor reaching heavenward far,' you understand. And I'll tell you what. Don't you want to come over there with me now? I'll show you some of my work. I possess the largest collection of Palmers in existence."

"I should like to, above all things."

"Well, come on."

Ormizon called for the reckoning, and was about to pay it, when Lancelot cut in with,—

"Oh, I say. Just compute my share of that, will you? How much is it?"

"Oh, that's all right," returned Ormizon. "This is my treat."

"Not much it isn't. Not if the court knows itself, and it strongly suspects it does. Just calculate my percentage of our liabilities, and allow me to fork over. You see, I can't afford to let you treat me; for I shall never be able to return the compliment. No, sir; we'll have to proceed on the Philadelphian plan from the beginning. Besides, it's the *mode* here in Paris; and there's nothing like being à la mode."

So Lancelot, who, like the improvident Bohemian that he was, denied himself bread and meat, and then squandered the price of a dinner upon absinthe-à-la-gomme,—Lancelot contributed his portion of the sum due; and the two young men set forth, arm in arm, for the Rue St.-Jacques. Their course thither led them back up the Rue Soufflot, and past the door of Denise's house.

Sweeping the façade of it with his glance, "I suppose our fair friends are wrapped in blissful slumber," Lancelot observed. "May their dreams be as sweet as their dispositions! What—what a regular daisy that little Mamselle is, ain't she?"

"She's very charming," Ormizon admitted.

"So gentle and helpless and sort of appealing, don't you know? Yes, sir, she and the doctor make a first-rate team."

The Hôtel du St.-Esprit was a dingy students' lodging-house, with a great sign over the entrance, advertising "Chambres et cabinets meublés."

"Now comes the tug of war," Palmer said. "Breathe through your nose, and take it easy."

He led the way up five flights of stairs.

"Well, sir, here we are," he resumed, when they had reached the top. He unlocked a door. "Winded, but still intact, here we are in my castle and my sanctum, my bedroom, my kitchen, my atelier, my boudoir, and my salon. Just stay where you are till I strike a light. Otherwise, you might upset something, or bark your shins."

He lighted a candle, and then a kerosene lamp.

It was a small room, not more than ten feet by twelve; and it seemed smaller still, because it was crowded to its utmost capacity with the furniture necessary to a sleeping-apartment, and with the paraphernalia necessary to a painter's workshop. A bed, a wash-stand, an *armoire-à-glace*, a table, two or three chairs, an easel, a lay-figure, and in one corner an old-fashioned hair trunk studded with brass nails, left but little space to move about in, and gave one the feeling of standing in an overstocked lumber-room. The walls were tinted a soft olive gray, and barnaced with a multitude of canvases, of various shapes and sizes, bearing designs which, in the scant light of the lamp and candle, Ormizon could do no more than guess at. There was but a single window; opposite which an open fireplace served as pantry and kitchen closet, being full to the brim with pots and pans, and with divers brown paper parcels that looked as though they contained food-stuffs. The air was loaded with an assortment of odors, forcible among them that of turpentine, that of stale tobacco-smoke, and that of cold ham.

"Sit down," said Lancelot, "and make yourself at home. You see, I've been keeping house on my own hook lately, which accounts for the *batterie de cuisine* you behold yonder in the chimney. I've got an alcohol lamp; and, if I do say it who shouldn't, some of the repasts I get up here are immense. I mean in quality,—not in quantity. That, as I said before, that's my bugbear, my *bête noire*. I sometimes forget what enough signifies. If my appetite weren't built on such a magnificent scale, it's really astonishing, the small income on which I could make out to live. Now, take the matter of rent. What do you suppose the rent of this establishment is, monthly?"

"Well, let's see. Well, I don't know. Perhaps—perhaps fifty francs. I pay seventy around in the *Hôtel de l'Univers*, *Rue Gay-Lussac*. But my room is rather larger, and it's only *au troisième*. Yes, I guess your rent is somewhere in the neighborhood of fifty francs."

"Oh, but the *Rue Gay-Lussac* is the height of sweldom, compared to the *Rue St.-Jacques*. It's the Beacon Street, the Fifth Avenue, the West End, of the Latin Quarter. I looked for a room there myself; but the prices scared me away. My rent, sir, is twenty-five francs a month, service included. That is, when I pay it. Just now I'm in arrears for a couple of months. But *Madame Pamparagoux*, my landlady, is of a trustful, hopeful nature; and so she lets it stand. Well, to continue, as I was saying, if I had an ordinary appetite, I could eat for two francs a day. That would bring my living expenses down pretty low. See?"

"I *don't* see how you could eat for two francs a day; no. I should like to hear you explain it. It never costs me less than five,—it generally costs me at least six,—and I usually go to a *Duval*."

"Why, bless you, there you are again with your lofty aristocratic notions. A *Duval*! . . . Why, man alive, there are lots of fellows I know, who eat for two francs a day, and less even. But they don't approach within gunshot of a *Duval*. Well, for example: first break-

fast, one sou of bread, one sou of milk—ten centimes. That's taken at a bake-shop. Second breakfast, at a restaurant, but not a Duval,—second breakfast, one sou of bread, one sou of soup, five sous of meat, three of vegetables—fifty centimes. Then go to a table-d'hôte for your dinner, at one franc twenty-five. So you've had your day's rations for one franc eighty-five. The surplus of three sous you distribute as tips among the waiters."

"Yes; but what sort of food is it that they give you at these cheap restaurants? They may flavor it so as to make it palatable; but is it nourishing?"

"Well, it seems to be. The boys seem to worry through on it, anyhow. Of course there's a strong presumption that the beef is horse; but, then, horse is all right, if you possess a stout set of teeth, and if you get enough. But for me, there's the rub. You *don't* get enough. Now, you take that table-d'hôte at one franc twenty-five. It ain't bad, as far as it goes. But I—I'm obliged to eat two of them, in order to get filled up. So, as I said, I've begun to cook for myself. On two francs fifty a day, I can make out fairly well, and then go in for a regular rattling feast on Sunday. . . . But come. I wanted to show you some of my work."

Palmer took up the lamp, and, holding it aloft, pointed now to one, now to another, of the unframed canvases on the wall, pronouncing a running commentary upon them as he did so. Ormizon said he liked the work immensely. So far as he could judge, it was full of ability, and promised better still. It was certainly very pleasing and interesting. "But why do you always sign H. Palmer?" he wondered. "H. doesn't stand for Lancelot."

"Good Lord, man," cried Palmer, laughing, "my name ain't Lancelot! That's only a bit of facetiousness on the part of those women-folks. They must have their joke, you know, and they've dubbed me Lancelot—well, I give it up why. My name is Hiram. Hiram Hutchinson Palmer is what I was baptized. I've dropped the Hutchinson, and simply sign H. Palmer. That answers for all practical purposes, and is shorter and more convenient. But now, I say, sit down again, and let's have a smoke."

While they smoked, Palmer told his guest something about the art-school, Julien's, at which he was studying.

"You pay forty francs a month for whole days," he said, "or twenty-five a month for half days. That entitles you to easel-room, and as much turpentine as you want to use, besides models. That don't sound like much, but they say the old man, Julien, is getting rich on it, all the same. Julien, you know, is a retired model himself, and he opened this school as a speculation. Every now and then they have an exhibition of the work the boys have done, with cash prizes. The prizes ain't exactly independent fortunes; still, if a fellow collars one, it helps along. I scooped in fifty francs last month, for instance; and that fed me for quite a while. But, as I was going to tell you, your forty francs a month entitle you to all the privileges of the school. Then the masters, they give their services free-gratis-for-nothing. At Julien's there are Bouguereau, Boulanger, and Lefebvre, the three

greatest draughtsmen living. They come to the school three times a week, examine what the boys have done, point out its faults, show you as well as they can how to set it right. They do this, as I say, for nothing,—simply for the love of art; which, I claim, is glorious. They relieve each other monthly. One month Bouguereau; next month Boulanger; and so on, round and round. This month we have Lefebvre. I tell you, he's grand. He's terribly severe, you know, unsparing in his criticism, mighty sarcastic sometimes, and all that. If he suspects that a fellow ain't in earnest, that he's just fooling, or going in for splurge or show, the Lord help him! Ain't he savage! But he's got a heart as big as an elephant's; and when he sees that a fellow means business, when he sees that a chap is working sincerely, honestly, just as well and just as hard as he knows how, I tell you he's the kindest, he's the gentlest, he's the most encouraging old boy that ever drew the breath of life. It sometimes makes the tears start to my eyes when he comes up in his fatherly way and puts his hand on your shoulder and starts off on his remarks with 'Mon ami, mon cher fils.' Then, as like as not, he goes ahead and gives your work particular fits, and then he winds up, 'But courage, my friend! courage, patience, and hard work! At your age I have done worse myself.' It's beautiful. It's a pity we haven't got a few men of that stamp in America. But no; your Yankee painter, he's on the make. He ain't going to apply his valuable time and dazzling genius to the drudgery of teaching, unless there's money in it."

"Oh, well, you must make allowances for the American painter," put in Ormizon; "he has such odds to contend against. Teaching is about the only method at his command by which he can earn his living. If he could get rich on the sale of his pictures, as these Frenchmen can, I have no doubt he'd be glad to give his services as a teacher without pay."

"Well, maybe there's something in that. Still, you can't dispute this: that, taken as a general thing, the Frenchman loves his art better, and the money he may make out of it less, than the American does. There's a devotion, an enthusiasm, in the French artist, that you don't often find in the Yankee. Now, you take Lefebvre. He reminds me of one of those old zealots you read about in history. His complete surrender of himself to his art is like the zealot's surrender of himself to his religion. But he keeps his head wonderfully clear, all the same. He's got the soundest philosophy of art that I ever heard expounded. His fundamental principle is this: Art means truth. A bad picture is bad just in so far as it is false. A good picture is good just in so far as it is true. He says, 'My boy, when you are painting, never think of the rewards your work may bring you. Never think of the money, the applause, the reputation. Concentrate all your thoughts, all your energies, upon making your picture just as good—that is to say, just as true—as you possibly can. Cherchez le caractère—seek for the character, which means the essential truth, of your subject. Let all the rest take care of itself. I would rather do true work and remain poor and obscure, than do false work and become the richest, the most renowned painter of my time.' Then he emphasizes all the time the importance

of good drawing. 'Learn to draw, learn to draw, learn to draw; learn also to color,' is a maxim of his. For he says it is good drawing that requires time, patience, sincerity, hard work; whereas many a tyro, many a charlatan, can produce an effective color piece."

As Ormizon was starting to leave, "I say, Palmer," he began, "I hope you won't mind, but—but as you seem to be a little hard up just at present, and as I happen to be quite flush, won't you—I wish you'd let me—I wish you'd borrow a little something of me. I could spare a hundred francs or so, just as well as not."

"Thanks, many thanks," returned Palmer. "It's awfully good of you to offer. But no: I can't borrow. I can't afford to. I don't know as I'd ever be able to pay you back, you see. But I'll tell you what you might do. If you feel like buying a picture——"

"Just the thing!" cried Ormizon. "If you have anything within my means."

"I guess there ain't any of my work but would be that," Palmer answered. "I don't set a very high price on it, yet. But I guess the best things I have are my black-and-whites, which I haven't shown you. Here. Glance through that."

He handed Ormizon a portfolio.

Ormizon began to inspect its contents. Pretty soon, "Is this for sale?" he demanded, holding up a pencil drawing.

"Yes."

"I take it. How much?"

"Oh, I don't know. What do you think it's worth?"

"Well—say a hundred francs?"

"Oh, no; I guess it ain't worth more than fifty. It's the subject that makes it worth that. It's not a very good piece of work."

"It's a mighty good likeness, though," said Ormizon, and counted out fifty francs.

"Thanks," said Palmer.

"Thank *you*. And good-night."

"Say," Palmer sang out after him, when he was half-way down the stairs; "you needn't mention it to Mamselle—mind?"

"All right," Ormizon called back.

It was a pencil drawing of an allée in the Luxembourg Gardens. And walking up the allée, in the foreground, there was a lady, with a parasol in one hand, and a book in the other. And the lady bore really an astonishing resemblance to—Mademoiselle Personette.

VI.

As soon as Ormizon fully and clearly realized the nature of the sentiment that Mademoiselle Denise had inspired in him, two questions addressed themselves to his mind for serious meditation.

What the first one was, every lover will be able to guess. Had he any reasonable ground for hoping that his passion might some time be returned? Upon the determination of this, he felt, his own resolution in respect of the second must depend. What had he better do about his quasi-engagement with his cousin Fanny?

He knew that his mother had set her heart upon the marriage of Fanny and himself. He knew that it was with her no light caprice, but a deep and steadfast purpose. Moreover, he had pledged himself to obedience in this regard by a solemn promise. Yet, he argued, if Denise should come to reciprocate his love, he would not merely be justified in recalling his promise and declaring the engagement off; he would be in all right, in all honor, bound to do so. His mother would not like it. At the outset she would take it very hard indeed. She was a high-tempered, imperious woman, fond of having her own way, and accustomed to having it. He did not like to think of the anger and displeasure she would be sure to visit upon him at first. But in the course of time she would grow reconciled—probably. And, anyhow, in affairs of this nature the persons to be chiefly considered are the principals—especially the lady. He did not wish to play the undutiful son; but he would rather do that than play the disloyal lover. Yes, there were certain proper limitations to the submission which his mother could justly expect of him. If he should have to choose between allegiance to his mother and allegiance to his sweetheart, he would not hesitate; it would be cowardly, dastardly, to hesitate; he would promptly and decisively choose the latter. . . . As for Fanny—fortunately, her heart was not involved. There was no love lost between Fanny and himself. She liked him well enough, perhaps, in a certain pharisaic condescending way, but she had never pretended to any warmer sentiment. Her attitude toward him had always seemed to say, "Now, mind! I don't approve of you the least bit. You are a bad worldly selfish man; and I am a dear sweet self-sacrificing little angel. You are a miserable sinner; and I am a saint, all ready for heaven. But you are the son of my beloved auntie; and for her sake, despite your many and glaring faults, I will be forbearing and Christian-like, and consent to tolerate, even to patronize, you a little. Am I not a perfect miracle of magnanimity?" She had agreed to become his wife, just as she would have agreed to become a nun, or to wear bloomers, or to adopt a vegetarian diet, simply in compliance with the desire of her aunt. In her soul, doubtless, she would welcome a release from the obligation. . . . No; he needn't worry about Fanny. She was a factor easily eliminated from the equation. . . . On the other hand, if Denise should finally and unconditionally reject him—! The bald statement of the contingency took his breath away. But there was no use shirking it. He might as well look it squarely in the face. Yes, if Denise should finally and unconditionally reject him—well, then he would go home and do his mother's will. In that event, he would not care what happened to him, what became of him. He would go home and espouse his cousin. He regarded Fanny as a canting, self-righteous, self-satisfied little prig. But never mind. If he lost his own happiness, with Denise, he would at any rate insure his mother's, by making her niece his wife.

And now—and now, had he the slightest chance of winning Denise's heart?

After he took leave of Lancelot on Sunday evening, he went home to walk his floor pretty much all night, balancing this problem in his

mind. With throbbing pulse, with quickened tremulous breath, eagerly, feverishly, now aflame with hope, now sick unto death with fear, he weighed every pro and every con that he could think of; never advancing beyond this one invariable conclusion, which had been his starting-point: "I do not know, I dare not say." His reason forbade confidence. His desire would not allow him to become too despondent. When he repeated to himself that little impulsive question that she had asked him, "Is it true that you leave Paris next month?"—when he recalled the tone in which it was pronounced, the glance by which it was accompanied,—his prospect for the moment looked dazzlingly, bewilderingly, bright. But next instant, his common sense reviving, he would groan, "No, no. It is impossible that she could have meant anything by that. Why, man alive, she—she's scarcely acquainted with you as yet. She never saw you till—till yesterday, by Jove; though it seems a lifetime. She isn't going to lose her heart to a stranger. You can't expect her to fall in love with you at first sight, you fool. No, no; God help me!" . . . So, in an ecstasy of mingled joy and woe, hope and despair, he wore the night out, tramping back and forth, up and down his room. How many times he carried Lancelot's pencil drawing of that allée in the Luxembourg to his lips, and kissed it, I shall not attempt to reckon. The absurd, infatuated fellow! Yet which of us, gentlemen, has never been guilty of similar folly? Which of you, mesdames, but has inspired like wild behavior?

At last, toward break of day, he threw himself all dressed upon his bed, and, murmuring her name, qualified by sundry complimentary adjectives, to his pillow, fell into a restless sleep.

"Ah, the delicious anguish of new-born first love! How transitory it is; yet, for its brief duration, how all-important, how all-eclipsing, how all-consuming! What thrills, what pangs, what burnings and freezings of the heart! Into what a strange, sweet, bitter, contradictory delirium it converts the happy sufferer's heretofore commonplace existence! . . . Ephemeral as the dew, once passed away, it is passed away utterly and forever. Anguish, indeed, it is truly called; synonyme for endless unrest and pain. But in the retrospect it seems an unalloyed celestial rapture; and many and many are they, who would renounce all the treasures of the world, to experience its resurrection."—See *A Voice from the Wilderness*, chapter xxxv., page 326. The passion of which he was now getting his initial taste, Ormizon had already learnedly analyzed, and eloquently portrayed, in his novel.

Late Monday forenoon he carried his manuscript around to the Rue Soufflot and left it with Denise. She received him alone in the little triangular gilt-and-white salon. She had pinned in her breast a sprig of mignonette, the perfume of which penetrated to the innermost recesses of our hero's heart.

"Isabel is gone out," she explained, "since nine o'clock—to her clinic."

"I was wondering," said he, after he had delivered the manuscript, "I was wondering whether you and she would do me a great favor."

"Oh, I am sure we will. We will be very glad—if it is possible."

"Well, I see that they're giving *Monsieur Perrichon* at the Gymnase. I wanted to know whether you and she would go with me to see it to-morrow evening."

"Oh, and is that what you call a great favor?" she laughed. "Is that the American style—to name things by contraries? We shall be delighted. *Monsieur Perrichon*—it is the funniest play that was ever written. It is a classic of wit."

"Ah, then you have seen it?"

"Oh, no, never. I have gone but very little to the theatre. I have read it, only. I shall be so glad to see it. It is very kind of you to invite us."

This last was said seriously, with wide eyes lifted to his face.

"It is you who are kind to agree to go," he returned, with equal seriousness.

And then there ensued an embarrassed little silence.

"Will—will you not sit down?" asked Denise.

They had both remained standing, he with his hat in his hand, throughout their dialogue.

"Oh, thank you; no. I must be going. Well, then, I'll call for you to-morrow evening—say at about a quarter-past seven. Well,—good-by."

This speech, and the resolution which it expressed, cost a huge effort of will. He would have liked nothing better than to sit down and enjoy a comfortable little visit with her. But he forced himself to consider that the place was Paris, and that she was alone, and to recognize that it wouldn't do.

She gave him her hand. He held it for a moment, revelling in its warmth and softness. Finally he tore himself away.

He drove over to the Gymnase, and secured a baignoire for the following evening. On his way back, he stopped at a restaurant for breakfast. Toward one o'clock he reached his own room, *Hôtel de l'Univers*, Rue Gay-Lussac.

He threw himself into an arm-chair, and began to wonder how he should survive the night and day that lay between him and his next meeting with Denise.

"For more than twenty-four hours I shall not see her. For more than twenty-four hours my life must stand still and wait. Merciful heavens, how shall I kill the time?"

The bare thought of the long, blank period that would have to drag away before he could again be with her,—the bare thought of it racked his brain, like the thought of eternity; made his heart stop beating; made his breath come in heavy, labored gasps. He must banish the thought from his mind. He must contrive some means of distracting his attention. He must find some occupation, must busy himself with something. Merely to sit, and wait, and count the seconds, would drive him mad; so intense was his desire, so great the stress of his impatience. If—if he could but fall asleep, and not wake until the wished-for moment was arrived! Life, which many people complain of as too short, was for him too long by some thirty interminable hours. By that amount he would gladly have abridged it.

He sprang up from his seat, and started to and fro through his room, striding caged-lion fashion, and counting his steps, "One, two, three, four,"—up to sixty, which, he calculated, would make a minute. Every now and then he would halt, and draw a deep, loud sigh, and frantically crush his temples between the palms of his hands. Very silly and irrational conduct, to be sure; but thus it is that most impetuous, warm-blooded young fellows carry on, at this interesting tide in their affairs.

By and by he dropped into a chair again, and lighted a cigarette. He smoked without relish, simply for the sake of passing the time. As quickly as he consumed one cigarette he lighted another from its expiring sparks. Presently he counted the stumps. Ten. He guessed that it must now be pretty nearly four o'clock. He secretly thought that it was later; but his thought might be the offspring of his wish, and he said four, so as to be on the safe side and preclude the possibility of disappointment. He looked at his watch—which for a long while he had purposely abstained from doing. He looked at his watch. . . . Must he believe his eyesight? By all the furies! It was only half-past two.

"Oh, Lord! I can't stand this!" he cried. "I'd better go out for a walk."

He walked the streets for the rest of the afternoon. He walked directly across the city as far as the Parc Monceau; thence to the Arc de Triomphe; thence to the Trocadéro; thence, along the quays, to the Place de la Concorde; thence to the Invalides; thence, by a tortuous route, through narrow, crooked, picturesque streets, back to the Boulevard St.-Michel. A long, circuitous walk, as any one may see by glancing at a map of Paris. Also an interesting walk; but to its interest he was impervious. He walked at top-speed, eyes fixed straight ahead, glancing neither to the right nor to the left; again merely for the sake of killing time. The quantity of time thus disposed of was precisely two hours and forty minutes. It was now ten minutes after five o'clock.

He seated himself at a café table on the boulevard, and called for beer.

"Beer," he remarked to himself, "is a sedative. It will calm my nerves."

As he sipped his soothing-draught, he mused, "If only in this big city I knew somebody whom I might call upon, in whose society I might while away an hour or two! If only in this crowd, constantly passing and repassing on the sidewalk, I might meet an acquaintance, espy a friendly face! Yes, there's Palmer, to be sure. But Palmer isn't exciting enough; and, besides, I have no right to inflict myself upon him. Ah, Denise, Denise! Where is she now? What is she doing? What is she thinking about? Not about me; that's certain; I may make up my mind to that. Oh, Lord! Still a night and a day before I can see her!"

He emptied his glass, and ordered another.

At the table next to his a young lady was seated, alone. She wore a broad-brimmed straw hat; a very close-fitting gown of some dark

red stuff diversified by large white dots; and a pair of high-heeled patent-leather slippers, the tips of which peeped out from beneath her skirt like a couple of bold black eyes. Her face (a sufficiently pretty face; a saucy, rognish face) seemed familiar to Ormizon. By accident, he caught her eye. She smiled, and volunteered, "Bonsoir, monsieur."

Ah, yes; he remembered. This was the young lady who sold him his cigarettes and his postage-stamps, in the little shop next door to his lodgings.

"Bonsoir," he returned, curtly, without lifting his hat, and addressed himself to his beer.

Not to be rebuffed, "Monsieur a l'air triste," she observed, with the intonation of sympathy.

"Vraiment?" was his response, more curtly still.

She subsided.

But pretty soon an idea occurred to him; a temptation presented itself.

"Why not?" he soliloquized. "It could do no possible harm. It would help me to wear out this everlasting night. It would keep me from thinking about—it would make me forget. It would be a diversion, an excitement. Anything, rather than this impatience, this suspense. Anything to hurry the time along. I—it——"

He got up, left his table, and took the unoccupied chair at that of his neighbor.

The next few hours passed rapidly enough. They dined together at a Duval, and afterward went to the Hippodrome. At eleven o'clock, before the entrance of the fair tobacconist's domicile, Rue Royer-Collard, Ormizon bade her good-night.

"Eh, comment?" she cried. "Oh, bi'n! Bonsoir, et merci pour une soirée très amusante."

In his own room he covered his face with his hands, and moaned aloud:

"Oh, what a low, miserable brute you are! Oh, how I loathe you! How weak you are—how base—how contemptible! If I could but recall this evening—undo it—blot it out! I—I have been disloyal to her. How shall I ever dare to look her in the face again? I have contaminated myself. I am not fit to breathe the same air that she breathes. How can I hope to win her now? I deserve—yes, I *deserve* to lose her. The idea! That she should love a low, weak thing like me! Oh, God! Oh, God forgive me!"

What had he done? He had given Mademoiselle Célestine a better dinner than she was accustomed to, and had afforded her a couple of hours of harmless entertainment at the Hippodrome. But if he had committed a sneak-theft, he could not have despised himself more bitterly; if he had committed a murder, he could not have repented it more passionately. Sickened by his memory of the thing, tortured by his remorse as by a coal of fire burning in his breast, he passed a most miserable night.

"Yet, if I had not loved her so," he cried, "I never should have done it. How strange! how strange!"

VII.

Tuesday morning, along with his coffee, Désiré, the garçon, brought him a letter. Its superscription was in a handwriting which he had never seen but once before, yet which he recognized at a single glance. The sight of it now did not by any means leave him unmoved; nay, indeed, it occasioned a very singular aberration in the action of his heart, causing that organ simultaneously to leap and to sink. To leap, for obvious reasons: the letter came from *her*. To sink, because in connection with it a hideous thought flashed upon his mind. Why should she be writing to him, unless something had happened to interfere with the arrangements that they had perfected together at their conference yesterday? If affairs remained *in statu quo*, this missive was unnecessary and inexplicable.

"Oh, yes; I suppose she has written to inform me that the doctor had a previous engagement, or—or I don't know what—and that they cannot go. Just my confounded luck!"

For a while he held the envelope intact in his hand, and stared at it with a countenance that was at the same time savage and caressing. At last, muttering, "Well, here goes," he tore it roughly open. He closed his eyes for a moment, and sought to muster his courage. "Well, there's no use playing the ostrich. Here's my fate confronting me. I've got to grin and bear it. It won't mend matters to procrastinate," he said, finally, and, with the composure of despair, proceeded to read:

"Monday Afternoon.

"DEAR MR. ORMIZON,—Isabel wishes me to ask, will you not come to take dinner with us to-morrow (Tuesday) evening, before the theatre? In order that we may have plenty of time, we shall dine early—at six o'clock. She has set her heart upon having you come, and I hope you are not going to disappoint her. Have you read any Browning yet?"

"Sincerely yours,

"DENISE PERSONETTE."

Of course the reaction was instantaneous and excessive. At first he could scarcely credit his eyesight; but a second perusal left no room for doubt. He carried the paper to his lips and kissed it rapturously. He danced about his chamber in an ecstasy, humming a merry tune, like a child with a new toy. He apostrophized himself: "Well, you *are* a lucky dog! Well, you'd *better* thank your stars! Well, by Jupiter!" He took on generally in a very ridiculous, exuberant, boyish manner. By and by he sat down at his table to indite an acceptance.

"DEAR MADemoiselle DENISE——"

No. That wouldn't do. That was too familiar. He tore the sheet up, and began anew:

"DEAR MADemoiselle PERSONETTE,—Your note has given me

greater pleasure than I can say ; and I shall certainly be on hand promptly at six. Meantime, I shall try to alleviate my impatience by reading Browning, which, I blush to own, I have not yet done.

"Please express my very best thanks and compliments to the doctor, and believe me,

"Yours always,

"STEPHEN ORMIZON."

But after he had sealed this communication, and addressed it, he hesitated.

"They ought not to be inviting me to dinner," he reflected. "They can't afford it. And I ought not to accept their invitation. . . . Yet I don't exactly see how I can decline it, without hurting their feelings. And besides—besides, it would be such jolly good fun. I suppose it would be awfully bad form for me to—so to speak—to turn the tables, and ask them to dine with *me*. Yes, I'm afraid it would. Still, they—they're not sticklers for the ceremonies ; and if I employed tact—if I made the proposition gracefully—it might not do any harm. Well, I guess—I guess I'll risk it. Yes, I absolutely mustn't let them spend their money dining and wining me."

With which he commenced a third note to Denise :

"DEAR MADEMOISELLE PERSONETTE,—It was quite odd that you should have sent me the very kind note which I have just received, and for which I beg you and the doctor to accept my warmest thanks. It was odd, because at the very moment when it was handed to me, I was getting out my paper to scratch off a line to you. The temptation is now strong upon me to leave what I was about to say unsaid. Still, your judgment is better than mine, and perhaps I may as well submit the matter for your consideration. Of course I shall abide by your decision. Well, then, I was on the point of writing to tell you that if you and the doctor would do me the honor of dining with me this evening at the Foyot, you would make me very happy. Now, as I say, I leave the question in your hands. To be your guest, or to be your host : it is a choice of felicities which I have not the strength of mind to make.

"The messenger will bring your answer.

"Yours always,

"STEPHEN ORMIZON."

He leaned out of his window, and hailed the commissionnaire who had his stand on the curb-stone below. By the hands of this functionary he dispatched his questionable message.

He waited in a state of wretched uncertainty for her reply. He had written very stiffly, very feebly, he felt ; and perhaps she would be offended. In somewhat less than a quarter-hour the commissionnaire returned. But this time the handwriting was not Denise's :

"DEAR MR. ORMIZON,—Denise, having to hurry off to a lesson, asked me to answer your note. I know you'll be broken-hearted, but

I can't help it. My handwriting is not so pretty as hers, I am well aware; but it is legible, and will in the present case answer for all practical, if not for all sentimental, purposes.

"Eh bien! do you know, sir, that you are most imprudent to trust 'a choice of felicities' (that phrase is immense: where did you strike it?), so grave as the one you mention, to a young and impetuous damsel like Denise? This is a text upon which I could develop a long homily; but, as the facteur is waiting, I forbear. Denise has cast the 'choice' in favor of Foyot. Which goes to indicate that she has the making of a gourmet in her; upon which indication, my young friend, reflect.

"Finally, shall we meet you at the restaurant, or will you call for us?"

"En tout cas, monsieur, agréez l'assurance de ma plus haute considération.

"Toujours à vous,

"ISABEL B. GLUCK."

"Wait an instant," he said to the messenger.

Then he scribbled,—

"DEAR DOCTOR,—Thanks infinitely. I will call for you at a quarter before six. Meantime, I am

"Yours faithfully,
"S. O."

Which finished the business.

In the course of their dinner, he said to Denise, "That volume of Browning you lent me—I have been reading it all day long."

"Oh, have you? Well?"

"It was a revelation to me. I had never known anything like it. I found, when I had once taken the book up, I could not put it down. It was as absorbing—it was more absorbing than a novel."

"Which of the poems did you read?"

"Well, I began with *Fra Lippo Lippi*."

"Ah, that is one of the very best."

"It is? Well, I should have supposed so. At least, I shouldn't suppose it would be easy to surpass it. It's a masterpiece. Goethe himself might have been proud to have written it. It has so much human nature in it, so much wit, so much humor, in addition to its lofty, noble poetry. Then, aside from its other splendid qualities, it contains the clearest, the most scientific, statement of the true philosophy of æsthetics that I have ever seen. I—I was absolutely carried away by it."

"Oh, I was sure you would be. Nobody could read Browning understandingly, and not be. He is irresistible. Well, and after *Fra Lippo*?"

"After *Fra Lippo* I attacked *Bishop Blougram's Apology*, which, in its way, I liked quite as much. It's grand, sublime. It's the strongest defence that could be made for faith in revealed religion. It beats Butler's *Analogy*, Paley's *Theology*, all hollow, on their own ground."

"I think I must begin to read Browning," said the doctor, "you children rave so about him. That poem about mesmerism, that Denise read the other night—there was a great deal in it."

"Why," Ormizon continued, "there are a dozen lines or so in *Blougram* that would have made any ordinary poet. You remember, Mademoiselle Denise, where the bishop says, 'All right. Let us, then, declare ourselves agnostics, free-thinkers, what you will, forthwith,' and then goes on,—

'Where's

The gain? how can we guard our unbelief,
Make it bear fruit to us?—the problem here.
Just when we are safest, there's a sunset touch,
A fancy from a flower-bell, some one's death,
A chorus-ending from Euripides,
And that's enough for fifty hopes and fears,
As old and new at once as nature's self,
To rap and knock and enter in our soul,
Take hands and dance there, a fantastic ring,
Round the ancient idol, on his base again—
The grand Perhaps!

I don't know when I have read anything so beautiful, anything so inspiring, anything so true. He speaks right out of the depths of human experience."

"Yes, it's very fine," acquiesced the doctor.

"Oh, it is glorious!" cried Denise. "It is thrilling. I am so glad you think as I do, Mr. Ormizon."

"I am thankful to you, mademoiselle, for having put me in the way of thinking as you do. I'm going to study Browning systematically now. This afternoon I ordered his complete works at Galinani's."

"And yet," exclaimed Denise, with a scorn that might have withered the laurels on the laureate's brow,—“and yet people will go on talking about Tennyson, and calling him the greatest living English poet! Oh!”

"Oh, well, they'll get over that in time," Ormizon said, consolingly.

"On n'est jamais prophète en son pays, ni en son temps," observed the doctor, sententiously. . . . "How delicious these mushrooms are!"

"Perfectly lovely," agreed Denise.

"It's true, they're not bad," Ormizon admitted.

And then, somehow, it seemed to strike each of them that there had been a rather abrupt descent from the sublime to the commonplace; and spontaneously they broke into a merry laugh at their own expense.

Presently, "I, too, have been enjoying a literary treat, since I saw you, Mr. Ormizon," Denise announced.

"Yes?" he queried. "What was it?"

"I have been reading *A Voice from the Wilderness*."

"Oh!" he cried, blushing.

"Perhaps you may think I took too great a liberty," she pursued. "But I got told you how it was. I began to copy the first chapter, and I got so interested that I could not rest until I had read it through and found out how it ended. I thought you would not mind, seeing

that I was going to copy it all. Now, anyway, I have confessed my sin. If you think I was indiscreet, you may scold me."

"Why, what an idea! But of course—you're laughing at me. You know it's a great compliment."

"No; honestly, I feared your displeasure. The temptation, as I have said, was so strong, I could not resist it. Yet, without comprehending precisely why, I did feel as though I had not any right to do anything but copy, without paying attention to the sense. I have been reproaching myself ever since. I was afraid you might be angry. I am so relieved. But, as I was going to say——" She paused abruptly.

"Yes?" he questioned.

"Perhaps I ought not to tell you."

"Oh, on the contrary. It's your bounden duty. Tell me, please."

"I dare say you will think me awfully silly."

"Oh, no, I shan't. Go on. I'm dying to hear it."

"Well, I began it yesterday afternoon, and—and I—sat up all night to finish it."

"Did you, really? Why, how could I think that silly? It indicates prodigious wisdom."

"And—and it made me cry so, I have had a headache all day long."

"Oh!" with an expression, facial and vocal, of exceeding distress.

"I'm so sorry! I—I never meant to make you cry."

This was said apparently in all ingenuousness and good faith. But his auditors seemed to regard it as a brilliant witticism, or bit of humor. First, Denise began to laugh; then the doctor speedily followed her example; while Ormizon, with a blank face, wondered what the joke was.

By and by, sobriety being restored, Denise demanded, "But why *did* you make it end so sadly?"

"I tried to make it end as I thought it would actually have ended in real life."

"Why, do you think things generally end badly in real life?"

"Oh, no; I don't mean that. I mean, I tried to observe the laws of cause and effect, and to make the end the natural consequence of what had gone before. I tried to make it end in the manner that the circumstances had rendered inevitable. To my mind, the ending was inevitable from the beginning. Didn't it seem so to you? Didn't the climax seem natural, logical?"

"Oh, yes, logical enough, natural enough. But that did not make it any less sad, less disappointing,—any easier to bear. And then, another thing: do you yourself really believe what you made Rivington say about the control of matter over mind? 'Among the many dismal truths which modern science has forced upon us, none is more disheartening than this: that the mind, the spiritual part, of man, is not merely intimately related to, but is absolutely dominated by, the material part, his body. A local organic disease may not merely cloud and enfeeble his intellect, but may totally pervert and deprave his moral nature, as numberless instances have proven; may turn the benevolent man into a misanthrope, the truthful man into a liar; may supplant love with

hatred, refinement with grossness, disinterestedness with self-seeking.' Do you yourself really believe that, Mr. Ormizon?"

Was it not calculated to set any young author's heart a-palpitating, thus to hear himself quoted verbatim by the loveliest lady of her generation? So it affected Ormizon's, at any rate. She punctuated her inquiry by raising her eyes expectantly to his. At the meeting, a new palpitation swept his bosom, and a blush mounted to his forehead. Whereupon, by the strangest of coincidences, Mademoiselle's damask cheek displayed for an instant a similar red ensign; and simultaneously the two pairs of eyes were dropped upon the table-cloth.

"Er—well," he began, in a matter-of-fact key, returning to her question, "as a general thing, you know, I shouldn't like to be held responsible for the opinions of my characters. But here, in this special case, it isn't a matter of opinion; it's a matter of statistics. I don't see how any one can help believing it. As Rivington says, no end of instances prove it. The physicians' records are full of them. Isn't that so, doctor?"

"Oh, yes; that's so, undoubtedly. But the force of all that is offset by the discoveries that are being made by the Society for Psychical Research. Their experiments have conclusively demonstrated that, while ordinarily the mind is unquestionably subject to the body, under certain conditions the mind becomes absolutely independent of the body, transcending all the limitations of matter, and of time and space. Still, it can't be denied that very frequently, as you say, a physical lesion may result in a radical change of the patient's character and disposition."

"Oh, but that is so horrible!" cried Denise. "It never occurred to me before. But if it is true—*oh-h-h!* It makes one shudder. But I think your—what would you call it?—not plot, exactly—your idea—your theme—I think that was beautiful. To have him long so ardently to believe in God and immortality; and yet all the time be dragged, forced, further and further, deeper and deeper, into materialism, pessimism, cynicism, and all that; and then, suddenly, forget everything, escape from all his doubts and fears, and find perfect peace and happiness in love. But why—*why* did you let her die?"

"Well, as I said, I thought under the circumstances her death was inevitable. But then, besides, I wanted him to realize that love isn't enough; that at best it is only a temporary refuge; that it can't permanently fill the place of religion. I wanted him to discover that the same grim, awful, relentless problems were still there, standing where he had left them, outside his lady's chamber, waiting to confront him at his exit. After she died, you know, his old longings, his old doubts and perplexities, hopes and fears, came surging upon him with more tremendous force than ever."

"Yes, I see. But it is dreadfully hard on the reader. You made her so lovely and beautiful; and then to have her die,—oh, it—it was like losing one of one's own friends, almost. I thought I should *never* stop crying. Oh, I really do not think it is fair to your reader to make your book end badly. Do you, Isabel?"

"Well, I don't know about that," returned the doctor. "That's a question of first principles, and would admit of a good deal of debate.

But there's one thing I do know, surely ; and that is, if we don't start right away, we'll be late for the play."

Ormizon looked at his watch.

"By Jove," he ejaculated, "that's a fact. Well, I declare, how the time has flown !"

They hurriedly wound up their dinner, and left the restaurant. Outside, they took a cab. Ormizon helped in the ladies, and was then about to establish himself upon the little narrow front seat, facing them, when Dr. Gluck protested :

"No, no, now. We're not going to let you sit cramped up over there. It isn't at all necessary. There's lots of room here between us. Isn't there, Denise ?"

"Oh, yes ; lots," concurred Denise.

"Oh, I can't think of crowding you ladies," he rejoined. "I shall be perfectly comfortable here,—on the strapentin."

"But you *won't* crowd us. Just *look*," cried the doctor, edging over toward one side, while Denise drew in toward the other. "Don't you *see* ? There are oceans of room here. And we *should* feel so uneasy to see you all doubled up over there. Shouldn't we, Denise ? Come ; do be nice, now, and do what we ask."

So he sandwiched himself in between the ladies, and throughout the drive enjoyed the blissful consciousness of Denise's arm touching his own.

They reached the theatre just as the curtain was going up.

Denise and Dr. Gluck sat forward in the baignoire, and concentrated their attention upon the stage. He sat behind them, in the dark, and concentrated his attention upon Denise. It was a keen delight, thus, without let or hinderance, to be permitted to feast his eyes upon her. Far more interesting than the comedy in progress beyond the footlights he found the play of expression visible in her face and person. Now she would bend eagerly forward, lips parted, breath bated, eyes wide open, intent upon some decisive episode, anxiously watching for its dénouement ; then she would lean back in her chair, and draw a deep sigh of relief, or smile at the humor or laugh at the absurdity of it, turning to the doctor for sympathy in her emotion. The bêtises of Monsieur Perrichon afforded her infinite amusement ; but she took the sentimental business very seriously, following the devious course of the love-affair with rapt attention, and now and then allowing to escape her a soft little "*Mon dieu !*" or "*Bon !*" When the curtain dropped upon the first act, she clapped her hands with much enthusiasm ; after which she turned around to Ormizon, and gave utterance to all her accumulated enjoyment in an impulsive little monosyllable : "*Oh !*"

During the interlude they walked about the foyer ; and for the first time in his life he experienced the delicious sensation of having Denise lean upon his arm.

When the play was over, and they left the theatre, he, of course, was for taking a cab home. But the doctor would not hear of it.

"It was all right to take a cab coming," she explained, "because we were in a hurry. But we're not in the slightest hurry now ; and the omnibus is plenty good enough. Isn't it, Denise ?"

"Plenty," Denise responded.

So with the omnibus he had to put up. In the end he was not sorry; for it fell out that he and Denise sat side by side, with the doctor opposite; and thus, as the roar of the wheels drowned their voices to third persons, he and she were enabled to indulge in the following confidential conversation:

"I have had *such* a good time, Mr. Ormizon."

"Have you, really? I'm very glad. So have I."

Now, this may not seem like very much of a conversation to the reader; but it set our hero's heart into a wondrous flutter. For Denise employed a low, intimate, earnest tone of voice; and besides, in speaking, she brought her lips pretty close to his ear; and—oh, joy!—for an instant he felt her warm, soft breath upon his cheek!

VIII.

On the morning after *Monsieur Perrichon*, Stephen Ormizon wrote a long letter to his mother. Certain paragraphs toward the end of it read as follows:

"And now, my dearest mother, I have something to tell you, which is of very grave importance. It is something which, I feel, I ought to tell you, yet which, I am afraid, you will not like. Yes, I am afraid it will give you great pain. In fact, I know it will. But I think it would be wrong for me to conceal it from you, nevertheless. I think I owe a frank confession of it both to you and to myself. Much as it will displease you, I am sure that in the long run both you and I would suffer more if I should fail to make a clean breast of it at once. So now I will try to state the whole business to you as clearly as I can. In advance, I beg of you to give me a fair hearing. Read what I have to say through. Don't get angry, and throw it aside, or tear it up.

"Well, then, this Mademoiselle Personette whom I have told you so much about—whom I have described to you as so good, so intelligent, so beautiful—and who lives with our friend Dr. Gluck in the Rue Soufflot—well, in the few days of our acquaintance I have grown to love her with all my heart and soul. Don't for an instant, mother, don't imagine that my feeling for her is any mere passing caprice or fancy, which I shall get over. You would only be uselessly deceiving yourself. You may as well make up your mind right away to this: my love for Mademoiselle Personette is the serious love of a man for the woman in whom he discerns exactly those qualities which, he knows, his own nature will need in his wife. I love her so much that I would be willing to give up everything else in the world, to the end of winning her; so much that, if I fail in winning her, life will have lost all its value and charm for me, and I would be glad to die. Whether she cares anything for me, or not; whether there is the least likelihood that she ever will care anything for me; of course I do not know. Sometimes I very much fear that she doesn't, and never will. At other times I am more hopeful. Anyhow, it doesn't matter one way or the other for the purposes of this letter. The point I wish to speak with you now about is this.

"Before I left New York last October, you told me—what, of course, I had as good as known for years—that it was the one paramount desire of your heart that I should marry Fanny—as soon as I got ready to settle down and marry any one at all. You said that Fanny, on her side, had agreed to have me; and you asked me to promise to do in this matter as you wished. In my unwisdom—for, if I had been less unwise, I should have answered very differently—in my unwisdom, not in the least realizing the meaning of what I did, not stopping to appreciate the gravity of the obligation which I undertook, I answered that, although I did not *love* Fanny at all, I did love you, and would therefore, for your sake, promise to make her my wife. I might have gone further, and said that, so far from loving her, I did not even like her; I did not even believe in her; that, with her assertive piety and self-righteousness, she was even positively obnoxious to me. But I knew that this would grieve you; I could not see that it would do any good: so I held my tongue. On the understanding, then, that I would consider myself betrothed to Fanny, I left you and came abroad.

"Well, as I say, if I had been wiser—as wise as I am now—I never should have dreamed of making such a promise. In the first place, I should have foreseen this chance of my some time meeting another woman whom I could really love. In the next place, I should have understood that to marry a woman whom you do not love, is to do not only yourself, but *her*, a great and irreparable wrong; is to bind her and yourself in a monstrous form of slavery, from which there is no escape but death. Altogether apart from the fact that I am in love with another woman; even if I were not in love with anybody; leaving myself out of the equation entirely; in the light of my more mature intelligence, I honestly think that it would be a violation of every right principle of morality and of religion for any man, under any circumstances, to enter into the peculiarly holy state of matrimony with a woman whom he did not love, in the full sense of the word love. That is my honest conviction, looking at the question from an absolutely impersonal point of view. Very well; how much more immoral and irreligious would it be for a man to marry one woman, when he actually is in love with another! Then, if the other woman loves him in return, there are her feelings, there is her life-long happiness, to be considered, too. These views which I express this way are commonplaces, platitudes. But the living truth that resides in them I never realized until I found myself in love with Denise. Commonplaces, platitudes, however, though they be, you certainly cannot have realized their truth, or you would never have exacted that promise from me. Even now, I dare say, you will be disinclined to admit their truth. But I will venture to say that if you should put this question before any intelligent, high-minded, unprejudiced man, he would agree with me.

"Well, now, to come back to our own case. I shrink from occasioning you any pain or disappointment; I don't want to be selfish or undutiful; I do want to do that which is really right and just. If I could convince myself that it would be right and just for me to re-

nounce Mademoiselle Personette, and come home and marry Fanny, much as the sacrifice would cost me, I believe I would do it. But I cannot so convince myself. On the contrary, I am convinced that it is right and just for me to ask you to release me from my engagement with Fanny. I feel that it is right and just to me, to the lady I love, to Fanny, and to *you*. For I am sure of this: that if, feeling as I do, I should marry Fanny, you also would inevitably have to bear a share of the misery that such an unnatural union would cause; you would have to suffer the consequences of it, along with her and me. Look at the facts: I don't love Fanny; I do love Denise Personette. Fanny does not love me—may very likely in the course of time come to love somebody else. Now, I say, for Fanny and me, under these circumstances, to marry, would entail untold unhappiness upon her, upon myself, upon you, upon everybody that was in any way concerned. And therefore, in all tenderness and respect, I beg of you to write to me saying that you liberate me from my promise, and giving me your consent to woo Denise."

He wrote the letter that contained these paragraphs, upon the spur of an impulse. He sealed it, and committed it to the post, at once—before he had time to consider, to repent. On second thoughts, he did repent. He was sorry that he had not waited awhile longer about making his avowal; sorry that he had not couched that avowal in softer and more persuasive phrases. But he recognized that his repentance was futile; that the thing was done beyond undoing; and so, like a sensible fellow, he shrugged his shoulders; said, well, there was no use crying over spilled milk; and determined to stifle his regret for the past, and his fear of the future, in the delights of the present.

All that day he kept up a debate with himself touching the propriety of his calling upon the ladies of the Rue Soufflot in the evening. He tried hard to convince himself that there was no good reason why he should not yield to his inclination; but obstinately a still, small voice retorted, "No, my dear boy, you mustn't run this thing into the ground. It won't do. You'll wear out your welcome if you don't take care. Besides, you'd—they'd—they'd get a pretty strong suspicion of what the matter is; and, I take it, you don't want to give yourself away yet awhile."

"But," he demanded, "if I don't go there, what *shall* I do with myself? How shall I pass the time?—forget this craving for the sight of her face? Ah! I have it! I'll call on Lancelot."

So, after his dinner, he made for the Hôtel du St.-Esprit.

The landlady was established in an easy-chair on the sidewalk near the entrance.

"Bonsoir, madame. Monsieur Palmer, is he at home?" he began.

"Monsieur Pahmah?" returned the landlady, looking up, with a blank face. "I do not know him, sir."

"Why, it is a young American painter."

"Ah, perfectly! You wish to say, Monsieur Pal-maire. Ah, monsieur, he is gone out, since a half-hour."

He turned away, disappointed.

It was a deliciously tender summer evening. The breeze, warm

and soft, bore a faint, sweet, summery smell, and murmured amorously in the listener's ear. The stars shone like a multitude of languishing, passionate eyes. There was distant music in the air. As on that balmy afternoon in the gardens of the Luxembourg, every other young fellow had his *Dulcinea* clinging to his arm. Just the conditions, meteorological and otherwise, to make a fond heart grow fonder still.

"Oh, hang it," cried Ormizon, "I can't stand this. I'm going to call on her, I don't care what happens."

And he marched resolutely to her house and up her staircase.

Dr. Gluck opened the door.

"Oh, it's you!" she exclaimed. "It's so fortunate you've come. We were just wishing you might."

"Ah," he responded. "It's very kind of you to say so."

"Yes," she continued; "you see, Lancelot is here, with a plan. We want you to join us in it."

Denise greeted him with a charming little smile, a warm little handshake, and a demure little "Good-evening, Mr. Ormizon."

"How d'ye do? How are you?" inquired Lancelot. "How wags the world with you?"

"First-rate, thanks. And now, the plan?"

"Oh, the plan's a simple one," Lancelot informed him. "I was proposing to these ladies that we make up a party and spend next Sunday in the Bois de Meudon. That's all."

"That we go out by an early morning train, and come back in the evening," added the doctor.

"That we get our breakfast and our dinner there, *al fresco*," Denise concluded.

"Well, now, what's your opinion of it?" Lancelot demanded.

"It's a capital idea," Ormizon affirmed. "Only, I would offer this slight amendment. On Sunday there's always a crowd at Meudon—students, shopkeepers, and such like; which would be rather disagreeable. So I suggest that we make it Monday instead of Sunday."

"By George," cried Lancelot, "right you are. That never occurred to me; but it's pregnant with wisdom. Mr. Ormizon, you are the possessor of a remarkable brain. There's a large preponderance of gray matter, and the convolutions are deep."

"Thank you for your kind appreciation," said Ormizon.

"Oh, how droll!" exclaimed Denise.

And she and the doctor went off in one of their explosions of laughter.

"Well, then, Monday it shall be—hey?" asked Lancelot. "We'll meet at the railway station on Monday at nine o'clock?"

"Yes," they all assented.

After which, for an hour or so, there was general and desultory conversation.

Finally, "I don't believe you ladies know what a fine night it is," Ormizon observed. "It's a pity to spend it in-doors. Let's go out and have an ice on the boulevard."

His suggestion was adopted; and the ladies withdrew to put on their bonnets.

Lancelot took advantage of their absence to remark, confidentially, "Say, Ormizon, I hope you won't be offended; but I guess I'll let you and the women-folks go for those ices alone. I guess I'll bid you good-night when we reach the street."

"Why, what an idea! Why should you do that?"

"Well, the fact is, I don't believe I've got money enough on me to pay my share."

"But, man alive, this is my treat. I invite the whole crowd. You can't possibly object to that—just for once. And we'd all feel dreadfully to have you desert us. You'd break up the party."

"Well, I hope you won't think me a sponger, a dead beat."

"Oh, nonsense! It would be a pity if you couldn't ever accept an invitation."

"Well, it's against my principles. But, in the words of Rip Van Winkle, we won't count it this time, hey?"

The doctor and Denise came back.

They walked around to a pâtissier's on the Rue de Vaugirard, opposite the Luxembourg. Of course they paired off; Lancelot giving his arm to the doctor, and Ormizon his to Denise.

On the way, in a low and tender voice, "Isn't it a lovely night, mademoiselle?" he inquired.

"Oh, delicious," she replied, "heavenly!—'La brise est douce et parfumée,'—humming softly the air from "Mireille."

"I don't know," he went on, with the intonation of one making a broad and important generalization, "I don't know that I have ever seen quite so pleasant an evening before."

"I," she said, reflectively, "I have never seen one that was *more* pleasant."

"There is a peculiar softness in the air."

"Yes; and, while it is warm enough, it is not a bit *too* warm."

"No; the temperature seems to be about right. I hope this fine weather is going to last."

"Oh, I hope so. What a pity if it should rain on Monday!"

"Oh, horrible! Perish the thought!"

"Of course one cannot foresee. The weather is so capricious. It may do so."

"Certainly. Still, we——"

"What are you young folks conspiring about now?" broke in the voice of the doctor, from behind. "You have the appearance of deep and awful mystery. Come; Lancelot and I are dying of curiosity."

Thereupon, for the first time, it occurred to Ormizon that they had been talking about the weather. After all, when we are conversing with our lady-love, it isn't the *matter* of our discourse that counts.

Arrived at the pâtissier's, they installed themselves at a table on the sidewalk, where they could get the full benefit of the fresh, racy odors that came from the gardens across the way. Here they sat, consuming ices, and exchanging pleasantries, till about eleven o'clock. When they started for home, they paired off again. But this time there was some grave mismanagement; for Ormizon discovered that Lancelot and

Denise were walking together in front, while he, with the doctor on his arm, brought up the rear.

"Don't you like Lancelot?" the doctor asked.

"Oh, yes; he's a very nice fellow," he replied, absently.

"So original; isn't he?"

"Yes, very."

"Do you think he's in love with her?"

"With De—with Mademoiselle Personette? Oh, no; I don't think so."

"They'd mate splendidly, though; wouldn't they?"

"Well, I don't know."

"Yes, I think he'd make an excellent husband for her. But of course, he's so poor, it's out of the question. He couldn't support a wife."

"No; I suppose not."

"Well, I dare say she'll live to be an old maid, like me. She'll never marry a Frenchman, anyhow."

"Ah?"

"No. You see, she hasn't any dot."

"Oh!"

"Do you know my private opinion?"

"No: what is it?"

"My private opinion is that you are head over ears in love with her."

"Oh—why—oh, what an idea!"

"Oh, there's no use denying it. You can't pull the wool over my eyes. It's as plain as the nose on your face. Well, I don't wonder. I should be, too, if I were a man. You've got a level head."

"I hope, doctor, that you haven't said anything as absurd as this to Mademoiselle Personette."

"Oh, no; of course I haven't. It's none of my business. And, besides, why should I? It would only worry her."

"Do—do you think—I—stand any chance?"

"Ah, then you admit it?"

"No. I don't admit anything. I put the question hypothetically."

"Well, then, if you don't admit it, if you merely put the question hypothetically, I don't believe you stand the least ghost of a chance—not the shadow of a shade of a chance."

"Oh, good Lord! Really? Is—is there somebody else? For mercy's sake, don't trifle with me about this. Tell me the whole truth, right out. I—I can stand it."

"Well, really, I don't see why you should care one way or the other—if you deny the soft impeachment."

"Doctor, I will confess to you, in confidence, since you seem already to have divined it, I will confess to you that I love her with all my heart. I adore her. Now, tell me, have I any chance?"

"In confidence, in absolute secrecy, then, I will tell you——"

"Yes—quick!"

"You promise to make no improper use of the information?"

"Yes, yes. For heaven's sake, go on."

"I will tell you, then, that—I haven't the shadow of an idea."

"Oh, Lord!" he groaned. "Oh, you are cruel, to torture a fellow like that!"

"There, there," she said, pressing his arm. "Have patience, have courage. There's nothing absolutely repugnant or hateful about you. I don't see why you shouldn't win her, or any other woman, if you go about it in the right way, and try hard enough. Now, mind you, I don't believe the idea of caring for you has ever entered her head—yet. But I suppose on general principles that her heart is not impregnable. And so I say, be not despondent. I'll tell you one thing, nothing could please me better."

"Thank you, doctor. Then you are my ally?"

"Yes; that is, you have my best wishes."

"Vous voilà, enfin!" cried Denise. "Lancelot and I have waited these five minutes. How slow!"

They had reached the house in the Rue Soufflot.

"Well, good-night, messieurs," said the doctor. "And don't forget: Monday at nine o'clock, at the Gare Mont Parnasse."

"That means," thought Ormizon, "that I am not to call upon them between now and Monday morning."

IX.

Somehow the four intervening days dragged their weary length away, and Monday morning came, warm and clear. Denise and the doctor were already there when Ormizon reached the Gare Mont Parnasse. Ah, the delicious heart-thrill, when she gave him her tiny hand, and lifted her bright brown eyes in welcome upon his face! She wore a jaunty straw hat, that was exceedingly becoming to her; and she carried a dainty little black silk parasol, with a handle of curiously carved ivory.

"Ah, here comes Lancelot," cried the doctor. "I was afraid he was going to be late."

"And do *look* at his collar," added Denise. "I should think it would guillotine him."

Lancelot came striding up, his coat-tails flying behind him. In his hand he held a long oblong wooden box, presumably containing sketching-materials. His throat was encircled by a monstrously high standing collar, the points of which met under his chin; the style of collar that is affected nowadays by young gentlemen of fashion when they put out their evening suits. Its effect was decidedly incongruous with the rest of Lancelot's easy attire, especially on this sultry August morning.

"Well, young folks, here we are," was his greeting. "And now, then, en avance! Marchons! All aboard!"

They found an empty second-class compartment, into which they clambered. Next instant the doors were slammed, the bell was rung, the locomotive shrieked; and they were off. Fifteen minutes later, "Meudon, Meudon!" sang out the guards; and they descended.

"Now," said Lancelot, "I take it I express the sentiment of the majority, when I remark that the first thing in order is to seek some

refreshment for the inner man. I know a restaurant in the forest, about half an hour's walk from here, where one can feast royally. Let's steer for it without delay."

Trusting themselves to Lancelot's guidance, they began their march—under the solemn old trees, over the soft green moss. Half an hour, three-quarters of an hour, an hour, an hour and a half, elapsed; and still they had not reached the restaurant. Lancelot kept assuring them, "We're almost there." They kept complaining of extreme hunger, and threatening to die of starvation in their tracks.

"Aha!" Lancelot suddenly cried, striking a theatrical attitude. "Oh, ye faithless ones! Ye indefatigable naggers! Behold! The haven of our hopes, the goal of our desires!"

Looking in the direction that he indicated, they beheld, embowered among the trees, some fifty yards to the right of the road-way, a small wooden house, scarcely more than a shed or a shanty, upon the weather-beaten façade of which, in giant black letters, was emblazoned the following device:

RESTAURANT DE LA CAROTTE D'OR.

ON DONNE À BOIRE ET À MANGER.

ENGLISCH SPOKEN . . . MAN SPRICHT DEUTSCH.

For the restaurant of the golden carrot they made in frantic haste. Under the trees round about, were scattered a number of rough rustic tables. One of these they speedily surrounded, and began to rap upon it for the waiter.

"I never *was* so hungry in all my life before," proclaimed Dr. Gluck.

"Nor I." }
 "Nor I." } In chorus from the others.
 "Nor I." }

"Well, now, we must go in for a breakfast that shall deserve a place in history,—something at once delicate and substantial, varied and abundant. Mr. Ormizon, you do the ordering. Bring your massive intellect and your fervid imagination to bear upon the task, and effect, if possible, a result that shall satisfy the soul as well as the palate."

"I'll try," said Ormizon, modestly. "Ah, here comes the waiter."

An elderly man, in his shirt-sleeves, smoking a cigar, came shambling up.

"Bonjour, messieurs, mesdames," he greeted them, with the usual Parisian sing-song.

"Bonjour," returned Ormizon. "The bill of fare, if you please."

"Ah, monsieur, we have no bill of fare. Monsieur may command whatever he desires."

"Well, then, let us see. Voyons un peu. . . . Well, we will begin with a melon; a fine one, mark you; ripe to the point. It must be

as cold as ice, as sweet as honey. It must melt like sugar upon the tongue, and diffuse its exquisite aroma throughout the senses. You understand?"

"Hein, oui, monsieur. Un beau melon, bien mûr. Et puis?"

"Et puis—and then—well, and then a fried sole. Now, bestow great care upon that sole. She must be as fresh as dew upon the mountains, as crisp as the air of early morning. You may dress her with a sauce of mushrooms, and perfume her with the most delicate conceivable whiff of garlic. After the sole, a bifeck—thick, juicy, red, and tender; served with fried potatoes and string-beans. Finally, fruit, cheese, and coffee. Let that coffee be divorced from chicory. Make it as black as night, as bitter as sorrow. And now, as to wine. Well, we'll be moderate in the matter of wine. Bring us a couple of bottles of St. Emilion. There; that's all. But mind: we are excessively difficult, we others, and shall expect great things of you. We want this breakfast to be a unique affair, a chef-d'œuvre."

"Ah, oui, monsieur; have no fear. Our kitchen is known in all the country," replied the old waiter, and shambled off.

"That's a fact," added Lancelot. "They have a great reputation; and I think we may trust them for a first-rate meal."

"It made my mouth water just to hear you name those good things," said the doctor; "especially the sole."

"And mine, too," said Denise; "especially the melon. This is just the sort of morning for a fresh, cool melon."

"And mine, too," said Lancelot; "especially the bifeck. I hope it'll be a big one, and I hope they'll hurry up."

"But why did you omit a salad?" asked the doctor. "I think a salad would be just the thing."

"Oh, to be sure. I forgot it. I'll order one at once. Hello; here's our venerable friend returning now. I say, garçon, I forgot to tell you that we should need a salad, also. A romaine, if you've got one, with a plain dressing and a chapon."

"Hélas, monsieur," the old waiter began, "we are desolated. We offer to messieurs, mesdames, all our excuses. But it appears, monsieur——"

"Yes? Well?"

"It appears that the crowd of yesterday—ah, monsieur, il y avait tant de monde!—that all our provisions have been consumed. You see, monsieur, Sunday is our day. On Monday, above all, we do not attend of the world, and unhappily we are not prepared. Those of yesterday have left, in fact, but two bottles of wine—a good wine of Bordeaux, it is true—one bread, and sixteen eggs. That is all, messieurs, mesdames."

It would be difficult to convey an adequate idea of the consternation which this speech produced among our famished friends.

"Bon dieu!" cried Denise.

"Gracious me!" cried the doctor.

Lancelot spake not; but he turned as white—as white as the redoubtable collar that bound his throat.

Ormizon was the first to recover a little his presence of mind:

"Well, this is really awful, you know; there's no two ways about it. Still, we must bear up under it. We mustn't allow ourselves to be crushed. Grin and bear it; never say die; don't give up the ship, you know; and all that. Maybe it's not so bad as it looks. Perhaps—wait; I'll ask him." Addressing the garçon, "Is there another restaurant anywhere near here?" he demanded.

"Oh, yes, monsieur; a very good one, in the village."

"In the village! None nearer? How long would it take us to reach it?"

"No, monsieur, none nearer. It would require perhaps two hours of walking."

"Two hours!" exclaimed Denise, aghast. Her emotion overcame her. She pronounced it, as French people will, when they are strongly moved, "Two hhours!"

"Oh, that's out of the question. It's not to be thought of," cut in the doctor. "We should never survive the journey."

"Never," concurred Lancelot; "at least, not the six hundred. I don't believe I could drag myself a dozen yards. No; the only thing to do is to put up with what they can give us here. Sixteen eggs—well, that makes four apiece; and they say there's lots of nourishment in eggs. Then the bread and the wine—oh, we shan't actually starve. We'll contrive to keep soul and body together.—Dites donc, garçon: tell your cook to make an omelette of those sixteen eggs—an omelette aux fines herbes, if you have any estragon and ciboule. Serve that with your bread and your wine; and, above all, be quick about it; make haste; for we die of hunger."

They waited in rather a dismal silence till the old man came back with the things; whereupon, immediately, they fell to, and, still in silence,—for they were too seriously hungry to enliven the repast with talk,—consumed omelette and bread, till not a vestige was left of either. Then Lancelot leaned back, and drew a deep breath, and declared, well, he felt somewhat better.

"Tenez," cried Denise. "What is this that he brings?"

The old waiter drew near, bearing an immense bowl of salad.

"While messieurs, mesdames, were occupied with their omelette, I have entered the fields there below, and gathered this quantity of doucette," he explained; "of which we have made a salad. We dare to hope that it may compensate a little to messieurs, mesdames, for the frugality of their breakfast."

Their joy was too deep for utterance. They attacked the doucette vigorously; nor did they rest till the last leaf had disappeared. It was an excellent salad, moreover, with just the right proportion of oil and the proper suggestion of garlic. What with the wine that they had imbibed, they were by this time quite refreshed and cheerful. Their spirits mounted; their tongues loosened.

"After all," reflected the doctor, "we might have gone further and fared worse. For my part, I'm perfectly contented."

"For me," affirmed Denise, "I think it was great fun. It was an experience."

"It was very jolly and romantic," Ormizou said.

"Well, you folks are easily satisfied," observed Lancelot. "But I—I own I'm haunted by the thought of that bifeck—thick, juicy, red, tender—which our friend Ormizon here so eloquently described. It was a great, a noble, an heroic conception. Alas that it should have failed of execution!"

"Why, I declare, here comes the old waiter again!" cried the doctor.

"Oh, let us trust that he has discovered something more to eat," Lancelot ejaculated, with the fervor of prayer.

"Why—why, look—don't you see?—he's got a violin," pursued Dr. Gluck.

"Oh, Lord! That's a fact," groaned Lancelot. "We can't eat a fiddle."

"Perhaps," questioned the old man, "messieurs, mesdames, would like to amuse themselves a little? I can play the waltz, the polka, the galop—what you will. I put myself at the command of messieurs, mesdames."

"Oh, a dance, a dance, by all means," was the unanimous response.

In a twinkling they were whirling in a swift waltz over the mossy earth, while the old man lashed the strings of his instrument till they shrieked for mercy. Ormizon, clasping Denise's waist, and holding her little warm hand in his, blessed from the bottom of his soul the inspiration that had possessed the aged waiter, and determined to reward that functionary with a *pourboire* that should make his eyes open. Lancelot's coat-tails illustrated the principle of centrifugal force, by standing out horizontally behind him. Round and round the dancers spun until, breathless and exhausted, for sheer fatigue they sank upon the ground. Lancelot panted like a race-horse at the finish; and the perspiration poured in streams from his forehead, down his cheek, and over his tower-like collar; which, however, appeared impervious to the moisture, retaining its pristine gloss and consistency. Suddenly he started up, crying, "By George! As sure as I'm alive, there are poppies growing in that meadow over yonder. Don't you see those points of scarlet? Excuse me for a jiffy." And off he went poppy-hunting.

During his absence, "Did you notice his collar?" Denise inquired, in a low, awed tone.

"Yes; it didn't wilt, or anything. It passes my comprehension," said the doctor.

"Wonderful," admitted Ormizon.

"There's something weird and uncanny about it," Dr. Gluck went on. "Let's make him explain it."

"Yes; it's like sorcery," added Denise. "*Ça vous fait peur.*"

"Here he comes back. Now, Mr. Ormizon, we appoint you a committee to probe this mystery to its bottom. I shan't be easy till we have discovered the solution of it."

Lancelot returned, the richer for a good-sized bunch of poppies, which he divided between the ladies. Denise fastened one of the flame-red flowers in her hair, behind her ear, where it produced an effect very Spanish, picturesque, and charming.

"Lancelot," Ormizon began, solemnly, "I have been commissioned by these gentle but inquisitive friends of ours to request of you certain

information. From the moment of your advent among us this morning, we have been tremendously impressed by your collar. Its lustre, its altitude, the grace and the dignity of its architecture, have not, I assure you, been lost upon us; nor have the consummate ease and thoroughbred insouciance with which you have supported it. The emotions that it inspired, however, deepened into astonishment, not unmixed with fear, when we beheld how stanchly it withstood the consequences of your waltzing. Now, with all due respect, we are anxious to learn what the secret of it is: its history, its chemistry, all about it."

"Why, certainly," replied Lancelot. "Happy to accommodate you, I'm sure. This collar is what I call my dude collar. I got it to wear when I went into society. I'm glad you folks have appreciated it. The secret of it? Why, children, you're years behind the times. This collar is made of what the French call *linge américain*—in simple English, celluloid."

Whereupon they had a good laugh all around.

"Well, come; don't let's stay here forever," the doctor said. "Let's go for a ramble now in the forest."

They rambled about the forest till late that afternoon. Whenever they stopped to rest, Lancelot got out his paints, and improved the opportunity to make a sketch; while they grouped themselves behind him, and watched the progress of his brush, or gave him the benefit of their intelligent comments and suggestions. "I'd deepen that shadow a little, if I were you, Lancelot"—"A little more yellow in that sunshine"—"Yes, he's caught that cloud-effect very well"—"Not quite enough warmth in his middle distance, though,"—etc., etc. For a long time Lancelot stood it like a Spartan. At last, however, the strain became too great for flesh and blood. He started up, and, with a low bow, offered his palette and his brushes to Ormizon, saying, "I tell you what. You just go ahead and finish it, will you? There's a good fellow. And show us how it *should* be." After that they let the poor painter hammer out his own salvation, unassisted. There was no pairing off to-day, alas! though Ormizon kept picturing to himself the felicity that would be his, if he and Denise could but wander off alone together, down one of those stately, grass-grown avenues, under the great trees, away, away, into the pearly haze at the horizon. It seemed to him there could be no spot on earth more appropriate to love-making than this fine old forest of Meudon; and yet—and yet, there were the doctor and Lancelot so close at their heels that he and Denise couldn't so much as say yes or no to each other without being overheard. Nevertheless, to saunter at her side, to carry her parasol, to listen to her laughter, to gaze into the starry depths of her eyes—that was something; that was not to be despised. "Oh, how beautiful she looks," he thought, "so poetic and interesting, with that scarlet poppy behind her ear, and the landscape for a background! If I had only plucked it, and given it to her, instead of Lancelot! By Jove, if—if I had never cared for her before, I should fall in love with her to-day." It may be asserted generally that in the country, as in the spring, a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of a sentimental nature. There is something about the quiet, the solitude,

the sweet air, the green grass, the shadowy nooks, the sunlit pathways, the birds, the wild flowers, the whispering breezes, the babbling brooks, etc., etc., that exerts a wonderfully stimulating influence upon all the amorous fibres in a young person's bosom.

They took the five-o'clock train for Paris,—having, in consequence of the emptiness of the larder at the Carotte d'Or, to forego the dinner *al fresco* that they had looked forward to. Arrived in town, they made straight for an *Etablissement Duval*; and there, I promise you, they commanded such a banquet as more than satisfied even the insatiable Lancelot. Ormizon has repeated the menu to me: *consommé, filet de sole, ris de veau aux petits pois, rosbif aux champignons, haricots verts, artichauts à l'huile, framboises et fromage de crème, abricots, café, cognac*. 'Twas well they had healthy appetites and good digestions. Their conversation, as they sat around the table, turned upon Dr. Gluck's hobbies, psychical research and spiritualism. She told in a graphic and rather blood-curdling style of many of her own experiences; how she had seen chairs walk unaided about a room, how she had shaken hands and held creepy consultations with materialized visitants from the other world, and so on; and succeeded in working up the interest of her auditors to a high degree. In the end she proposed that they should all spend the evening in the *Rue Soufflot* and try their luck at *table-turning*; a proposition to which they readily assented.

Acting under the doctor's generalship, they cleared off the books and things upon the centre-table in the salon; and then they sat down around it, resting their finger-tips lightly upon the top near the edge. It was an unsubstantial table of wood, perhaps three feet square, and weighing not more than five pounds at the utmost.

"Now," said the doctor, "we must all touch hands. This way. See? Stretch out your little fingers, and touch those of your neighbors both to right and left, so as to form a circle."

Ormizon liked this. It was very pleasant to keep his little finger in constant contact with Denise's.

The room was lighted by a single candle. The doctor explained that the spirits wouldn't come if there was a bright light.

"May we talk?" Lancelot asked.

"No; I guess we'd better not," replied the doctor. "Music is generally regarded as a favorable condition. But talk would be likely to keep them away."

Lancelot began to whistle. "We won't go home till morning," was the tune he selected.

"Oh! Please! You don't call that music, do you?" cried the doctor.

He cut the melody short; and they remained in silence for some ten or fifteen minutes. The table had thus far shown no disposition to cast off its inertia. But stay—suddenly—what was this?

A distinct vibration was perceptible in it. It trembled. It shook. It swayed energetically from side to side. Then it stopped, and was quiet again.

"Oh! Oh-h-h!" murmured Denise, scarcely louder than a whisper. "I am so afraid!"

"Sh-sh! There's nothing to be afraid of," whispered the doctor. "This is splendid."

Neither of the young men made any sign.

The table now remained motionless for it may have been a minute; at the end of which period it began, very slowly, to tip upward in the direction of Ormizon, and downward in the direction of Lancelot, who was facing him. It kept its balance in this position for a few seconds, when it slowly returned to its natural place.

"Gosh!" exclaimed Lancelot.

"You know," said the doctor, "three raps mean yes; two raps mean no. Now I'm going to ask . . . Is—there—a—spirit—present?" she demanded, making each syllable very loud and clear, and pausing after each word.

Slowly the table tipped upward, and descended with a rap upon the floor, three times: yes!

"Oh, do not, do not let us go on," pleaded Denise. "This is horrible."

"Hush—*hush!*" the doctor implored her. "They'll go away if you talk like that. Now I'm going to ask its name. You know, I will repeat the alphabet; and when the right letter is reached the table will rap. Then some one must write that letter down; and I'll begin the alphabet again, and it will rap at the second letter; and so on to the end. This is a pretty slow process, but it's about the only practical one I know of.—Now, who's got a pencil? Ah, thank you, Lancelot. All right. There; now I'll repeat the alphabet; and you, Mr. Ormizon, you write down the letters. . . . Will—you—spell—out—your—name?"—addressing the spirit.

Three raps.

"Very well. . . . A—b—c—d—e—" She continued as far as T, at which point the table rapped. Ormizon wrote T upon his paper; and the doctor began anew, "A—b—c—" etc., till O was reached, when again the table rapped, and again she started, "A—b—c—"

It was a slow process. So much time elapsed between each letter and its successor that nobody remembered those that had gone before. By and by, after having bumped the floor at D, the table rapped thrice—which, the doctor said, meant that the spelling was concluded.

"Well, what is its name?" they all queried eagerly of Ormizon.

He handed the paper to Dr. Gluck.

"Well," she said, with great solemnity, "the letters are all written out in a line, without being divided. Let me see. T—O—M—M—Y—T—O—D—D—Tom—Tommy—Tommy Todd."

Lancelot burst into a wild guffaw. Ormizon followed his example. Denise laughed, too; but her laughter was nervous, her amusement evidently being tempered by fear.

The doctor alone preserved her gravity. "What are you laughing at?" she inquired.

"Tommy Todd!" shrieked Lancelot. "Tommy Todd!" And his laughter shook him from head to foot.

"It is an odd name—for a spirit," the doctor admitted. "They often do have very odd names indeed. But you mustn't laugh that way."

He'll take offence, and go off. Come! Be serious. I want to see whether we can get a communication."

Lancelot controlled his mirth.

The doctor asked, "Have—you—a—communication—for—any—person—here?"

Three raps.

"For whom? . . . Now write, Mr. Ormizon. . . . A—b—c—"

After the doctor had repeated pretty nearly the entire alphabet three times running, the monosyllable "you" was found written upon Ormizon's paper.

"Me?" she queried.

The table rapped in the affirmative.

"Oh, isn't this exciting!" she cried, all aglow with expectancy and pleasure. "Isn't this splendid!"

For the next five or ten minutes she was kept busy saying her a-b-c's. In the end the communication proved to be,—

"You needn't holler so at me. I ain't deaf."

Lancelot had another convulsion.

The doctor's physiognomy expressed her sorrow, her disappointment. Making the best of it, however, she demanded, in a subdued voice, "Is—that—all?"

"No," the table answered, rapping twice.

"All right. . . . A—b—c—"

This communication was a lengthy one. But by and by, after an eternity of spelling, it was complete:—

"Wall, I vum! You say your letters fuss-rate. Where ju learn um? I am a weird, clammy, cross-eyed crittur. Ugh! E pluribus unum. Three cheers for Mary, three for the lamb. I am thy father's ghost. Hooray!"

The punctuation was the result of a joint effort on the part of the doctor and Ormizon.

"Oh, pshaw!" sighed the doctor. "How provoking!"

"Oh, what nonsense!" cried Denise. "Some one is cheating. It is—I am sure it is Mr. Ormizon."

"No; on my word of honor," protested Ormizon, "I am as innocent as you are yourself."

"Oh, no; nobody is cheating," said the doctor. "They often do send these absurd messages. It is supposed to be due to some imperfection in the conditions. . . . Well—is—that—all?"

"Tap—tap—tap," replied the table.

"Have—you—a—communication—for—any—other—person—here?"

"Tap—tap—tap."

"For—whom? A—b—c—"

The result was: "Denise."

"Oh, no!" Denise exclaimed, starting up. "I do not wish to receive any communication. No; this is too horrible. Please—I beg of you—let us stop it. I know I shall not be able to sleep a wink all night, if we go on. Please, Isabel, let us stop at once. It is so—*oh-h!*"

"Oh, dear, dear!" sighed the doctor. "What a pity! Just when we are getting started so splendidly, to have to discontinue! We may never have such a chance again. However, since it frightens Denise, we must not go on. Dear, dear!"

So they left the table.

The doctor began to discuss what had happened in a very learned and scientific style. The others listened gravely enough, till all at once, "Tommy Todd!" cried Lancelot, slapping his leg, and had a more frantic attack of laughter than before. Ormizon and Denise joined him. At this, Dr. Gluck became indignant. "Well, really," she declared, with great asperity, "I must say I think you are all very frivolous and absurd."

When the young men were starting to take their leave, "Well," began Lancelot, "I hate to dissipate your fond illusions, doctor, but I feel that it is only fair for me to confess that I did it."

"Did it? Did what?" questioned the doctor.

"Why, tipped the table. I, alone and unassisted, with my own right hand, performed those prodigious feats which an ill-advised modesty induced me to attribute to Thomas Todd."

"What! Oh, you—you—!" cried the doctor, choking with anger. "You ought to be ashamed of yourself. I—I'll never forgive you—never!"

"Oh, thank you for owning up, Lancelot. I am so glad, so relieved," said Denise.

"Honestly, it was awfully mean of you," went on the doctor. "Such monkey-shines! It proves that you have no serious interest in science. Well, good-night."

X.

Ormizon, as we know, was to sail for New York on the 26th of September. He had engaged his passage for that date aboard the steamship *La Touraine*, from Havre. He had done this, it seemed to him, a million years ago, in a dimly-remembered era of obscurity and chaos, when the world was without form and void, and darkness was upon the face of the deep. He had done it before the flood; under the old régime; in his grub period; ere his soul had burst from its chrysalis and spread its wings. He had done it, that is to say, before he had made the acquaintance of Denise Personette.

But done, nevertheless, it was. The fact remained, like a monument of antiquity that had survived change, conquest, revolution. There in his pocket-book, tangible and legible, lay his ticket, a vestige of his former life, a legacy from his dead self; not by any means a welcome or pleasing one.

His first blind impulse was to revoke and cancel the whole business; not merely to put off his departure, but to abandon the notion of departing altogether, and abide forever where he was—in Paris, with, or at least near, Denise. But of course a very little sober reflection sufficed to make the wildness and infeasibility of this scheme patent to him. Then he turned back, and began seriously to meditate prolonging his furlough, deferring the day of his farewell. Needless

that we should follow the debate he thereupon held within himself. His desire cried, "Ay!" His reason argued, "Nay."

"What's the use? As long as I've got to go sooner or later, what good can come of procrastination? The wrench of parting will be all the harder the longer I delay it. And then—besides—my mother. She expects me home; is eager for my return. I owe it to her not to disappoint her. I owe her that much consideration. Add to which—add to which, that if I want her to respect my wishes in this little matter concerning Fanny, it would be most impolitic to start by offending her and getting her into a bad humor. Oh, Lord, yes; I suppose I shall have to stick to the 26th."

After a good deal of vacillation,—for it was constitutional with him to vacillate,—he went over one day to the office of the ship's company, in Rue Scribe, to inquire tentatively what arrangements he might be able to make for a later sailing, should he find himself so disposed. He learned that no berth was to be had earlier than the second Saturday in November.

"Ze rosh of autumn," explained the urbane, English-speaking clerk. "All ze worl' go home. Gran' crowd. No room, unless you take officer's, w'ich cos' you hun' red, hun' red fifty, dollar extra."

That decided him. He could not think of waiting till the middle of November. His mother would be broken-hearted if he failed her at Thanksgiving. He could not afford to pay a hundred dollars extra. Will he, nill he, now he must "stick to the 26th."

"All right," he soliloquized, resigning himself to destiny. "So be it. If—if Denise gives me any encouragement—if she accepts me!—I'll go home, arrange my affairs, pacify my mother, find, if possible, a publisher for my novel, and then—and then come back and marry her! But if—if she gives me the mitten—if I see that there's no hope for me—if worse comes to worst—why, then I'll go home and stay, and—oh, and support the misery of existence the best way I can. One thing, though, I won't do, whatever happens. I won't marry Fanny."

From which time forth he endeavored constantly to exile the dread day from his thoughts; to prevent his mind from dwelling upon it; to close his eyes, and, ostrich-like, ignore how steadily, how relentlessly, it was approaching.

All the while, naturally, he kept asking himself, "Does she care for me? Is she so much as in a fair way to care for me? Is there the least likelihood that she ever will care for me?"—"Care for me," be it observed; not "love me." Very seldom, even in his own secret pondering of this question, did he use the word love. He dared not. That word was too sacred, too awful. It called up a too vivid and dazzling vision of the thing itself. His feeling about this was not unlike that of the pious Jew, who cannot be induced to write or speak the name of God, Jehovah, but substitutes for it a different set of sounds and letters, Adonai.—"Does she care for me? Will she ever care for me?"—Alas, he never could get hold of anything like a final, permanent conclusion. Now, a trifle light as air, a word, a look, a gesture, a mere inflection of the voice, would set him afire with hope, and send him home, intoxicated, beside himself for joy, to lie awake all night,

nursing the precious memory of the thing in his bosom, and feasting his imagination upon its corollaries. Anon, another word, look, gesture, what not, would plunge him into the darkest pit of despondency and dejection, and afflict his heart with the sickness of hope deferred. A thousand times he resolved to set his spirit at rest by speaking to her. A thousand times he changed his mind, saying, "No, not just yet. Wait a little longer." Again and again, of course, he had rehearsed in fancy the scene that would take place between them: what he would say, and how he would say it; what she would say, and how she would say it; and all the rest. But he dared not put his fortune to the touch. The chance of rejection was too appalling. "No, no; not yet. I must give her time to become a little better acquainted with me." Besides, would it be quite the thing for him to declare his passion to her, until he had received from his mother an answer to his letter of August 12th? Until his mother's answer should arrive, he must consider himself in a certain sense betrothed to another woman. This consideration, however, was a secondary and incidental one, and had very little real weight with him, as events presently proved.

The days and the weeks slipped away with breath-taking speed. Suddenly, lo! it was September 24th, and to-morrow night he must leave Paris for Havre; and still—ill omen!—the expected letter from his mother had not come; and still he was in doubt about his fate.

"Well, I can't wait any longer," he said. "I've been a fool to wait so long. To-night I'll call upon her, and get the doctor to leave us alone together; and—and then——"

Ah, how his heart bounded at the prospect!

That afternoon he walked in the Luxembourg Gardens. The sunset had faded, and it had grown almost dark, before he left them. He emerged by a gate that led into Rue de Vaugirard. He had just entered that thoroughfare, and was sauntering slowly in the direction of the Boulevard St.-Michel, when, from behind, a pedestrian, whose gait was faster than his own, overtook and passed him. What was his surprise, his delight, to recognize in this personage—as he did, at once—none other than Denise! She was hurrying along as rapidly as her tiny footsteps could bear her.

A few swift strides brought him nearly abreast of her.

"Mademoiselle—Mademoiselle Denise!" he called.

Hearing this voice, quite unexpectedly, so close to her ear, and before she had seen the speaker, frightened her thoroughly. She started, shrank away toward the curbstone, gave a little cry, and then stood motionless, as though uncertain whether to fly or to stand her ground.

He understood in an instant how careless he had been. He could have flogged himself. His emotions overwhelmed him, defied restraint, rushed to his lips, and were uttered before he knew it:

"Why—Denise—don't—don't you know me? Oh, did I frighten you? Oh, forgive me—forgive me, Denise—my—my little girl." She looked up at him, face blanched, eyes big with fear.

"Oh, it is you!" she cried, with a great sigh of relief; and impulsively she put out her hand, and caught his arm.

He could feel her tremble.

"Oh—you—startled me so," she said, in a weak voice.

"I was a brute. I ought to have thought. I might have known that coming up behind you, suddenly, in that way—I might have known that it would frighten you. But I was so surprised, so glad, to see you, I never thought of anything except to overtake you. But there—there,"—soothingly,—“don't feel badly any more. Why, you are trembling from head to foot. Oh, and it was I—it was I who made you.”

"I suppose I am very silly. I ought to have known your voice. But it was so sudden," she explained; and at the recollection a new tremor swept over her, and her grasp upon his arm tightened.

"But you are still trembling," he protested. "You—you are not afraid of me any more?"

She looked up at him again, with great, wondering, reproachful eyes. "Afraid of *you*!" she cried. And in the intonation of those three words he read all that he longed to know. "Afraid of *you*!" Such scorn of the idea, such astonishment that he could have entertained it, such complete, unquestioning trustfulness, as the tone indicated, could have been inspired by no other sentiment than the love he wished for.

The violent beating of his heart, the whirl of his senses, made it impossible for him to speak. They were standing in the open street: it would not do for him to obey his impulse and fold her in his arms. He covered her hand with his, and pressed it, while he strove to master his agitation.

"Why," she said, softly, "you—it is *you* who are trembling now."

"Yes. . . . I can't help it. . . . I love you so, Denise."

He felt her fingers close upon his arm.

"Denise——"

"Yes?"

"Do—do you—care anything—for me?"

Silence.

"Denise—won't you—tell me?"

"Oh, how—oh, why do you make me say it? You must know I do."

Presently, after some further speech between them, which, though to themselves of vital interest and importance, would most likely pall upon the reader,—so obvious, so sentimental, so tautological, it was,—presently he vouchsafed the information that he had loved her from the very beginning of their acquaintance; that he had become enamoured of her at first sight.

Why, then, she wondered, had he waited so long about telling her so?

He explained that the fear of rejection had tied his tongue.

And if—if it hadn't been for this accidental encounter in the street, he would have gone away from Paris, back to New York—he would have left her in that way, without letting her know at all? Oh!

"No, no, Denise. I was going to call upon you this evening, and ask the doctor to leave us alone together; and then—and then——!"

More sentiment; more tautology.

"Oh, but—oh, to think—to think that you have got to go—so soon—to—to-morrow night—and be—be gone all winter!" Her voice broke into a sob.

"There, there, my——" A perfect flood of sentiment and tautology.

At the door of her house they parted, he promising to return after dinner and spend the evening.

Climbing up the staircase of the *Hôtel de l'Univers*, toward his own room, he heard the voice of his landlady calling after him: "Monsieur! Monsieur Ormizon!"

"Yes?" he queried, halting.

"Des lettres—des lettres pour vous, monsieur."

The landlady ran up to meet him, and put a large batch of American letters into his hand.

One of these letters was addressed to him in the penmanship of his mother!

XI.

At sight of his mother's handwriting, all at once, the great joy in Stephen Ormizon's heart went out; expired in a sudden spasm, like a flame upon which cold water has been poured. It was supplanted by dread and foreboding. His hands became stone-cold, and gave off a scant clammy moisture. He could feel a small spot of fire begin to burn in either cheek. He could count the pulsations of the arteries in his temples. A lump gathered in his throat. In his breast there was a heavy, chilling weight, like a ball of ice.

He mounted with leaden footsteps the remainder of the staircase, and entered his room, carrying the letter. He had to struggle hard before he could muster the courage to open it.

"What are you afraid of?" he asked himself. "Can words hurt you? Likely enough she says exactly what you want her to. And even if she doesn't? what of it? Aren't you big enough to stand a scolding? Come, come!"

That was all very well, very right and sensible. Nevertheless, it was with a quaking heart that at last he tore off the envelope, and, by the flickering light of his candle, proceeded to read:

"NEW YORK, September 12, 1885.

"DEAR STEPHEN,—Rather more than a fortnight ago I received a letter, bearing the Paris postmark, and signed with your name, which, if it had not been written in your unmistakable hand, I could never have brought myself to believe came from a child of mine. That my son, my own flesh and blood, whom I endeavored conscientiously to train up in the way he should go, and to imbue with the same high principles by which I have always guided my own life,—that he can be so steeped in selfishness, so utterly lost to all sense of honor and

decency, so indifferent to his pledges and to his duty, so false, so callous, so unchristian, as the writer of this letter proves himself to be, is almost incredible to me. I have always recognized with sorrow that you had many faults and weaknesses; that you were dangerously fond of the pleasures of the world, and sadly lacking in strength and decision of character. But this I attributed to your youth. I had never suspected that you were a monster of ingratitude, a coward, a poltroon. With what a shock the revelation of your baseness comes to me, I leave you to imagine. I shudder when I think of the punishment that must some time overtake you; for it is not within the bounds of Divine justice that such conduct should go forever unpunished. I trust and pray that you may be led to a timely repentance.

"For a while I hesitated about showing your letter to Fanny. I was ashamed to let her, or indeed any one else, see to what depths my own son could stoop; and I hated also to destroy her illusions concerning you, and her respect and affection for you. But eventually I concluded that I really ought to do so, that she was entitled to know everything that related to her betrothed husband. So, having tried to prepare her for its contents, I gave her your letter to read. She took it and read it; and then, much to *my* surprise, she did not manifest any surprise at all. She confessed to me that she had always been afraid you were very worldly and depraved, and capable, if not guilty, of almost any wickedness; and that this letter simply confirmed her fears. Just think of that! She said she had concealed her opinion from me, through consideration for my feelings, and reluctance to occasion me such anguish as she knew I must suffer now. Those were her exact words. Imagine my mortification at hearing my child spoken of in such terms by that angel, and being unable to defend him! She went on to say that, so far as she personally was concerned, she freely forgave both your behavior toward her and the insulting expressions you made use of about her, but that she never would or could forgive your outrageous conduct toward your mother. It would be her earnest prayer that your proud heart might be humbled and chastened, and your eyes opened to the folly and the sinfulness of your ways. She pointed out that the saddest aspect of your letter was its hypocrisy—your endeavor to disguise your selfishness and faithlessness under the cloak of virtue. You actually have the presumption to preach a sermon to your mother. All your talk about right and duty and religion would make me smile, if it were less impious and blasphemous.

"I have waited till now to answer your letter, so that my grief and my indignation might abate sufficiently for me to write calmly and without heat. Now, after much thought, and after having taken the advice of Fanny, and of the Rev. Mr. Wilcox (who, though a young man, is as wise as he is good), our new pastor, this is what I have to say:

"Of course, being over the age of twenty-one years, you are a free agent, and are at liberty to do in every respect whatever pleases you, without consulting your mother. You are at liberty to commit the worst crimes, and to practise the lowest vices; and I have no power to restrain

you. So, of course, you are at liberty to break the solemn promises you made to me, and to ignore your duty toward Fanny, and to marry this Frenchwoman with whom you seem to have become so infatuated; and I can do nothing to prevent you. But if you see fit to take this course, I may tell you frankly, once for all,—and you know that, unlike my son, I am not a person to break my word,—I may tell you once for all that so long as I live I will never consent to see you, or to speak to you, or to have anything to do with you, again. If you can stoop to such disgraceful conduct, I shall never more acknowledge you as a child of mine. You had better understand this clearly. To employ your own language, you would only be uselessly deceiving yourself to doubt it. Unless, immediately upon the receipt of this letter, you come home, and crave Fanny's and my forgiveness upon your bended knees, and at once make her your wife, you need never hope to be recognized as my son again. Therefore it is for you to choose between your Frenchwoman and your mother. I will not tolerate any dilly-dallying, any discussion. I have spoken my last word; and you know me well enough to be aware that I always mean exactly what I say.

“Now, furthermore. You will remember that in his will your father left me all his property absolutely, in fee simple. Of course it was his intention, and until now it has been mine as well, that upon my death that property should pass on to you. But your father made no such condition in his will, and I am informed by my lawyer that I have full power to dispose of every penny precisely as I desire. Well, then, if you decide to marry your Frenchwoman, I will, besides immediately cutting off your allowance, cause my will to be altered in such a way that upon my death you will not receive a single dollar, but every cent will go to my beloved niece, Fanny Clark. I am sure, if your father were alive, he would approve of this course. You may calculate from this how much money you and your French wife will have to live on. Foolishly, little foreseeing the sort of treatment I was to receive at your hands, I made you a present, when you came of age, of the sum of ten thousand dollars in government bonds. My lawyer informs me that I cannot compel you to return that sum. If you were a man of honor, you would return it without being compelled. But by marrying your Mademoiselle you will prove that you are in no sense a man of honor; and so I shall not expect that restitution from you. Well, ten thousand dollars in government bonds will yield you an annual income of about four hundred dollars. I should like to know how you and your wife will manage to get along on that; you, who are accustomed to every luxury, and who for the past five years have never spent less than twenty-five hundred dollars a year. How much do you suppose you would be able to earn? Not much by your literature, I suspect. You have no profession. And with neither a profession nor a large capital, what could you do? Well, you might obtain a clerkship at ten dollars a week, or you might get a position as conductor on a horse-car, or something like that. Imagine the pride and the pleasure your mother would take in seeing her son engaged in such a dignified and distinguished occupation!

“Now, that is all I have to say. If you come home, and confess

your repentance, and agree to marry Fanny right away, we will forgive you everything. We will ascribe your past conduct to the fascination which that Frenchwoman exerted over you. We will forgive and forget it. But if you persist in your own vicious desires, you know from the above what to expect.

“Your mother,

“EUNICE C. ORMIZON.”

“P.S.—Oh, Stephen, Stephen, don’t break your old mother’s heart. Come home to me, my dearest son, and make me happy by marrying Fanny. Remember, you promised me you would. Don’t you consider a promise sacred? Come home; and we will never refer to this unfortunate affair again. Fanny is such a lovely, angelic girl—how can you think of anybody else? She will welcome you with open arms, and give you full pardon. Telegraph me that you will do as I wish. I am so unhappy, thinking that this one deepest wish of my heart, which I have cherished for so many years, is to be disappointed. Telegraph me, and then sail, as you intended, on the 26th. You should arrive not later than the 5th or 6th of October. Then we can have the wedding at once—say, on the 17th, which is Fanny’s birthday.—Recollect, if you disobey me in this matter, I shall stick to every word that I have written above.—E. C. O.”

Abuse, threats, entreaties!

Stephen Ormizon read this letter through, standing up. Then he allowed it to drop from his grasp and flutter to the floor. “Just what I might have expected!” he groaned, through clinched teeth, and, sinking upon a chair, covered his face with his hands, sore, angry, sick at heart. How insulting it was! How unjust, how unreasonable! How hard and—yes, and vulgar! Just what he might have expected, he had said; and yet he had not expected anything of the kind. The coarse vituperation of it surprised as much as it hurt him. He was a coward, a poltroon, a monster of ingratitude, etc., etc. True, it had always been this way. In every difference that he had ever had with his mother, she had exhibited a masterly aptitude for calling names; and he had heard a good many times before that he was this, that, and the other dreadful thing. Yet now, notwithstanding, he was completely staggered and taken aback, as by a blow in the face. If he had been lashed with a whip, he could not have suffered a keener or more furious sense of outrage. His set jaws, his scowling brows, his rigid limbs, his quivering nostrils, his swift breathing, told more plainly than his tongue could have done, of how that letter had made him smart.

He sat still for a while, grinding his teeth together with such force it was a wonder he did not break them; drumming with the sole of his boot upon the floor; overwhelmed by his pain and his indignation. Now and then his feelings would seek to vent themselves, and find relief, in a good strong Saxon oath, muttered half aloud. At length he jumped up and began pacing back and forth through his room.

What should he do about it? What action had he best take?

His first thought was the simplest, the most obvious one. Do about it? Why, marry Denise. Marry her just as soon as circumstances would allow—immediately—to-morrow, if that were possible. Marry her; and then let his mother do her worst. Let her disown him, cut off his allowance, bequeath every shilling of his property to Fanny—what she would. He could stand it, if she could, he guessed. He would have Denise! And so long as he had her, he could snap his fingers at the universe. About the wherewithal, he need not be disturbed. He had enough. Ten thousand dollars in government bonds—that certainly would keep him until he had established himself as an author and was earning a regular and ample income with his pen,—which he did not doubt his ultimate ability to do. Return the money? Return the ten thousand dollars in government bonds? Faugh! Wasn't his mother virtually robbing him of his own already, by taking advantage of an oversight in the wording of his father's will, a mere lawyer's quibble, and giving the fortune which his father had earned, and which had been intended for his enjoyment, to her niece Fanny—whom, by the by, his father had always cordially disliked? Why, it—it was enough to make his father turn in his grave. In the white heat of his anger, he even looked so far ahead as his mother's demise, and determined to contest her will, and to defeat the sanctimonious young legatee, in spite of all. Such injustice! Such downright thievery! It wasn't the money that he cared about. It was the principle of the thing. How he would enjoy seeing Fanny baffled and defeated! Ha! ha! ha! He laughed wildly at the idea. Yes, he would throw up the passage he had engaged aboard *La Touraine*, stay where he was, and marry Denise at the earliest feasible date. He would go and see the United States Consul to-morrow morning, to arrange about it.

That there remained, in spite of all, a question of respect and duty toward his mother, did not once enter his head. He had no doubt that his mother would keep her word and make good every threat that she had uttered. But, in his great passion and exasperation, this seemed a very trifling and unimportant matter.

By and by, however, one aspect of the problem occurred to him, which he had not thought of before, and which, he could not deny, certainly did merit some consideration. Denise—what would Denise say, what would she do, if she were aware of his mother's opposition? Would she be willing to become his wife, in the face of it?

This query struck terror to his soul; for, in spite of his desire to the contrary, he could not but feel confident that the right answer was No. Denise would never consent wittingly to step between a mother and her son. She would say, "I love you, yes. But we must not marry. We have no right to purchase our happiness at the price of your mother's sorrow. There is nothing for us to do but to wait until she will give us her permission." Such an attitude, in his opinion, would be entirely unreasonable and indefensible; a quixotism of the worst kind. But he could not override the conviction that it was exactly the attitude which Denise—which, for that matter, almost any fine-grained, sensitive woman—would, under the circumstances, assume.

Women, in affairs of this nature, are so unthinking, so hopelessly the creatures of their impulses and sentiments.

"Yes! If I let her know, it will be all up with me. She'll send me about my business."

Out of the slough of despond into which this conclusion cast him, he could discern but one means of egress: to keep the fact of his mother's opposition a secret from his sweetheart until after their wedding ceremony had been performed.

But instantly, of course, against the practice of any such deceit, his manlier instincts rose in revolt.

To induce Denise to become his wife, without first apprising her of a state of things which, if she suspected it, would determine her to give him up, would be to obtain her under false pretences, by the employment of trick and device. It would be unfair and dishonorable in the extremest sense. Besides, inevitably, a day of reckoning would come. He could not expect to conceal it from her forever. After they were married, she would be sure, by its very nature, to find it out. And then—would she not hold him guilty of irreparable and unpardonable wrong toward her, and visit him with her scorn and her displeasure? Anyhow, it was her right to know it. It was her right to possess full knowledge of every circumstance that bore in any degree upon this question of their marriage. He must not let the woman he loved undertake blindfold so grave an obligation. No; there was but a single line of conduct open to him. He must lay a complete statement of the case before her; and then he must bow to her decision.

"And that means that my doom is as good as sealed. Of course her decision will be against me."

And now—"Heaven help me! How shall I break it to her? How shall I let her know? She—she'll be expecting me before a great while now. And have I—have I got to go around there and tell her this? It will break her heart. She loves me. She said she loved me. And she is so happy. And now—oh, God, no, no! Go around there, and turn all her happiness into pain? No, I can't do it. I can't do it. Why, it would be the same as if I were to go around there, and—and knock her down. You can't expect me to do that. If this letter had only come a few hours earlier—before I spoke to her! Then I should not have spoken. But now—after I have told her how I love her—after I have wrung from her a confession of her love for me, and asked her to be my wife, and made her say yes—now—to have to go and tell her this—! Oh, it's too much! Oh, Denise, my little girl! How can I do it? How——"

He was interrupted by a loud rapping at his door.

For an instant—to such a pitch of nervous excitement had he wrought himself—this commonplace and not unusual noise startled and almost terrified him. He came to an abrupt stand-still, and caught his breath. Then, recovering his presence of mind, "Entrez," he called out.

The door opened.

"Hello, Ormizon. It's me—Palmer. Thought I'd come around to bid you good-by. You leave to-morrow, don't you?"

"Oh, how do you do? I'm glad to see you. Come in. Sit down."

"Why—why, what's the matter with you? You look sort of flustered. Anything gone askew? Maybe my visit is ill-timed. If I'm de trop, speak right up, and I'll take myself off."

"Oh, no, not at all; on the contrary. You're very welcome. It was very kind of you to come. I should have been sorry to go away without shaking hands with you. Here; take this chair; do."

"Thanks. Since you urge me, I will. But I say, old boy, you can't fool me. Something's up. That's as clear as daylight. You look—you look as though you'd got a challenge to fight a duel. If you need a second, I'm your man. Come; unburden your sorrowing soul. Tell me the story of your woes. Perhaps I can be of assistance to you. Pour thy griefs into my sympathetic ear." Palmer put his hand up to his ear, after the manner of deaf people.

Ormizon laughed. Then, gravely, "By Jove, Palmer, I don't know but I will," he said. "You're a man of good common sense. You may be able to advise me. I'm in the very devil of a fix. I—I'm the most miserable fellow on the surface of the earth."

"Advise you? Why, you've hit upon my very forte. In point of worldly wealth I'm as poor as Job's turkey; but in point of good advice I'm as rich as Cressus and as generous as Peter Cooper. Come; out with it. What's the row?"

"Well, Palmer, it's this. You know Mademoiselle Denise—Mademoiselle Personette?"

"I am honored with her acquaintance—yes. Well?"

"Well, I—I'm—as you'd say, I suppose—I'm head over ears in love with her."

"Ah? So? The frank confession does you proud. But is that all? For, to tell you the truth, that's no news to me."

"It isn't? You'd guessed it? Well, I suppose it was pretty evident. But—no, that isn't all. This afternoon I—I proposed to her—asked her to be my wife."

"Ah, I see. Popped the question, and got the mitten. Oh, well, you mustn't let that discourage you. If at first you don't succeed, try, try again."

"No. She accepted me."

"What! She did! You lucky dog! Well, I swan! Well, really, I don't see why *that* should make you feel so bad."

"No; but just hold on. After I left her, and came home, I found here, waiting for me, a letter from my mother, which said—which said that in case I married Mademoiselle Personette she—she'd stop my allowance, cut me out of her will, and—and never recognize me or have anything to do with me again."

"Oh! So that's the racket. . . . Still—well—but—but if you're really very much in love with her, I shouldn't think you'd let that stop you."

"I should say not. I'm not such a—such a sneak as that. No, indeed. So far as I'm concerned, that would have no more influence over me than the blowing of the breeze. But the point is—the question is—what will she—what will Denise say, when she finds it out?"

When she finds out that my mother is opposed to our marrying, she—she won't look at me—she'll give me the right-about-face in no time. Don't you see?"

"Whew! By George! there's something in that. I guess you're right. Yes, I guess you are. She—she's got such a—such a fine sense of what's proper and correct. Yes, sir, I guess you're about right. But—but you speak of her finding it out. How is she going to find it out? I don't see."

"Why, from me, of course. Of course I shall tell her."

"You will? You'll tell her? Why, what in thunder—what under the sun—do you want to tell her for?"

"Why, how can I help it? It wouldn't be honest or honorable for me to keep it from her. For me to go and get her to marry me, without telling her,—why, it would be the same as deceiving her and cheating her—the same as lying to her."

"Ah, yes. I see. I see your point. Hum; you *have* got yourself into a box, and no mistake. It's too bad; it really is. But look here, Ormizon; do you want to know my candid opinion?"

"Yes. What is it?"

"Well, it's this. If she cares about you enough to agree to be your wife—if she's as much in love with you as that—by George, you might as well take her and kill her outright, as go around there and tell her things that will make her have to give you up. It will break the little thing's heart. It will, as sure as my name's Hiram."

"Good Lord, Palmer, don't sit there and tell me that! Don't you suppose I know that well enough? That—that's just the—the horrible part of it. I'm between two fires."

"Exactly. So you are—between the devil and the deep sea. You've got to make a choice of evils. You've got to choose between deceiving her and breaking her heart. And if you want my advice, as you said you did, I tell you what. If I were in your place, I wouldn't hesitate. I'd deceive her. It would be what you call a pious fraud. The end would justify the means."

"No, I can't—I can't agree with you about that, Palmer. I couldn't—I actually couldn't—lie to her."

"Who said anything about lying to her? There's no need that you should lie to her. I'm the last man in the world to advise anybody to lie."

"Well, but I don't see the difference. You said, deceive her. Well, that's as bad as lying. That's only another name for the same thing."

"Well, I don't know that I should even deceive her—exactly. This is what I'd do. I'd tell her frankly that I was on bad terms with my mother—that my mother and I had had a row—but I'd be blamed before I'd tell her *why*—before I'd let her know that she was the cause of it. Then I'd marry her—just as soon as I could scare up a parson."

"Yes; and then, after you were married, she'd find it out—she'd discover the trick you'd played her—and she'd—she'd despise you for it."

"She'd be a little angry at first, I dare say. But she'd come round. You see, she's a woman, and she loves you. Well, grant, then, that when she first found it out she'd be a little worked up: she'd recognize that you'd done it because you wanted to spare her unhappiness, and because you loved her so; and, though she'd pout and scold for a while, in her heart she'd be glad all the time, and she'd forgive you. Whereas if you go around there and tell her,—good-by Mrs. Ormizon. It'll be all up with you; and she'll swim down to her grave in a flood of tears. Come, my young friend; brace up. Take my advice, and keep your own counsel."

"By Jove, Palmer, I don't know but you're right. You—you really think she'd forgive me?"

"I don't think it. I know it. Forgive you? Why, in the long run she'd love you all the better for it."

"By—by the Lord, Palmer, you—you're a—— By Jove, old boy, give me your hand. By—my—well, there, I can't—I can't express it—but—*oh!* you've lifted such a weight off my mind."

"Ouch! Look out!" cried Palmer. "You'll break my wrist, if you keep on wagging my flipper that way. There, there. Calmez-vous. And—— Hello; there's some one knocking on your door."

"Come in! Entrez!" called Ormizon.

"Ah, bonsoir, monsieur. Here is a letter for you from Mademoiselle Gluck."

The new-comer was Zélie, the servant of the ladies of the Rue Soufflot.

Ormizon took the letter which she held out to him, broke the seal, and read:

"DEAR MR. ORMIZON,—Come over here the instant you receive this—without a second's delay. Yours, I. B. G."

"What—what's the matter? Is there anything the matter?" he demanded of Zélie, in a scared, anxious voice.

"Je n'en sais rien, monsieur; mais je crois que Mademoiselle Personette est malade."

That was all the satisfaction he could get from Zélie. She knew nothing, but she believed that Mademoiselle Personette was ill. Particulars of any kind, though he plied her with questions, she protested her inability to give. Dr. Gluck had called her from the kitchen, where she was busy preparing dinner, and had dispatched her with this note, bidding her make haste. "Voilà tout ce que je peux vous dire, monsieur."

Panic-stricken, leaving Lancelot in possession of his quarters, and without a word to him, he hurried to respond to the doctor's summons.

XII.

He gave the bell-cord a tremendous tug. The bell clanged violently within.

After what seemed to him an eon, though, in point of fact, it was not half a minute, Dr. Gluck opened the door.

"For God's sake, what has happened?" he cried. "Has—is—is Denise——"

"Hush. Come in," interrupted the doctor. "Come with me."

She led the way to the salon.

"Sit down, now, and be calm," she said. "You needn't alarm yourself. But I thought I had better send for you. I thought I had better tell you all about it, and learn from you the exact state of the case."

"Yes, yes, of course. I'm very glad you did. But—but go on. What is it? Tell me, quick. Don't keep me in suspense."

"Sh-sh! Now, you mustn't get excited. She's in her room now, lying on the sofa, very weak and exhausted, but not seriously ill. You see, she fainted. And I got terribly frightened, she took so long about coming to. But she's perfectly herself again now; only, as I say, weak and undone. She's wild to—well, never mind about that till I've told you the rest."

"But how—what—what made her faint? She——"

"Yes, I'm going to tell you the whole story, if you'll give me time, and control yourself, and not go off in a passion. . . . Well, to begin at the beginning, you see, when Denise came home this evening I saw right away that something had happened,—from her excitement and nervousness and the way she acted, you know, and everything. And of course I was as curious as could be to find out what it was. And I asked her lots of questions; and at last—well, at last she told me all about it—how you had met her in the Rue de Vaugirard, and how you had frightened her, and then declared yourself to her—and all the rest. Really, I don't think I ever saw anybody so happy and elated as she was. She was just in a perfect tremor of delight. Well—well, of course, then we talked and talked about it for ever so long; and it was so interesting and so exciting, you understand, that I—I totally forgot to give her the letter. . . . There! I guess I haven't told you, have I? But while she was out, a letter had been delivered for her—a letter from America—which was quite strange, for I didn't know that she had any correspondents over there. . . . Well, as I say, in the excitement of our talk, I entirely forgot it; but all of a sudden I remembered it, and went and got it, and gave it to her. We were standing right here in the parlor, just about where you and I are now. Well, she took it; and she wondered whom in the world it could be from, and she couldn't possibly imagine, because, she said, she didn't know a single soul in America who would be likely to write to her; and at last she opened it, and began to read it. Well, she couldn't have read more than two or three lines at the utmost, when, the first thing I knew, she gave a scream, and she turned as white as a sheet, and fell—and fell right down in a dead faint on the floor. And then——"

"Good Lord! I—I'm sure *I* know whom the letter was from," he gasped.

"Yes, I dare say you do. I dare say you can guess. Well, of course, when she fainted, she let it drop from her hand. And after I had attended to her, and done everything I could, I picked it up, and

read it—which I felt at liberty to do. Well, it was *enough* to make her faint. It was indeed. And if it's true—But I can't believe it. I can't believe that you are such a villain. Here; read it; here it is."

In his mother's handwriting, the envelope bore this superscription: "M^{lle} Personette, care of Miss Isabel B. Gluck, Rue Soufflot, Paris, France."

"Oh, what a fool I was!" he groaned. "I suppose I must have mentioned your address when I wrote to her. My God! I never thought she'd—I never dreamed she'd—— Oh, this—this is awful!"

"I was wondering how she found it out," said the doctor. "I thought maybe she got it from the Merriwethers. . . . But you'd better go on now and read it, don't you think?"

"Yes, I suppose I had."

The letter ran as follows:

"NEW YORK, September 12, 1885.

"**MADemoiselle PERSONETTE**,—I beg leave to inform you by this that my son, Stephen Ormizon, whom, I have reason to believe, you have endeavored to infatuate, is already engaged to be married to his cousin, my niece, Miss Fanny Clark. Now, as I have no doubt that the chief attractions which you find in my son are his wealth and his social position, I shall be doing you a kindness when I take this opportunity to warn you that if he should see fit to break his engagement with Miss Clark, and to contract a marriage with you, I shall at once disown and disinherit him, which will deprive him immediately both of his social standing and of all means of support, present and future; also, that I shall never recognize or acknowledge you as his wife, nor him as my son, but shall regard you both as entire strangers to me, to the day of my death. By the same mail I post a letter to my son, forbidding him to marry you, and commanding him to come home instantly and fulfil his obligations to Miss Clark. I write you this as a favor to you, in order that you may understand exactly what to expect in case you persist in your attempts to lead my son into a *mésalliance*.

"Respectfully,

"**EUNICE C. ORMIZON.**"

With a cry of rage, Ormizon sprang to his feet, and began storming about the room.

"By God! I—I'll never forgive my mother this. How brutal! How outrageous! As long as I live I'll never forgive her for writing to Denise like this. No—not if she got down on her knees to her, and begged her pardon, I'd never forgive her for having insulted and outraged her like this. Oh, it—it's incredible. I can't believe it. I never would have believed her capable of anything as bad as this. It's—oh—I—— What—what did Denise say? What—oh, Lord! I—I could kill my mother for writing this. Oh, I suppose Denise—I suppose she'll never look at me again, after this. Oh, what a—what a fool, what a wretch, what a miserable, miserable dog, I am!"

"Hush—hush—hush," the doctor had been imploring him, following him around the room, and waving her hands deprecatingly.

"You'll disturb her. She'll hear you, and be frightened. Do calm yourself. Sit down. Be still. I want to talk to you."

But to no purpose. He had not heeded her. Now, however, of his own accord, he came to a stand-still, and was silent.

"There! Do sit down," she pleaded. "Now, don't fly off; but sit down, and be quiet, and tell me now,—you may as well tell me honestly,—is it true?"

He dropped upon a chair.

"True?" he repeated, with a dazed look. "True? What? Is what true?"

"Why, what your mother says. Is it true that you are engaged to be married to your cousin—to Fanny Clark?"

"Oh! That! No; it's a lie—it's a damn—I beg your pardon, doctor. It's a—well, that is, at least, it's this way. You see, I was—yes, I suppose I was—engaged to her—after a fashion. That is, before I left New York, my mother, she—she made me promise—she extorted a promise from me—that I—that I would marry Fanny. And I promised—like a—like the—like the miserable fool I was. But the very instant I first saw Denise—as soon as I realized how I loved her—two or three days after I first met her, by Jove!—why, it was on the morning after we had been to hear *Monsieur Perrichon*—I—I wrote a letter to my mother, and confessed that I was in love with Denise, and told her that I couldn't and wouldn't marry Fanny. I thought that—you see—I thought that was the fair and square thing to do. Well, that was as good as breaking whatever engagement there was—wasn't it? That was the beginning of all this trouble. If I'd kept my mouth shut—if I'd kept my own counsel—— Oh, well, it's too late now. The mischief is done. . . . Oh, God, I never expected this—such treachery as this—from—from my own mother!"

"And you really *are* in love with Denise? You don't—you never cared anything for your cousin?"

"Care for her? Care for Fanny? Care for that—— Oh, you make me laugh. Why, I tell you, I—I hate her. I've always hated her—ever since I was a child—ever since she came to live with us. Hasn't she always been—— Oh, I despise her. I'd like—I'd be glad—to see her——"

"There, there; never mind about that. And Fanny—your cousin—does she care for you?"

"Does Fanny care for me! That's good! That's capital, doctor! The idea of Fanny caring for me! The sanctimonious hypocrite! The—the—— Why, she thinks I'm the worst reprobate unhung. She thinks I'm not good enough to tie her shoe-strings. All she's after is my mother's money. She'll get it now. I wish her joy of it."

"Then, as a matter of fact, you are free? You have broken the engagement you had to your cousin, and are at liberty to marry anybody you choose?"

"What's the use of your asking me that? Anybody I choose! Do you imagine Denise would have me, after that letter? You don't suppose she'd marry the son of the woman who wrote that letter? Oh, how she must despise me! She'll never look at me again—after

that letter from—from my own mother! Oh, it's too hard! I could—I could——” He shook his fist at the empty air, and sprang to his feet again.

“Hush! She'll hear you. Sit down. Come, sit down here beside me, where you were before. There; now you must be quiet and rational. I'm going to tell you something now that will—that will surprise you, and—and make you very happy.”

“Well, go on. Tell it to me. Tell me anything you want to. But there's nothing that can surprise me, nothing that can make me very happy, after this—after I've lost the only thing I care for in the world. Well, go on.”

“Well, if it doesn't make you happy, it will be a wonder, and you'll be an ungrateful thing. It seems like a special providence; it does indeed. Well, it's this: Denise—Denise doesn't know a thing about it.”

“Doesn't know a—doesn't know a thing about what? What are you driving at? I don't understand.”

“Doesn't know a thing about your engagement to Miss Clark—about what your mother wrote in this letter.”

“*What!* . . . Why—you—you said—didn't you say—she read it—and that—and that was what—made her faint away? I—I give it up. I don't see your point. What—what in . . .”

“Sh—sh! Now, behave yourself. Now, I'm going to explain. Now, sit right there, and don't you move or interrupt, or I shan't say a word. Now, listen. . . . Well, this is all there is to it. When Denise came to—when she finally opened her eyes, and recovered her senses—she was all dazed and bewildered, and she didn't remember a single thing of what had happened—not a thing about the letter. You see, she couldn't remember, because it had all been so quick and sudden. As I should say, speaking technically, the last impressions received by her brain before she fainted had simply been obliterated, wiped out, by the shock. Do you understand? . . . Well, of course, when she came to, she was awfully curious to know what had happened to make her faint, and she must have asked a hundred questions. But I wasn't going to tell her the real truth, until I had seen you, and spoken to you, and found out whether it was so—what your mother wrote. So I just said that she had been very tired and weak, and, then, the excitement and the happiness and everything had been too much for her, and the strain had caused a fainting-fit. Well, of course that was a fib. But I thought, under the circumstances, that it was all right. And she—she believed it, and was perfectly satisfied. There!”

“Oh, doctor, you—you're—— Oh, what can I say to tell you how good you are, how grateful you have made me? Oh, this—this—it's—it's too good to be true! Oh, my God!” he cried; and in a twinkling he had torn his mother's letter into a hundred pieces.

“Well, now,” went on the doctor, “as I was going to tell you, she's wild, perfectly wild, to see you; and now I'll go and tell her that you are here. But first I want to warn you. You must be guarded. You must look out for your tongue, and not let her suspect a thing about all this. Otherwise——”

"You needn't be afraid, doctor. I guess you may trust me for that."

The doctor left the room.

Oh, with what a trembling, throbbing, thrilling heart, a minute later, he beheld Denise crossing the threshold, coming toward him, nearer, near . . . !

There! She was in his arms, her head nestling upon his breast.

"I am so glad you have come," she said, in a weak, fluttering voice.

"Yes, I have come, Denise, to tell you—to tell you that I am not going away, as I expected. I am not going to sail on Saturday. I have decided to postpone it. But when I do sail, you—you will come with me—will you, Denise?"

She made no answer.

"Why—why, Denise—my love! You—why, you are crying. What is it, Denise?"

"Oh, I—I am—crying—for—for happiness," she sobbed.

Knock—knock—knock—upon the door.

"Entrez!" called Denise.

Zélie entered, bearing a large pasteboard box.

"Quelque chose pour vous, mademoiselle," she said.

The box was full of great beautiful red roses; and on top of them lay a card; and on the card was written, "May our dear Mamselle be as happy as she is good and beautiful!—Lancelot."

Ormizon's novel, *A Voice from the Wilderness*,—but for which, as he often thinks with something like terror, he and Denise might never have found each other out,—was published in February, 1886.

The critics treated it very kindly, remarking in it the crudity and the extravagance of youth, to be sure, but commending its freshness, its interest, and its simplicity. So the book had quite a run—was read and talked about; and though it did not "place its author at a bound in the front rank of living American writers of fiction," as we hear of so many first books doing nowadays, it did raise him from the position of a nobody to that of a small somebody,—a somebody of the ninth or tenth magnitude, but still a somebody.

And, then, one fine morning, he received a letter—a letter from his mother—seeking a reconciliation!

Well, his mother and Fanny very magnanimously forgave him, and invited him and Denise to dinner, where they served up the fatted calf, and condescended to patronize his wife, and to make her feel exceedingly self-conscious and ill at ease. After the coffee, while he was smoking his cigarette, his mother took him aside and offered to renew his allowance. I am sorry to say, it was not without a certain wicked sense of triumph that he thanked her, and assured her that he stood in need of no such kindness, his actual income being amply sufficient to his wants. Happily, this was true. He and Denise were living very modestly in a small apartment up in Harlem, the rent of which did not quite consume the interest on his government bonds. For the rest,

the little reputation that his book had brought him made an opening for him in the literary market, where he was generally able to sell his wares at remunerative prices, always provided that they were up to the required standard of excellence. . . . Oh, I had nearly forgotten. In addition to their other sources of revenue, they took a boarder. The boarder was a very pretty, plump little lady, not much older than thirty years. And though Ormizon was extremely attentive to her, and apparently very fond of her, Denise never manifested the least symptom of jealousy. The boarder's name was Gluck—Isabel B. Gluck, M.D.

THE END.

THE HOMESICKNESS OF GANYMEDE.

EAGLE pinions, swift as thought,
Ganymede to heaven brought,
Stolen from the plains of Troy,
Loved of gods, immortal boy !
Still a stranger in the skies,
Ganymede in heaven sighs.

In Jove's palace full of light
He doth serve the nectar bright ;
Smile on him the Ever-Blest,
As he moves to do their hest :
Downward still he bends his eyes,—
Still a stranger in the skies !

When each godhead, drinking deep,
Sinks beneath the tide of sleep,
Ganymede on wingéd feet
Hastes where sky and mountain meet :
Soft the mist around him lies,
Ganymede in heaven sighs.

River, field, and wooded height
Swim together in his sight ;
He can only guess how fair,
In the moonlit, midnight air,
Ilion's walls and turrets rise,—
Still a stranger in the skies !

He can only dream how sweet
Are the ways where mortals meet,—
Chariot-race, or hunter's spear,
Temple service, vintage cheer,
Young maid's laughter, youth's fond eyes :
Ganymede in heaven sighs !

Haply men have seen him gaze
Through the summer evening haze,

Leaning past the piny crest
 Of the mountain in the west,
 Wavering there in star-bright guise,
 Still a stranger in the skies !

Careless gods, take back your gift,
 Or his human heart uplift :
 Deathless youth ye gave in sport,
 Deathless sorrow haunts your court :
 Still a stranger in the skies,
 Ganymede in heaven sighs.

Edith M. Thomas.

THE TRUTH ABOUT OUIDA.

READERS of current literature may have recently observed that two writers of reputation, Miss Harriet W. Preston and Mr. Julian Hawthorne, have been expressing rather pronounced opinions regarding the works of Ouida. Mr. Hawthorne's judgment was brief, and I need only add that it was extremely severe,—far more severe, indeed, than any critical statement which I ever remember to have seen expressed by this writer. Miss Preston's decision took a much ampler form, and occupied nearly twelve pages of the *Atlantic Monthly*. Whatever may have been Miss Preston's intention, she certainly does not appeal to us as one whom the merits of Ouida have more than lukewarmly affected. And yet, at the beginning of her essay, she assumes the attitude of an appreciator rather than a detractor, taking pains to declare that her inquiry regarding the true causes of Ouida's immense popularity shall be "primarily and chiefly a search for merits rather than a citation of defects." With this excellent resolution fully formed, she at once proceeds to draw comparisons between Ouida and such great writers as Scott, George Sand, and even Victor Hugo. This has an encouraging sound enough; we have the sensation that a refreshingly new note is to be struck in the general tone of fierce vituperation by which Ouida has been so persistently assailed for twenty years. The truth about Ouida would be a pleasant thing to hear; we have heard so much facile falsehood. But Miss Preston proceeds to invest her theme with a curiously languid and tepid atmosphere. She finally astonishes all the sincere admirers of Ouida—and their number is today, among intelligent people, thousands and thousands—by saying

that her "imagination, vigorous though it be, and prolific, seldom rises to really poetic heights." This is certainly depressing for any one who has taken delight in such exceptional prose-poems as "Ariadne" and "Signa." Still, a proper avoidance of enthusiasm must always form part of the modern critic's equipment; the fashion is to look at everything imperturbably, from the Sphinx to the Brooklyn Bridge; we somehow only tolerate the exorbitant and the florid when it takes the shape of disgusted invective. For a long period Ouida has endured the latter (not always quite patiently, if some of her retaliatory newspaper letters are recalled), and I confess that we owe Miss Preston a debt of gratitude for breaking the ice at last. None the less, however, do we own to a feeling that the ice might have been assailed by a little heavier and more efficient cleaver. The *Atlantic* reviewer appears, indeed, to be a trifle afraid, not to say ashamed, of her own pioneer-ship. Tradition would seem to be furtively reminding her that she is heading a revolt against it. And there certainly might well seem a kind of literary defiance in any defence of Ouida. She has stood so long as a pariah that to give her boldly a few credentials of respectability, as it were, might in a temperament by no means timid still require some courage. I would not even appear to suggest that Miss Preston has doubted her own assertions concerning this great romancist, whenever they have been of a favorable turn. But it has struck me that she has almost doubted the advisability of her own position as so distinct a non-conformist. One smiles to remember the ridiculous abuse poured upon Ouida in England ever since somewhere about the year 1863. She has probably afforded more opportunity for the callow undergraduate satirist than any author of the present century. I do not maintain that she was at first the recipient of an undeserved ridicule. But afterward this ridicule, because of the radical change in her work, became pitifully tell-tale; it revealed that aggravating conservatism in those who arraigned her which had its root in either a very unjust, hasty, and perfunctory skimming of her later books, or an entire ignorance of their contents. She undoubtedly began all wrong. There are some liberal and high-minded people with whom the follies and faults of such stories as "Granville de Vigne" and "Idalia" have wrought so disastrously that all their future impressions have been colored by these unconquerable associations. It seems to me that Mr. Hawthorne is one of these, and I am certain that the late Bayard Taylor was one. When "Ariadne" appeared, only a year or two before Taylor's lamentably ill-timed death, he wrote concerning that enchanting tale in the *New York Tribune* with a sternness of condemnation most regrettable, as I thought, in so alert and vigorous an intellect.

When I expressed to Taylor my surprise that he should have seen nothing beautiful or poetic in "Ariadne," he frankly declared to me that he saw nothing commendable in any line that Ouida had written. But many of her lovely sketches had already appeared, and that exquisite idyl, "Bébéc, or The Two Little Wooden Shoes," with its tearful tenderness and its fiery, gloomy, piercing *finale* of passion, had given proof of its author's wakening force and discipline.

Miss Preston's chief error, I should affirm, has been her somewhat careless huddling together of all Ouida's works and passing criticism upon them *en bloc*, without more than vague indication of the different periods in which they were produced, or the various stages of development which they exhibit. This talented lady, however she is to be praised for taking Ouida seriously (and that is a fine thing to have done at all, when it meant the flinging down of a gauntlet before disparagement no less insensate than cruel), has still failed in taking Ouida half seriously enough. I read with astonishment in the *Atlantic* review, for example, an extended notice of "Idalia," while such vastly better work as "Folle-Farine" or "In Maremma" was quietly ignored. Candidly, I hold that Miss Preston's entire consideration of Ouida has been as limited, unsatisfactory, and insufficient as it has been, when all circumstantial points are duly recognized, kindly, generous, and honorable.

I have already expressed it as my conviction that Ouida began very badly. She indeed began as badly as any genius did whose early and subsequent accomplishments in English letters are now known to us and may be read side by side with hers. Byron certainly showed far less power at the commencement of his career than she did at the commencement of her own; and those who possess my own deep veneration for the grandeur of Tennyson's poetry at its highest heights may have read some of the deplorable stanzas, modelled on a sort of hideous German-English plan, which have thus far, I believe, escaped the savage exposures of even his most merciless American publishers. I find myself involuntarily tracing a parallel between the young Ouida and the young poets who preceded her by a few decades more or less. But this tendency easily explains itself, since she is pre-eminently a poet, notwithstanding her great gifts for romantic narration. The rhythmic faculty has been denied her, and for this reason she probably has written so much of that "poetical prose" which the average Englishman has been taught to hold in such phlegmatic contempt. If "Granville de Vigne" had appeared in rhymes as clever and as prolix as Owen Meredith's "Lucile," it would doubtless have won a place far above that bright, hybrid, pseudo-poetic popular favorite. But "Granville de Vigne"

has won no place, nor has "Strathmore," nor has "Idalia," nor has "Puck," nor even "Chandos," pronounced as was the dawning change it exhibited. These works all mean a palæozoic age for Ouida: her extraordinary powers were yet struggling for worthier expression. They are valuable alike in their absurdities and their better revelations, though the latter shone fitful, indeterminate, and often distressingly transient. The superabundance of "color," the weight of adjective piled on adjective, the lavish display of an erudition as voluminous as it was sometimes erratic, the meretricious defects of style, the *collet monté* superfluity of rhetoric, the impossible and ludicrous descriptions of luxury,—all this has become with many of us in a manner comically classic. Ouida's early heroes, with their fleet Arabian steeds, their lordly lineage, their fabulous wealth or sentimentally picturesque poverty, their fatal fascinations for women and their deadly muscular developments for men,—Ouida's early heroes, I say, have grown as representative of the overwrought in fiction as those of Byron have grown representative of like indiscretion in poetry. Nor are these faults of her youth entirely outlived by Ouida. "Fine writing" is still occasionally her bane, though it becomes less and less so with each new book she now produces. Her vocabulary has always been as copious as the sunlight itself, and her style is at present a direct, flexible, and notably elegant one. She has been accused of "cramming," and of making a little knowledge do service for much. But only very illiterate people could believe such a masquerade possible with her. She is indisputably a woman of spacious and most diversified learning, though she has not always known either the art of modestly concealing this fact, or that of letting it speak spontaneously and judiciously for itself. Still, pedantry is not seldom the attribute of a greatly cultivated mind. We have seen this in the case of George Eliot, whose admirers will perhaps feel like mobbing me when they read that I think her genius in many ways inferior to that of Ouida. And yet I grant that to a very large extent she possesses what Ouida was for a long time almost totally without,—taste, artistic patience, and that surest of preservatives, a firm and chiselled style.

"Under Two Flags" may be said to have recorded a turning-point in this unique writer's career. It was full of the same tinselled and lurid hyperboles which had made so many readers of the extraordinary series hold up horrified hands in the past. But its gaudiness and opulence of language were suited to its Algerian *locale*, and the drowsy palms and deep-blue African skies of which it spoke to us accorded with the tropic tendencies of its phrases. It displayed a wondrous acquaintance, also, with military life in Algeria, and for this reason amazed certain observers of an altered *mise en scène*

in a novelist whom they had believed only able to misrepresent the patrician circles of England. But "Under Two Flags" amazed by its perusal from still another cause. It contained one of the most thrillingly dramatic episodes ever introduced into any novel of the school to which such episodes belong, namely, the wild desert-journey of Cigarette, the *vivandière*, bearing a pardon for the condemned soldier whom she loves. Cigarette reaches the place of execution just in time to fling herself upon her lover's breast and save him from the bullets of his foes by dying under them. We are apt nowadays to look askance at such heroic incidents, and the word "unnatural" easily rises to our lips as we do so. Perhaps it rises there too easily. Self-sacrifice of the supreme kind has gone out of fashion in modern story-telling, and by a tacit surrender we have given scenes like this, with all their warm-blooded kinships, to the domain of the theatre. That fiction will ever care to resume her slighted prerogative, the thriving influence of Zola and his more moderate American imitators would lead us to believe improbable. Still, the caprices of popular demand lend themselves unwillingly to prophecy. One fact, however, cannot plausibly be contradicted: the theatre has not invested her gift at any very profitable rate of interest, nor justified her present monopoly of all that is stirring in romanticism.

"Tricotrin," if I mistake not, was the first important successor of "Under Two Flags," and here Ouida gave us the noteworthy proof that she had turned her attention toward ideal and poetic models. I fear it must be chronicled that the chaff in "Tricotrin" predominates over the wheat. The whole story is not seldom on stilts, and we often lose patience with the hero as more of a *poseur* than of the demigod he is described. The entire *donnée* is too high-strung for its nineteenth-century concomitance. We feel as if everybody should wear what the managers of theatres would call "shape-dresses." Ouida still tempts the parodist; the machinery of her plot, so to speak, almost creaks with age, now and then; her personages attitudinize and are often tiresomely sententious. Tricotrin does so much with the aid of red fire and a calcium that his glaringly melodramatic death becomes almost a relief in the end. And yet the book scintillates with brilliant things, and if it had been written with an equal power in French instead of English, might have passed for the work of Victor Hugo. There is a great deal about it that the passionate and democratic soul of the French poet would have cordially delighted in. It belongs to the same quality of inspiration that produced "Notre Dame de Paris," "L'Homme Qui Rit," and "Fantine." But there have always been English people who have laughed at Hugo's tales, and in much the

same spirit Ouida's countrymen laughed at the itinerant, communistic Tricotrin, with his superb beauty, his pastoral abstemiousness and purity, his altruistic philanthropy, his forsworn birthright of an English earl, his wide *clientèle* of grimy and outcast worshippers, and his astounding range of opportunity to appear just in the nick of time and succor the oppressed. Far more daring license with the manipulation of fact, however, has been taken by the elder Dumas and others. Ouida's book came about thirty or forty years too late for sober critical acceptance in her own country, and it was of a kind that her own country has never permanently accepted. Still, it revealed her perhaps for the first time as an original power in letters. She had struck in it the one note which has always been most positively her own; she had told the world that she was a prose-poet of dauntless imagination and solitary excellence. As an idealist in prose fiction no English writer has thus far approached her. "Tricotrin" would not alone have made her what she is. It remained for her to improve upon this remarkable effort, and to fling up, like some tract of land under convulsive disturbance, peaks that for height and splendor far outrivalled it. The valleys in her literary landscape are sometimes low indeed; a few even have noxious growths in them, and are haunted by foolish wills-o'-the-wisp. Such, I should say, are her first few sustained works, like "Granville de Vigne" and "Strathmore." Nor has she always clung to the talisman by which she afterward learned to invoke her best creations. At times she has seemed to cast this temporarily away, as in "Friendship" and "A Winter City." I have now reached, as it were, my one sole conclusion regarding her abilities at their finest and securest outlook. She is an idealist, and that she should have determinedly remained. The foibles of modern society are no subjects for either her dissection or her satire. She has never been any more able to become a Thackeray or a Dickens than they, under any conceivable circumstances, could have become Ouidas. It is an immense thing for a writer to recognize just what he is capable of doing best, and to leave all the rest alone. But Ouida, with a burning uneasiness, has continually misunderstood her own noble gifts. With an eye that could look undimmed at the sun, she has too often grown weary of his beams. Once sure of her wings, white and strong as they proved, she had nothing to seek except the soft welcome of the air for which they were so buoyantly fitted. But no: she has repeatedly folded them and walked instead of flying. Birds that fly with grace do not often walk so. She is a poet, and she has forgotten this truth with a pertinacity which has been a deprivation to the literature of her time. And yet for several years after the publication of "Tricotrin" the idealist was

most hopefully paramount in all that she did. If "Folle-Farine" had been her first book instead of her sixth or seventh, it would have made even the English blood that she has more than once declared so sluggish, tingle with glad appreciation of its loveliness. The change in her was for a time absolute and thorough. "Folle-Farine" was the story of a despised outcast girl, ignorant and unlettered, yet with a soul quick to estimate and treasure the worth and meaning of beauty wherever found. It is all something which the realists would pull long faces or giggle at as hopelessly "highfalutin." But then the realists, when they ride their hobby with a particularly martial air, are inclined quite to trample all poetry below its hooves. I don't know how well the story of "Folle-Farine" would please some of Balzac's successors, but I am sure that he himself would have delighted in it. The girl's infancy among the gypsies and subsequent fierce persecution at the hands of her grandfather, Claudis Flamma, as one devil-begotten and loathsome, are treated with an intensity bordering on the painful. But through all the youthful anguish and martyrdom of "Folle-Farine" there flows a charming current of idyllic feeling. Such passages as these, stamped with the individuality of Ouida, meet us on every page: "In one of the most fertile and fair districts of Northern France there was a little Norman town, very, very old, and beautiful exceedingly by reason of its ancient streets, its high peaked roofs, its marvellous galleries and carvings, its exquisite grays and browns, its silence and its color, and its rich still life. Its centre was a great cathedral, noble as York or Chartres; a cathedral whose spire shot to the clouds, and whose innumerable towers and pinnacles were all pierced to the day, so that the blue sky shone and the birds of the air flew all through them. A slow brown river, broad enough for market-boats and for corn-barges, stole through the place to the sea, lapping as it went the wooden piles of the houses, and reflecting the quaint shapes of the carvings, the hues of the signs and the draperies, the dark spaces of the dormer windows, the bright heads of some casement-cluster of carnations, the laughing face of a girl leaning out to smile on her lover."

This certainly is not what we call compact writing; there is none of that neatness and trimness about it which bespeak the deliberative pen or the compunctious eraser. But what a sensuous and winsome poetic effect does it produce! Few writers can afford the loose clauses, the random *laissez-aller*, of Ouida. She sometimes abuses her assumed privilege, even in her most authentic moments,—those, I mean, of pure imagination. But it is then that the superabundance of her diction and its careless yet shining fluency hardly ever lose their attractiveness. It is then that the prolixity to which I have before referred is an attribute

we are glad to pardon, and love while we are doing so. The argument of "Folle-Farine" soon ceases to deal with the sufferings of a child. The poor creature's hopeless love for the cold and unconsciously heedless Arslàn, bitter at the world's indifference to those magnificent gods and goddesses that he still goes on painting in his old granary among water-docks and rushes there by the river-side, is portrayed with unnumbered masterly strokes. And afterward, when Folle-Farine tends him as he lies stricken with fever in a Parisian attic, the evil temptings of the unprincipled Sartorian, as they offer life and fame to Arslàn at a price whose infamy cannot be questioned by her who hears them, cloud this whole narrative with a truly terrible gloom. Folle-Farine's immolation of self to save him whom she worships, and her final self-inflicted death amid the peace of the river-reeds, far away from the loud and gilded Paris that she detests, are the very darkest essence of the most absorbing and desolating tragedy. But the poetry of this whole fervid conception is never once lost sight of. We close the book with a shudder, as if we had been passing through the twilight of some magic forest where the dews are death. But we realize how matchless is the sorcery that can so sombrely enchain us, and long after its woful spell has vanished memory vibrates with the pity and sorrow it roused.

"Ariadne" is another masterpiece, and not unlike the foregoing in the main sources of its excessive melancholy. It is the story of a feminine spirit swayed by an unreciprocated love, as waywardly given as lightly undervalued. The characters are without subtlety, as in all Ouida's prose-poems. They are fascinating or repelling shadows, whom we can name adoration, egotism, fidelity, as we please, but whose eerie juxtapositions, whose pictorial and half-illusory surroundings, may summon sensations not unlike those caused in us by some admirable yet faded fresco. Never was Rome in all her grandeur and desuetude made the more majestic background of a heart's forlorn history. We read of "the silver lines of the snow new-fallen on the mountains against the deep rose of dawn;" of how "shadows of the night steal softly from off the city, releasing, one by one, dome and spire and cupola and roof, till all the wide white wonder of the place ennobles itself under the broad brightness of full day;" of how one can "go down into the dark cool streets, with the pigeons fluttering in the fountains, and the sounds of the morning chants coming from many a church door and convent window, and little scholars and singing-children going by with white clothes on, or scarlet robes, as though walking forth from the canvas of Botticelli or Garofalo." Sculpture forms what one might call the pervading stimulus of this most impassioned story, its young heroine being a sculptor of inspired powers. In the same way music supplies an in-

cessant accompaniment for the glowing words of "Signa." The youth who gives his name to the book is a musician who possesses something more glorious than mere aptitude. Psychologically it is the reverse of "Ariadne," delineating the torment of a man who puts faith in the most shallow and vacant female nature. It is just as plaintive, just as haunting, as its predecessor, but it is simpler, less penetrative and less wide-circling, less Dantesque in its mournful dignity and less astonishing through its scholarship. These three prose-poems—"Folle-Farine," "Ariadne," and "Signa"—are the three high alps of Ouida's accomplishment thus far. It is not easy to praise them with full justice, because unrestrained panegyric is never that, and yet the lyrical spontaneity of the works themselves—their evidence of having won their splendid vitality by having been poured from the writer's inmost heart, as warm as that heart's blood—would tempt one who had fully felt their strength, originality, and greatness, to dip his pen in exceedingly rosy ink and then shape with it very ardent encomiums. I am far from calling these memorable undertakings "idyls," as Miss Preston terms them, or in any manner agreeing that "Friendship" "marks a distinct intellectual advance."

Here was a woman who had shown us as no one else, living or dead, ever had shown in precisely the same way, that she could make the sweetest and most impressive poetry do service as the medium for telling the sweetest and most impressive of tales. Mixed with their Gothic fantasy there was something Homeric in these three volumes which I have before named. There were no touches that reminded us at all of the modern novel. Each had its separate æsthetic haze clinging about it, and a golden haze this was, in every case. With only a few changes here and there, the atmosphere of each story might have been made Greek, or even Egyptian. The delights or horrors of life were put most strikingly under our vision; but the details of life, the routine of things *au jour le jour*, the trifling modes and customs of mortality, as it pursues its whims, its vices, its flirtations, its amours, its divorce-suits, all remained remote and unconsidered. The glamour of dream clung to every character and event. The joys and miseries outrolled before us were as abstract and aloof, when viewed with relation to our morning mail or our menaced butcher's-bill, as the loves of Paris and Helen in the Iliad, or of Ulysses and Calypso in the Odyssey. These three enticing stories no more concerned our bread-and-butter-getting existences of prosaic actuality than they concerned the wash of tides at either pole. We turned their glowing leaves to escape from our own silent quarrel with realities rather than to meet the monotonous recurrence of them either photographed painstakingly or sketched felici-

tously. In other words, we gave ourselves up to the alternately gentle or stormy wizardries of a poet, contented in the oblivion thus begotten for decorated statistics of the annalist or placid vivisections of the surgeon. I am aware that all such departure from his cherished modern standards must at once be tyrannously cried down as a bore by that self-satisfied arbiter, the average reader of to-day. Perhaps Ouida felt some necessity of propitiating this multiform custodian of profit and loss. It may have been that her publishers told her, with that sincere sadness born of financial depression, how much handsomer had been the "returns" from "Strathmore" and "Chandos" than from "Ariadne" or "Signa." Be this as it may, Ouida forsook her new gods, and, except in the composition of some exquisite short pieces which recalled the purity, the human breadth, and the past star-like radiance of "A Provence Rose," "A Dog of Flanders," and "The Nürnberg Stove," I do not know of her having ever again hewn her statues from the same flawless Pentelic marble.

But the resumption of her old more materialistic task—that of writing novels which should reflect the doings and misdoings of her own century—she was now prepared to undertake with a much firmer hand and with an unquestionably chastened sense of old delinquencies. The tale "Friendship" may be said to commemorate this unfortunate transition. It marks the third distinct change in Ouida's mental posture toward her public. It is to me a descent and not an elevation, and yet I freely concede that the novelist *rediviva* was in every way superior to the novelist who lived and rhapsodized before. In "Friendship" we see much of the flare and glare once thrown upon every-day occurrences tempered to a far more tolerable light. Deformity often takes the lines of just proportion, and not seldom of amiable symmetry as well. Miss Preston praises "Friendship" as pre-eminently readable in every part, and here I should again differ with her, since in my judgment the book contains a great deal of insufferable tedium. Ouida's worst fault as a stylist is here laid tormentingly bare. She harps with such stress of repetition upon the guilty bondage of Prince Ioris to Lady Joan Challoner that the perpetual circumlocution makes a kind of maelstrom in which interest becomes at last remorselessly swallowed. It has been stated that incidents and characters in "Friendship" were taken from Ouida's own life, and that Lady Joan Challoner's name conceals one belonging to a foe of the author. Whether this report be true or false, we resent the almost maliciously periphrastic style in which we are told again and again that Lady Joan was the jailer of Ioris and watched him struggle in vain with the gyves of his own sin. To have a nature of the most detestable selfishness described over and over till we are

familiar with its meanest impulse, its narrowest spite, resembles being seated by a person of repulsive physiognomy in a chamber lined with mirrors. The reduplications become unbearable to us, till we take the only feasible course for avoiding them: we go into another apartment. Still, in the present case, I did not go into another apartment; I finished "Friendship" and received from it an impression as vivid as disagreeable. *C'est le ton qui fait la musique*, and this story, notwithstanding its eternity of repetitions, appeared to me told in a querulous, railing voice which robbed it of charm. But it evinces a most undeniable improvement in method. The sentences are terser and crisper than in those other adolescent novels, and the syntax is no longer straggling and hazardous. Of a certain redundancy Ouida has never wholly rid herself. The effort to do so is manifest in her later books, but it still remains a weakness with her to tell us the same thing a number of times and with only a comparative alteration of phraseology. Still, no one—not even Balzac himself—has a more succinct, dry, poignant way of putting epigram. It seems to me that she is without humor; her fun inevitably stings as wit alone can do; that soft phosphorescent play of geniality which would try to set its reflex gleam in the stony gaze of a gorgon, appears quite unknown to her. She has been wise, too, in not cultivating humor, for it is something which must fall upon a writer from heaven: he might as well try and train himself into having blue eyes instead of black. But Ouida has trained many of her qualities, and the self-search with which she has done so has betokened the most scourge-like rigors. The novelist in her is to me all a matter of talent vigilantly guarded and nurtured; the poetic part of her—the part to which we are indebted for three supreme achievements—could not have helped delivering its beautiful message. Afterward Ouida remembered that she was somebody quite outside of what one would call a genius,—that she was a woman of enormously versatile information, and that the possibility of her writing novels which would excite a great deal of public attention could scarcely be overestimated. Beyond doubt she had now reached a state of dexterity as regarded mere craftsmanship which thoroughly eclipsed the crudity of former times. But just as she had been raw and experimental in a way quite her own, so was she now adroit, self-restrained, and professional with a similar freshness.

"Moths" came next, and was a book sought and commented upon, admired and execrated, from St. Petersburg to San Francisco. Of all her novels, this is perhaps the one which has brought her the greatest number of readers in what may be set down as the third period of her singular celebrity. It is filled with the most drastic interest for even the most jaded and *ennuyé* examiner. The story is the perfection of

entertainment, of diversion. Its sarcastic scorn of fashionable frailties and flippancies even surpasses that which made "Friendship" notorious. Social life among the most aristocratic people of Europe is drawn so sumptuously and prismatically that without ever having enjoyed the honor of dining or supping with princes and duchesses, we still own to a secret revolt against the verisimilitude of their recorded pastimes and dissipations. In "Moths," as in all her purely fictional and unpoetic work, Ouida gives us the belief that she is flying her kite entirely too high, that she is too greatly enamoured of the rank and titles of her dukes and earls, that the European *beau monde*, as an idea, has too bewilderingly intoxicated her fancy. As Balzac delighted in letting us know the exact number of francs per annum possessed by almost every member of his *Comédie Humaine*, so Ouida loves to tell us of her grandees' castles and palaces, of their *fêtes* and *musicales*, of their steam yachts and their four-in-hands, of their "private physicians" (it is rarely one simple physician with her), of their multitudinous retainers and servants. Her heroines go to their apartments to dress, and in so doing give themselves up to their "women;" it is seldom that any one of them is humbly enough placed to have merely a single *femme de chambre*. All the horses are blooded animals, all the jewels priceless, all the repasts miracles of gastronomy, all the ladies' toilets royally costly. Saloons and boudoirs and bedchambers are adorned with wonders of modern art, on canvas or in marble, in tapestry or bric-à-brac, in panellings or frescos. Nearly every new book that she writes is a sort of *édition de luxe* of itself. I am by no means sure that she does not smile at the dazzling glories which she evokes, while continuing to spread them before us with a secret conviction that they will allure hundreds and even thousands, though they repel tens and twenties, of those whom they confront. What to many refined observers may have seemed a streak of trivial childishness in her may be, after all, a shrewder cleverness than these accredit her with. For Ouida is superlatively clever; indeed, it may be added by those whom none of her sham glitterings have blinded to the genuineness of her actual gold, that she is lamentably clever. Had she thought less of a certain transient applause which writers incomparably beneath her may win, she might much sooner have attained that firm fame during her lifetime which her death alone will now create. In "Moths" the cleverness to which I have alluded is everywhere apparent. She has made it a story that the shop-girl or the dry-goods clerk may read with thrills and tears. Vera's horrible misfortune in having been sold by her mother to the brutish Russian prince admits of no misinterpretation. The vast command of wealth and the lofty station which now follow for

the dreamy and statuesque heroine are skilfully blended with her love for the brilliant marquis-tenor Corrèze and the distressing captivity of her jewelled chains. There is a strong suggestion of the "penny dreadfuls" in the whole *entourage* of the tale, with Vera's anguished heart beating under robes of velvet and her tortured brain throbbing under coronets of gems. But it is immeasurably above the vulgarity of those gaudy and often mawkish serials. Its pathos is intense, and its continuous intervals of pure poetry undeniable. It is dramatic, too, in the very strictest sense, and its adaptation for the English stage was naturally to be expected. As for what the moralists would call its "lesson," I should affirm that to be exempt from the least chance of misconstruction. Like all these later stories of Ouida's, "Moths" has been denounced as grossly unwholesome for young minds. I do not know about young minds gaining benefit from its perusal; I should imagine that, like many things which minors do not understand, its effect upon them might be harmful, and even noxious. So is the effect of rich dishes and indigestible fruit upon young stomachs, while stronger gastric juices sustain no hurt from their consumption. It is time that this outcry against what is evil in literature for young minds should be silenced by a sensible consideration of how potent or impotent are the defences reared by educators and guardians. It would surely be unwise to cut down all the apple-orchards because in those days which precede autumn's due ripeness multitudes of foraging children have brought on themselves avoidable colics. If the colics sleep in the undeveloped apples, and mischievous little Adams and Eves *will* taste thereof, a stout wall and an ill-tempered dog behind it are the only trustworthy preventives against their temerity. To claim that Ouida's works are not healthful reading for those whose youth makes the mere mention of evil and vice deleterious because in all their bad meanings unexplainable, is to claim, I think, that any author may be misunderstood provided the mentality of his public is sufficiently meagre for his miscomprehension. The decried "immorality" of Ouida I have never at all been able to perceive. I ignore the question of her immoral purport in the prose-poems heretofore treated. There such a discussion wears colors of absurdity; it is almost as if some one should assure me that Milton's Satan was a matter of shame to his portrayer. But with regard to all Ouida's novels of what I have called her third period, the accusation (and it is a very wide accusation) becomes at least worthy of attention. Ouida has no hesitation in referring to relations between the sexes which common conventionality has reprobated and condemned. A great deal of her more modern work deals frankly with this theme. Sometimes it is dealt with in

tones and terms of a most scathing irony ; again it is handled with mixed disdain and ridicule ; and still again it is openly grieved over and deplored. But I fail to find a single instance of the vileness of adultery being either condoned or alleviated. To choose an uncanny subject is very different from handling that subject with the grosser motive of extenuating what is base in it. I should assert that Ouida never—absolutely never—does the latter. There are one or two scenes in “Moths” which have a shocking nudity of candor. But they are never dwelt upon for the purpose of pandering to any despicable taste in the reader. They form a link in the dolorous chain-work of the heroine’s ills, and they are introduced for the purpose of rendering her final step of rebellion against the world’s legally imposed pressure more pardonably consistent with the whole scheme of her unsolicited mishaps. While revealing what she believes to be low and contemptible in society of to-day, Ouida employs merely the weapons which Juvenal himself made use of. She is never sympathetic with wrong-doing, any more than the Latin poet was in fulminating against Roman decadence. Witness, as an example of this impersonal sincerity, her unsparing denunciations hurled at such characters as Lady Joan in “Friendship” and Lady Dolly in “Moths.” How cordially she seems to detest the artificiality of every *mauvais sujet* she describes ! She lays bare alike the sordid and the sensual aim ; she pierces with her shafts of wit and hate the adventurer, the hypocrite, the scandal-monger, the titled voluptuary, the mendacious and guileful male flirt, the modest-visaged and still more deceptive *intrigante*. But there is no revelation through all her *danse macabre* of ill-behaved people which may even faintly indicate that she is in any way sympathetic with their indiscreet or reckless caperings. For those who shout Ouida down as abominable because she chooses to touch the abominable, I have no answer. All that point of view merely involves the question of whether the abominable can be touched or not in literature, provided it is so approached and so grasped that the author makes its mirk and stain seem nothing but the soilure and grossness which they really are. I am acquainted with several American men of letters who have told me that they deeply regret the broad public distaste against so-called “indecency” in novel-writing. These men have already written novels of merit and force, but they greatly desire to write novels which may express the full scope and depth of life as they see and feel it. They declare themselves, however, debarred from such performance by the stringent edicts of their publishers and editors. It seems to me that Ouida has quietly contemned the inclinations of her publishers and editors. She has chosen to tell the whole truth,—not as Zola tells it,

but as George Sand (whom she resembles in one way as much as she resembles Victor Hugo in another) always chose uncompromisingly to tell it. Her gorgeousness of surrounding has made her perfectly pure and reformatory motive dim to those who cannot eliminate from the scum and reek of a stagnant pool the iridescence filmed there. Ouida has seen the rainbow colors close-clinging to such malodorous torpor in human society, and she has striven to report of them as faithfully as of the brackish waters below. But she has intensified their baleful tints. She has made the ermine that wraps her sinful potentates too white and the black spots which indent this ermine too inky. She is and has always been incapable of saying to her muse what Mr. Lowell says in his profound and strangely unappreciated poem, "The Cathedral:"

"Oh, more than half-way turn that Grecian front
Upon me, while with half-rebuke I spell,
On the plain fillet that confines thy hair
In conscious bounds of seeming unconstraint,
The *Naught in overplus*, thy race's badge!"

No; Ouida determinedly delights in overplus, and when one thinks of her muse at all it is of a harried and overtaxed muse, with feverish imprecations against the wear and tear to which divinity has been heartlessly subjected. When I turn toward the novels which have succeeded "*Moths*," I am constrained to declare Ouida a writer more fertile in expedients for disillusioning her most loyal adherents than any other known through the past centuries as one deserving the name of a genius. She is so incontestably a genius, however, that she can go on committing her excesses without alienating her leal devotees. She is like some monarch confident of his subjects' worship while he crowns himself with roses and quaffs wine from gold beakers to the detriment and discontent of throngs waiting at his gates. There are no throngs waiting at Ouida's gates, however; or rather the throngs are her entranced readers, and not by any means those fastidious about the requirements of true royalty. But a few, knowing her grand mind, regret the self-forgetfulness to which it has stooped.

"In Maremma" startled these few, as if it were a pledge of permanent return among the classic idealisms which have made this author's best right to assert herself one of the greatest figures in contemporary literature. And "*In Maremma*" is a tale of matchless grace and sweetness. We marvel as we read of the Italian girl who went and dwelt in the Etruscan tomb, loving the dead whom she found buried there, and finally meeting in it, by a most terrible satire of circumstances, him who dealt her a death-wound of passion,—we marvel, I say, as we

read of this delicious, free-souled, innocent kinswoman to Folle-Farine and Ariadne, how any human brain could be so multiplex and many-shaded as that of Ouida. What gulfs of difference separate this new heroine of hers from the world-encompassed and society-beset beings whom she has so recently pictured! And yet for a time the novelist has dropped her microscope (often so foolishly misemployed) and the poet has resumed her neglected lyre. The old notes are still struck with dulcet harmony. "In Maremma" is Ouida again at her loftiest and most authentic. She shows in it her old impetuous desire to feel with and for the persecuted and maltreated of the earth. I cannot explain why it should not be ranked with the three great masterpieces to which I have already made such enthusiastic reference. Perhaps it should be so ranked. If there is any excuse for depriving it of a place on this exquisite list, that excuse must be found in its more earthy *raison d'être* when compared with the almost ethereal spirituality of the other books.

"Wanda," "Princess Napraxine," and "Othmar," coming afterward with a speed of succession that showed the most earnest industry, have given proof of their author's second return to at least relative realism. But "Wanda" is a romance of inexpressible grace and force. It is the purest romance: to speak of it as highly colored is like calling a particularly rich sunset overfraught with glows and tints. Judging it by the modern methods of the "naturalistic" school is to pronounce it a monstrosity of art. But a great many of the elder Dumas' works would suffer in a like way if so considered, and nearly every prose line of Hugo's would fall under the same ban of disfavor. "Wanda" is a great romantic story. Its mode of telling is one protracted intensity. Its fires burn with a raging and heavy-odored flame. But they spring forth, for all that, with no ungoverned madness. They are kindled by a hand desirous of their heat and curl, but avoidant of their reckless outflow. It is very easy to denounce such a tale as vulgar. In these final years of our dying century all literary fierceness and eagerness of this kind are so denounced. If romanticism is to fade away forever, this volcanic bit of sensationalism is undoubtedly doomed. But its sensationalism is of the sort we think of when we remind ourselves of "Monte Cristo" and "Le Juif Errant." The haughty Austrian countess, with her prestige of stainless pedigree and her imperial self-esteem,—the Russian serf who has concealed his disgraceful birth under a stolen title,—the Hungarian nobleman of almost kingly rank and unblemished honor, who contemptuously lays bare the shameful brand of imposture in his rival,—the ancestral castle in the Tyrol, with its obeisant swarms of vassals and its regal household admin-

istration,—all these are the old materials and manœuvres of “Strathmore” and “Idalia,” but presented with tenfold more adroitness and *savoir-faire*. The secret of reading “Wanda” with the keenest relish for its exuberant ardors must lie in complete forgetfulness of life as it is and pious acceptance of life as it might be. But this is the test by which nearly all romance is tried. I have no space to treat at length of “Princess Napraxine” and its sequel “Othmar;” but if space were broadly allowed me I could state of them no more and no less than I have already stated of “Wanda.” Princess Napraxine herself is a silly and patience-taxing person. Ouida’s enemies must have exulted in her as “immoral,” which she indeed truly would be were she not so transparently *légère*. The chief pity is that so fine a fellow as Othmar should have done anything except disdain her. But both these two last novels teem with pages of description, reflection, tenderness, sweetness, and pathos which make the fact doubly sad that Princess Napraxine (a pedant, a prig, and a strutting combination of silliness and bad manners) should ever have been summoned to blot and mar them by her paltry charlatanisms.

The isolated position held by Ouida in an age when principles and theories essentially opposite to her own have seemingly captured the world of letters, would of itself point to endowments both rare and sturdy. That she has pushed her way into renown against obstacles which were often all the more stubborn because they were of her own rearing, is a matter for serious inquiry and reflection; but that she should have forced from certain able contemporaries who originally satirized and flouted her, the respect and homage which we pay to transcendent competency, is a still more significant truth. It means that Ouida must mount to her place of deserved state in spite of faults which would shape for many another writer stairways with a wholly different direction. But there has seldom been a writer whose virtues and vices were so inextricably blended. For example, the very people in her stories of fashionable society who conduct themselves with the least lucid common sense perpetually spice their repartees and railleries with a most engaging wit. We may not sympathize with what they say, but we are keenly amused by their modes of saying it. Disraeli, whom I believe Ouida sincerely admires as a novelist, possesses all her love for palatial filigree and porphyry; yet he has nothing of her sprightliness, crispness, and *verve* when telling us of the bores, the simpletons, and the few passably bright people who make up “society.”

In more than a single way Ouida is behind her time,—a time over whose rather barren-looking levels of analysis and formulation she flings the one large light of romance now visible. In this latter respect

she is, indeed, a kind of glorious anachronism, but from another standpoint her grooves of thought appear painfully narrow. Occasionally she airs a contempt for her own sex which makes us wish that with all her learning she knew a little more of the dispassionate repose taught by science and of its hardy feuds against *a priori* assumptions. Ouida has made declarations about womankind which cause us to wonder how she can possibly have been so unfortunate in her feminine friends, with the thousands of chaste and lovable women now to be met inside the limits of civilization. The *mauvaise langue*, when turned against womanhood, is nowadays classed among effete frivolities. What we forgave at the beginning of the century on this head we now simply dismiss as beneath anything like grave heed. The day has passed when such Byronics of misogyny, however gilt with flashing sarcasms, will either delude or solace. We leave "sneers at the sex" to the idleness of otherwise unemployed club-loungers, whose growls are innocuous. Still, in justice to Ouida, I should deny that her hatred of women ever reached anything like an offensive boiling-point except in the early novel "Puck," which has probably done as much to feed the spleen of her enemies as any work to which she has given her name. In subsequent novels she has created many women of great sweetness and high-mindedness, as Étoile in "Friendship," Vera in "Moths," Wanda in the story of that title, Yseult in "Princess Napraxine," and Damaris in "Othmar." Perhaps a depraved and sinful woman is more execrable than a man of the same perverted traits. This is a question open to debate, though Ouida somehow suggests an opposite judgment. It is true that the majority of her very bad people are not men, though she is capable, at a pinch, of some darkly Mephistophelian types.

On the other hand, her love for the helpless and the unfriended, her profound charity toward the down-trodden and destitute and neglected among humanity, is one of the several bonds between her own genius and that of Hugo,—a poet whom she resembles more than I have availed myself of opportunity to indicate.

But I do not claim that these words about Ouida—though I have called them "the truth," and though, as regards my own most sincere faith and equally sincere unfaith, I so insist upon calling them—are in any degree a satisfactory criticism. How this woman's littleness dies into a shadow beside her imaginative greatness, a real critic will hereafter tell. I have already stated in the pages of this magazine my fixed belief concerning the scientific method which every critic who at all merits the place of one should infallibly use. For myself, I wish to be thought no more than that purveyor of opinions whom I have previously sentenced with some emphasis. I simply print what I think

and believe about Ouida, and I have declared it to be "the truth" only as I see and realize truth. If it be falsehood I shall welcome with gladness any actual critic who so proves it. But to satisfy me of my own errors he must not by any means deport himself in the same arbitrary and downright fashion as I have done. He must bear in mind that if he desires to convince me of my one-sidedness he must not oppose it with *dicta* as unfoundedly hypothetical as my own. He must not be a man who profusely deals, as I do, in unverified declarations. He must logically elucidate to me where I am wrong and why I am right. It occurs to me, with that vanity of all essayists who temporarily have the field quite to themselves, that I am more often right than wrong. But if I am conclusively proved more often wrong than right by that system of acute investigation which only the science-bred critic understands, then I shall still feel that I have been of marked service to the writer thus empirically reviewed; for I shall at least have made myself a means of rousing careful and faithful consideration toward a series of imaginative works thus far either unreasonably condemned or irresponsibly lauded. The scientific tone and poise is so prevailing and favorite a one at the present time in works which a few years ago it rarely invaded, that I cannot help asking myself why the critics, who of all living persons are most easily accredited with the scientific tone and poise, should not more fondly and unhesitatingly employ it. They almost universally fail to employ it, however; and on this account the wandering verbiage of their estimates may be said to be as valueless as the announcements which I now pluck up boldness enough to print. But my boldness has a weak fibre or two of cowardice in it, I fear, after all. I should never have presumed to write of Ouida as I have written, had I not prized her compositions, frankly and *de bon cœur*, far more than I blame them. For this reason I have given my favorable views publicity. Ouida is so internationally popular that I am confident of friendly endorsements which will mitigate for me the necessary agony of being anathematized as her defender. There my cowardice stops—in a certainty of helpers and supporters. For the rest, if I am called names because I pay to a reigning genius what I hold as her rightful tribute, my stolid resignation will be equal to any martyr's. I shall endure the odium, certain of its ultimate destruction. Times change, and I think the day is not far distant when Ouida will be amazed at the sovereign fame which she herself has builded through all these years of failure and triumph, of weakness and power. But perhaps she will not be astonished at all, being dead. Or perhaps . . . But I leave that point for the religionists and the agnostics to fight out between themselves. One gets immortality of a

certain kind, now and then, whether *pallida mors* bring to us posthumous beatitude, brimstone or annihilation. And Ouida, I should insist (with deference to the coming scientific critic), has secured this terrene kind of immortality. I don't know whether or not she would rank it as a very precious boon. To judge from a good many passages in her abundant writing, I should be inclined to decide negatively.

Edgar Fawcett.

LATENT.

WITHOUT the garden wall it grows,
 A flowerless tree,
 Wrung by the restless blast that blows
 Across the sea :
 Forgotten of the fickle Spring,
 The scanty leaves droop, withering :
 Scarce would it seem—poor, sapless thing !—
 A rose to be !

Yet must the frail and faded spray
 A rose remain,
 Though bitter, blowing winds to-day
 Its growth restrain.
 Somewhere, however these deny,
 The color and the fragrance lie ;
 Somewhere the perfect flower its dry
 Dull stalks contain !

If in a kindlier soil perchance
 The root should grow,
 Where dews would fall, and sunbeams glance,
 And soft airs flow,
 Fair as the flower the garden shows
 The leaf might spring, the bud uncloze :—
 From out the calyx of a rose
 A rose will blow !

Kate Putnam Osgood.

BED.

BED means one thing to a river and another to a gun-carriage ; a hen has her own unshared notion of it, as a garden has ; it is familiar to copper ore, and to shell-fish, as well as to weary human bones. To the limited and prosaic apprehension of those bones, it suggests a piece of furniture set in a room of a house ; nothing newer, wilder, or more inspiring. The average citizen is not critical as to its possibilities ; his plain nest is as fine and legendary to him as the ground on Parnassus in Phocis, where a man should wake a poet ; or the shepherd-boy's station on Latmos, with Dian every night coming down to kiss his eyelids ; or the cradle of Saint Hilary at Poitiers, where mad folk are laid to sleep, and are said to get up with the sun, sane and respectable as himself, eased of their gorgeous imaginings.

Bed, nevertheless, kind and flawless in behavior though it be, has at some time or other set wicked tongues wagging. A superstition hangs over it, which we must endeavor to disperse,—a saucy, irrelevant vulgarism, which his accomplished uncle once flung in tropes at our friend Mr. Arthur Pendennis : that “as a man makes his bed, so must he lie in it.” Now, the actual gist of this knock-down impertinence is explained more clearly, and in a more elegant manner, by the kindred proverb, “As one sows, so will he reap,” or by any of a dozen phrases put together by some old wiseacre to express the inscrutable law of retribution and the recoil of one's doings upon himself. How this analogy between a man's making his bed and his lying in it came to signify, in English, the personal *lex talionis*, is past finding out. It is all tinkle and tinsel, and no true allegory. Lear's Fool, for one, never could have fathered it. There is a certain trade sense in which a man, if his gifts run that way, is not unlikely to make a bed ; and another, in which the re-arrangement of the rumpled article in question, the supplementary but vital act, becomes the privilege of a chambermaid. For observe that the creative verb of the adage seems to indicate, not the constructive carpenter-work, but merely the repetitious smoothening and shaking, to be accomplished, meanwhile, not by the chambermaid aforesaid, but—diverting fatality !—by the man. Bed-making, under such conditions, is scarcely a pastime native to the masculine mind. Custom hath whimsically set her back against it. Grace and order would be coy to follow on a 'prentice hand. 'Tis ten to one that the strata of coverings shall coincide with no precedent established among

housekeepers, and that the feathery hills where a head should repose sou'-by-west are to be found upheaved at opposite ends of the compass. Still, as Hercules spun, and Achilles played among girls, so their modern brother may attain the art of bed-making, by dint of patience and insuperable attention. But until he be thoroughly broken in, to the third and fourth generation, the odds are yet against his performing that task wilfully, whenever he can possibly avoid it. And if he go not to his work with eager and pertinacious consciousness, whither flies the significance of the valuable saying which celebrates his industry? For that we shall abide by the consequences of our own voluntary acts, is the sagacious lesson intended to be enforced in this insufferable jargon about a man and a bed.

Even supposing that the condemned take pleasure in his new and delicate vocation, that his hand be agreeably dedicated to the eliminating of creases from the mattress, and the chastising of pillows, "non-conductors to the day," that their spirits may rise proportionately, we cannot conceive of any known law by which he is to be forced to recline on the precise scene of his labors; or, if such a law exist, we cannot aver that it will be any sort of punishment to lay his cheek on the clean and comfortable throne which, in his waking hours, he had prepared for it.

Why should he not pass his nights elsewhere, and never once in the bed, which, because he hath dressed it, the wretched saw calleth "his"? Can he not hospitably extend it to a guest or a beggar? Might he not doze in an easy-chair, or knot himself into a sitting posture, like an Indian brave, sleeping warily on the floor of his demesne? or stretch, cat-wise, on a rug, or betake himself to a hammock beneath oaks, or to a piny couch, and "lie *sub dio*, under the canopy of heaven"? How should the man, with so noble a choice, have to do with any bed unless he choose it? Familiarity breedeth contempt. If the man made the bed, and vexed his brain with its blankety rubric, so much the more reason that he should tire of it, and follow his fancy in eschewing it for some unaccursed substitute. The popular fallacy is that he made it, and that he is in it, world without end, for his pains: whereas sober reason affirmeth that not only could he never have made it, under given average circumstances, but that were he confined to it (as an ingenious and vindictory Occidental set-off to the Chinese prisoner who is kept nocturnally on his tottering feet, and forever denied the solace of his couch, till his body die of wakefulness), nothing, not fragrance of Thesalian bays, nor fruit dripping with dews of September, could be so truly benedictory and loving to our man under sentence as the sleep that, be he but a healthy mortal, would surely close upon him, with incalculable gentleness, before he had been a half-hour in his calumniated bed.

A lullaby is potent over us from first to last through our "long infancy." As all nature conspires, from the day of our birth, to kill us, so that it has been no small cause of wonder to philosophers that despite innumerable risks and hazards, thread-hanging swords, burning ploughshares, brinks of precipices, danger on every side, from a breakfast to a battle, we make out to live until we die ; so all that may reach the eye and ear without variegation tends to send us to sleep. A monotone of sound or color, the motion of wheels, the fixedness of a column, "sweet musick, flood-gates, arches, falls of water like London bridge, or some continue noise to benum the senses," can at times cajole the most uneasy into oblivion. There are those, indeed, who need but the knowledge that the sun is at high noon, or that on the spring mid-day grasses it is a pleasant thing to wear the pilfered jewel of the night, to give themselves, docile and drowsy, to the swayings of Mercury's wand.

A school-boy terror wards off a passer-by from the hoariest and comeliest graveyard while stars are marshalled above him ; but no such goblin beliefs brush him by sunlight, when the least importunate of men may fain see what an odd, humorsome, gentle-mannered experiment it is to lie between old graves, and to be sealed with the simile and suggestion of that other sleep which hath endured for centuries without fraying. If a survivor may perk himself into security anywhere, it is among these invisible bedfellows. Nowhere else is it such serene gentility to be alive,—such a ticket of authority, such a feather in one's cap. You are of more moment, in the bleared popular eye, than a promiscuous dozen of sages and heroes under, simply inasmuch as

Ah ! Mæcenas is ywraapt in clay,
And great Augustus long ago is dead.

Or, in a calmer mood, here shall be found temples on whose lintel you may lie in air, and proffer censer-smoke, and make songs of honor and good-will. Choose some very shrine, and make of it the bed on Parnassus, or good Hilary's cradle, and be not loath to rest abjectly and without distrust amid noble ashes. There are beguilements of sleep urged from the cool, willow-shaded acre of ghosts to the wayfarer hot with life : so Theocritus understood it. "Here lies Hipponax the poet," he said, in one of his sweet epitaphs : "if thou art worthless, draw not nigh his tomb ; but if thou art honorable and of fair descent, come ! sit here boldly, and, if thou wilt, slumber."

Light sleep is but fairy-like torment, beautiful oppression, when one still can hear the little smith hammering rhythmically in his breast and day-worries pacing to and fro in their cells overhead. Rest that is sound

is kinder ; but what words can set forth the fastness of a going-to-sleep after hardy exercise, which is like the descent of a diving-bell, slow, weird, darkening, "deeper than did ever plummet sound"? when the journey inconceivable, conscious only for a half-second at its outset, permeates one's being with a sense of absolute delight? when the emergent mind, after long hours, comes, as with a baptismal freshness, to put its naked foot upon the threshold of an unfamiliar world, its revenges outworn, its vexations washed away? and when no philter nor laurel-leaves of pagan credence laid under the pillows shall spare it enough of energy to dream, or, dreaming, shall bid it remember so far as the garish dawn again? Somnus and his servant Morpheus throw open the gates of ivory and of translucent horn, through which wander visions false and true; and Artemidorus, and such as he, may chronicle those confidences of the immortals,—not we: we do but sleep, and take the glory and awe of the sequence, not to prate of them nor cry to outsiders of the feast which our host spreads for us in the central hall of his palace.

We have started suddenly at times into half-wakefulness from the thralldom of sleep, utterly numb to the sensual universe, but alert within, and luxuriating on the singularity of that change. And it is borne into our cloudy brain how the silver keel of our little lonely boat has just grazed the sands of the shallows, blown thither from the channels solemn and vast, and how, ere we recognize it, we shall be sailing, under pilotage, fathoms deep and ever deepening, into the outer seas again. So must it seem to be born, if a child might carry that dim consciousness of the bygone voyage, and of the return, speedy as the swallow's wing or the decay of a rose, to the eternal waters.

Gratuitous persons, moralists and physicians, or gentlemen like Samuel Johnson, who lay abed all his days until noon, and yet preached that no creature could accomplish anything who was not an early riser, have fixed the public prejudice that sleep should be curtailed—that whole, wise, radiant gift of the gods!—to a matter of six or eight hours at most. Tradition sets up San Vito to be invoked against somnolency, with his impudent cock a-crowing as soon as the crazy day breaks,—ay, and often before the sun bestirs himself. Far more virtuous is it to take the report on faith that at some blinking hour or other the fiery celestial annoys the comfortable continent with his importunate rays; for ourselves, we are not at home to him. We know that the later we cling to bed the less mischief we shall wreak on the twelve accusatory hours, and the younger we shall be when our time comes to reckoning fourscore. We would always roll in empery and felicity a little longer, and compose our godly eyelids once again to the

consideration of the charms of sleep, who untangles our problems and does so much of our melancholizing for us, and carves unbid on a sonnet, so that it is popped, cunningly wrought, under our astonished thumb next morning; to think over all these agreeable things, wish that they may not be denied to our neighbor, and take time to work ourself into a fitting and ripe gratitude for such ample favor; to syllable piously lines which Sidney writ and our childhood learned :

Sleep, O sleep, the certain knot of peace,
The baiting-place of wit, the balm of woe !

and to breathe, for that also is down in the ritual, a rueful sigh of greeting to the patronal band, Marcian, Malchus, Maximin, Dionysius, John, Serapion, Constantine, who lay in the Cœlian "cave one hundred and ninety-six years of sleep, to leave us now but the pittance of one giuggerly night, and drank so ungenerously of the divine draught that we must needs wake at every matin-chime of sheer expectancy and with lips athirst, like a cheated guest who watches the brimming loving-cup down the great table and finds it at last hollow as last year's nest.

One is sensitively himself on the border-land of repose. The pick of a lifetime is in these moments of semi-resurrection, when as yet we are under no conviction that to get up is dignified or humane, and when thoughts many and potent, bathed in the near rainbow-hue of dreams, as no afternoon-fancies can be, entertain the languid intelligence. Superb alchemy ! Then unsuspecting capabilities burgeon ; heroics are child's play. We have moved the world in sublime generalship, detail by detail, riddled the stars, caught the leviathan, winnowed a lordly library out of the wastes of printerdom, shut all Pandora's evils fast in their box again,—in bed. It happened once, in winter, that we rose to the surface of activity with the victorious, brotherly memory of Nelson upbearing us, how, whence, or why no man may guess, and so on to that day's warfare, in perfect integrity of heart.

Often is it our fortune that some compelling, stinging splendor lays hold all too early of our befogged body and shakes it in a flash out of profoundest apathy ; something so fine that it seems, were it not for that, we should sleep unchallenged for an arctic season ; something that posts us on our feet excitedly, as if the whole weal of this world depended on our special nerve and invention. No delicious speculation and philosophizing after that. The royalty which is ourself may turn on its side and doze if the usual hodden valet knock at the portal and go, believing us acquiescent ; but when a king from far away blusters, booted and spurred, into the chamber, and slaps his gauntlet

down on the counterpane in defiance of us, and plucks us rashly by the beard, why, there is no choice but to be up in our very night-gear and have at him.

Is it not due to the good bed which shelters us that we should venture on a little biquotidianal canticle of its friendship and service, salute it with deference as the ever-probable theatre of birth and death, of last confidences, loves renewed, pardons accorded ; as the actual theatre, indeed, of our own tremendous boldness in nightly committing ourselves under God to a mystery, a treachery, a who-knows-what of resignation and helpless enchainment ? To its four posts we pay homage as to the gates of the exquisite under-world. Every sleep there is an Arabian transportation, where the soul, mute, veiled, and unrevealing, finds its way to the eldest Eden, and keeps so well the secret of the path that its own oblivious feet must be taught anew each eventide ; and so ranges, always happily guided, always forgetful, until the ties are snapped between it and the flesh, and the flesh itself grows vacant of beauty, and the truant owner,

Leaving door and windows wide,

comes home not any more from his land of wonder.

Louise Imogen Guiney.

MY UNKNOWN FRIEND.

I CANNOT tell the country where thou art,
 Or where, on height, or vale, or ocean's brink,
 Thy home doth stand : content with this frail link
 I dwell, until I know thee, noble heart,—
 That the same golden sun that strikes athwart
 My threshold doth from your bright casement sink ;
 Night's crescent and pale star of morn, I think,
 Are warders where we dream, though leagues apart !

To show thee wild wood-road and tangled slope,
 The plumèd elms, the hill-top's dazzling reach,
 The lingering stream and lane where lovers stray,
 To hear thee match dear thoughts and rival hope
 Of mine, and thine own plans and phrases teach,
 Will please me—on some long, uncalendared day.

F. D. Stickney.

LIFE FOR LIFE.

THE town of Vardøe in Norway is situated on an island within the Polar Circle, where there is winter during nine months of the year and chilly weather during the remaining three. Still, Jetmund Tangen had no quarrel with Fate for having deposited him in such a fierce and barren corner of the earth. He had received the cold gust from the Pole full in the face, the moment he was born; and he went through life, as it were, facing it in the same uncompromising manner. He had braced himself for the fight; and he stood like a rock. Nature had meant him for a kindly man, no doubt; but the cold, somehow, shut him up, and made him stern and silent. Only toward his son Paul did he exhibit his gentler side. For Paul was a miserable little weakling, whose feeble life flickered like a flame that was about to go out. He sat in his bed, propped up in pillows, sometimes reading, sometimes dreamily gazing at pictures cut from cigar-boxes or advertisements of groceries. The sovereigns of Europe, drinking with ecstatic expressions a certain brand of chocolate, or the black-eyed Cuban señoritas with their arch smiles and beau-catchers, kindled his imagination with visions of beauty and splendor. He wandered through palm-groves in sweet converse with these fascinating damsels, and reposed with them upon green hills overlooking the dimpling summer seas. Now it was the dancing *La Tarantella* who rejoiced in his favor (for Paul did not doubt that the names were authentic); then came, the next week, *Donna Casilda* and cut her out; and a week later it might be *Flor de Habana* to whom he awarded the palm of loveliness. She had, as her sweet serious eyes showed, a nobler character than the coquettish *Donna Casilda*; and as for *La Tarantella*, Paul felt quite ashamed to think that he had allowed himself to be taken in by her coarse and superficial charms.

Thus passed the days and nights of the invalid's life. For he waked and slept as Nature prompted, and kept no account of time. The dim lamp burned always on the table before his bed; and outside the storm and the darkness reigned. The house creaked in all its joints, like a ship in a gale; or, on still days, the walls cracked and snapped from the cold; but Paul and his lovely señoritas revelled in glorious sunshine and played ball with golden oranges, while the groves resounded with their laughter. Only when his father or his brother Narve came from the store to trim the lamp for him and to give him a little pat on the head was he reminded of the grim reality. For Jet-

mund always left behind him an atmosphere of tarred ropes, plug tobacco, and salted cod, which put the señoritas to flight. Narve's visits were less unwelcome; because he smelled merely of fish, and he brought, at least once or twice a week, a new picture. Sometimes it was a stout gentleman who had gone mad with delight over a piece of soap (though he seemed to have no special need of it), or a middle-aged lady who had discovered that the secret of happiness consisted in the possession of a bottle of quack medicine. These were welcome, by way of variety, when the supply of señoritas ran short, for they suggested all manner of speculations as to the character and previous history of people who could go into rapture at so singular a provocation.

When the brief summer blazed up on the horizon and the whole island was covered with innumerable wild flowers, there came a change in Paul's life. He was then every Sunday wrapped up carefully and carried in his brother's mighty arms down to the beach, where a boat lay ready to receive them. And all day long and far into the golden night they would float idly about on the shining mirror of the sea, under the cloudless sky, among the screaming hosts of sea-birds. The enormous icebergs, glittering like fairy palaces in the red rays of the midnight sun, drifted past them, carrying their freight of seal and walrus and occasionally a polar bear, all unconscious of their destination and even of the fact that they were travelling. Paul, lying with half-closed eyes in the stern of the boat, took little note of these things: the clouds that sailed above him, changing in the glow of the sun into all sorts of fantastic shapes, interested him far more; for he saw in them faces and forms of wondrous beauty pursued by threatening monsters of appalling ugliness. The pure air did him good, and the gentle motion soothed him. He broke out in querulous protest when, long after midnight, Narve put up his oars and sprang forward to ward off the bump against the pier. He would have liked to drift on thus forever.

The older brother, on such occasions, was received with harsh rebukes on their arrival home. He had been accustomed to harsh words from his father as long as he could remember. Though he was a kind-hearted and capable lad, Jetmund seemed to cherish a deep-seated grudge against him. By some obscure process of reasoning he seemed to hold the older brother responsible for the younger's feebleness. He, coming first, had appropriated more than his share of strength, leaving nothing for the poor little fellow who came after him. Jetmund never uttered these sentiments in words, but, absurd as they were, they nevertheless colored his whole relation to Narve; and the boy, who had stoically accepted this relation as something inevitable, expended, like

the father himself, whatever love there was in his heart upon the invalid brother. He never smelt Jetmund's composite odor from afar without making haste to vanish. As he grew to manhood, however, he began to feel ashamed of his dislike of his father's society, and compelled himself to stand when he would have liked to run. He even consented to take his place behind the counter in the store in order to save the hire of a clerk, which Jetmund could ill afford to pay. But it seemed to him a miserable life; he chafed under it like a polar bear shut up in a cage; for Narve was essentially an out-of-door character. He was of large frame, powerfully built, and weather-beaten like a whaler. From his earliest years he had known no restraint upon his liberty, but had ranged freely over land and sea as his fancy prompted. He felt at home in the icy blast; amid the screaming host of sea-birds that swept in the wake of the fishing-fleet; among seal and walrus upon the drifting ice-floes. He was a polar type. Generations of life within the Arctic zone had made him what he was,—every phase of his mental and physical being adapted to grapple with the hard conditions of Arctic existence. Imagine, then, what a martyrdom the daily confinement in a little low-ceiled and malodorous store must have been to such a nature. And yet it was fortunate that he accepted the yoke, heavy though it was. For one day, without a moment's warning, his father was stricken down by apoplexy, in the sea-booth, and fell in a heap of fish, dying.

"Take care—of the little one, Narve," he gasped, with his expiring breath; "take care—of the—little one."

Paul, strange to say, took his father's death quite calmly,—perhaps because he had not vitality enough to feel anything keenly,—while Narve wept as if his heart would break. The fact that his relations with his father had not been of the best seemed to make his loss only the harder to bear. In the half-stunned condition in which the calamity had left him, the discovery which he soon made, that his father had died bankrupt, had scarcely the power to impress him at all. His first thought was that he might now escape from the irksome routine of the store. The wide world stretched out before him, and he might now at last follow his inclinations and roam to his heart's content. He knew the haunts of the whale better than any man in Vardøe; and he had also made an invention—a gun for firing harpoons at long range—from which he expected in time to realize a fortune. The only thing needed to perfect the details was practical experiment. This a voyage in a whaler would easily afford him; and then the road to prosperity and happiness was plain sailing. There was but one drawback to this beautiful plan. He could not take Paul with him on a

whaling-expedition ; nor had he the heart to leave him behind. He thought and he thought, until his brow was a net-work of wrinkles ; but all expedients that suggested themselves seemed cruel. And so the end of it was that, with a heavy heart, he resumed his place behind the counter, as clerk to his father's successor, Mr. A. Grundt, and the beautiful dream vanished in smoke.

Paul was far from suspecting the sacrifice which his brother had made for him. He lived in a world of his own imagining ; and as long as he was free from pain and new señoritas with new and fascinating names kept him company, he allowed no other earthly concern to disturb him. Only when winter came and his poor emaciated body was wrenched with pain did he lose his patience and become fretful and exacting. Narve saw him fade away, day by day and week by week ; and, strive as he might, he could not chase away the thought that when these two weary eyes should be closed forever, then he would be free to live his own life and start in quest of his own happiness. But in the next moment he would remember his promise to his father to care for him ; his love for his brother would awake with renewed warmth, and he would suffer an agony of remorse, because he had for one moment harbored the wicked thought. One night, as he was sitting at Paul's bedside, doing penance for his yearning for liberty, his eyes fell upon the picture of the lady who was exulting in the virtues of Brown's Panacea. A pang nestled at his heart, as he thought that neither he nor his father, with all their love for Paul, had consulted a physician in regard to his ailment. They had looked upon it rather as a heaven-sent calamity,—something that was meant to be, and, as such, beyond the reach of earthly aid.

An overwhelming sense of tenderness for the invalid took possession of Narve.

"You have no one in the world but me, you poor boy," he said, as he let his large, cool hand glide over Paul's hot forehead and cheeks. "I will be faithful, faithful, faithful," he added, in a whisper, to himself, "faithful unto the end."

The next day, rather to pacify his conscience than because he hoped for any result, he called upon the resident physician and begged him to visit his brother. Paul submitted fretfully to being tapped on the back and having the various functions of his body tested by scientific appliances. When the examination was at an end, Narve stood waiting outside with an anxious face.

"He needs the one thing which you cannot give him," said the doctor,—“a temperate climate. He has no constitution to grapple with the perpetual winter of the North Pole.”

"And will he then die?" cried Narve, in an agony of conflicting emotions.

"He may survive another winter. He will not survive two."

II.

The great blue burnished shield of the Polar Sea, the flaming sheen of the midnight sun, the shrieking storm of sea-birds whirling about the lonely crags, the huge whales blowing and spouting against the sky, the great fishing-fleet, with expanded sails, flying northward, and returning laden to the rim,—this is the North, the beloved North! So it presented itself, at least, to Narve's mind, as he regretfully thought of the possibility of leaving it. It was to him the most favored, the most beautiful land under the sun. But it had not a temperate climate. At least he inferred from the doctor's words that it had not. He wrestled mightily with the Lord in prayer, begging for light and guidance, and hoping that some escape might be found from the cruel duty. But each time the duty seemed plainer, more inexorable. His brother's life was in his hand. Should he refuse to save it? Had he not promised his father to shield and protect it? Could he ever hope for peace upon the earth, if he had to step over Paul's dead body to reach his liberty? Could he buy happiness by his brother's death? These importunate questions haunted Narve by day and by night. He could no longer, as of old, shirk the answer by saying that if it was the Lord's will that Paul should live, He would save him wherever he was. He had a tender conscience, this great blue-eyed giant, and its wakeful voice kept whispering in the dark, through the long vigils of the night. When at last the fateful resolution was taken, Narve braced himself to lift his burden, and wavered no longer. He would bend all his energies now to gathering money enough to take Paul to a temperate climate. The eight dollars a month, which he received for his services in the store, were all expended to provide the invalid with the necessities of life; and some extra source of income had, therefore, to be provided. Happily, Narve had some knowledge of taxidermy, and, as English tourists paid good prices for stuffed specimens of Arctic birds and beasts, he hoped within a year to save the hundred dollars which would be needed for the journey. Long before the break of dawn, he was seen roaming, with his gun on his shoulder, over the lonely cliffs or visiting the islands where the birds were wont to brood; and every time he returned laden with booty. It did not occur to Paul, who watched with languid interest his brother's midnight toil, flaying eider-ducks and auks and cormorants, that it was his own life which was at stake in these operations. But from Narve's mind this reflection was never

absent. It sustained him when he was discouraged, gave him strength when he was weary, kept his drooping eyes open when they were heavy with sleep. Dollar was added to dollar, and slowly the little board grew, until, by the end of a year, it counted fifty-six. But that was forty-four less than was required. And, in the mean while, the second winter would be coming on, which the doctor had said Paul could not survive. For the first time, he gained no strength during the summer; and with the first cold days in September he failed so rapidly that it seemed sometimes a question of hours, when he would breathe his last.

Narve, to whom his task had become dearer, the nearer it seemed to success, was in despair. He tried to borrow the sum he needed from his employer, but met with a gruff refusal. He invented a dozen ingenious plans, but they all required time, and had therefore to be abandoned. Every time he could find a pretext for leaving the store, he rushed over to his brother's room, and stood wringing his hands in helpless grief, while gazing at the sallow and withered features, in which a spark of life seemed scarcely to be lingering. He walked about as in a trance, attending mechanically to his duties, but hardly knowing what he did, always pursued by the dread that, when he returned, he might find his brother dead.

It so happened that, after a day spent in a torture of apprehension, Narve was sent by his employer on board an English schooner which was buying fresh salmon to be taken to London in refrigerators. There was much commotion on board because one of the sailors had just been killed by a fall from the rigging. The captain was anxious to sail, but did not dare to put to sea with less than the legal number of men. Observing Narve's sailor-like appearance, he offered him on the spur of the moment two pounds and free passage home again, if he would go with him.

"I sha'n't want the passage back," said Narve; "but if you'll allow me, instead, to take my brother along, who is ill, I am your man."

"All right," said the captain.

And so it was settled. Narve felt as if his body were an imponderable quantity, as he tumbled down into the boat, rowed ashore, and with feverish anxiety hastened to Paul's room. Ah, there he lay, his mouth pinched, as if in death, his cheeks hollow, his eyes listlessly closed. Narve stood for a moment paralyzed with dread. He bounded across the floor and grasped his brother's hand. God be praised, there was yet life in it.

"Brother," he cried, exultingly, "we are going."

There came a spark of consciousness into the invalid's half-quenched eyes, as he murmured, "Yes—I am going—brother—to God."

“No, child, no! Not to God, but to America.”

Three days later a blond giant, carrying in his arms a limp and apparently lifeless form, made a sensation in the streets of London, and three weeks later he repeated the sensation in the streets of New York.

III.

After a month of futile inquiry, Narve Tangen got a position as clerk with Mr. Tulstrup, a Norwegian merchant who dealt in fish-products which he imported from Norway. Long experience had made Narve a connoisseur in cod-liver and whale oils, and enabled him to detect the slightest adulteration. He thus made himself valuable to his employer and gained a comfortable livelihood. But for all that he was not happy. He felt limp and depressed, and all his former energy seemed to have deserted him. It was only by a violent effort, and by the thought of Paul's dependence upon him, that he could arouse himself to attend to his duties. The terrible uproar of Broadway bewildered and oppressed him, and he yearned with a passionate regret for the silence of the great Arctic solitudes. The dear familiar sights amid which he had grown up haunted his thoughts and made him pine like a child to return to them. But his homeward way seemed forever to be cut off, and he would be obliged to spend his whole life in this strange and bewildering land, amid these alien sights and sounds.

There was but one consolation in these sorrows: Paul was gaining strength. With every day his pleasure in life revived: he began in a cautious way to study English, and Mr. Tulstrup's daughter, Miss Ida, who had become interested in the strange career of the brothers, came every morning and talked with him for a couple of hours. Paul, who in spite of his eighteen years was yet a child in mind, identified her immediately with the noble and lovely Flor de Habana, his favorite among his cigar-box heroines. The jewelled rings on her fingers, the laces and bright ribbons on her dress, the ostrich-feathers on her hat, filled him with wonder and delight. She appeared to him (though she was in no wise extravagantly apparelled) like a figure out of the “Arabian Nights,”—like a heaven-sent realization of the dreams he had dreamed during his long solitude and misery. In Vardøe he had only seen women dressed in wadmal and coarse homespun; and this exquisite creature, with her sweet smile, her silken hair, and her soft hands, seemed scarcely to belong to the same species. If he could only have walked with her through the palm-groves with which his fancy surrounded the city, his cup of happiness would have been full. The gorgeous roses she brought him grew, for aught he knew, on palm-

trees ; and he pictured to himself the magnificence of these enchanted groves, redolent with perfume and ablaze with color.

The summer following their arrival in New York became fateful in the lives of the two brothers. While the heat, which was often intense, brought a daily increase of strength to Paul, it tortured Narve like purgatorial flames. While Paul, assisted by Ida, was taking tentative steps across the floor (for the two had entered into a friendly conspiracy to surprise Narve), the elder brother sat at his desk, mopping the perspiration which dripped in a steady shower from his brow, and feeling dizzy and undone, as if he were wilted and withered in his innermost being. Several times he was on the point of fainting, and only saved himself by grabbing a piece of ice from the water-cooler and pressing it against his temples. It appeared to him that the torture was less unendurable when he moved than when he sat still ; and on a Sunday afternoon in July he found himself strolling through Central Park and pausing idly before the open-air cages of the menagerie. His glance fell upon a polar bear who was swaying from one side to another in a demented fashion, and pawing incessantly the floor of his cage, in which his claws had worn deep grooves. The tears blinded Narve's eyes, as he saw his forlorn compatriot, his comrade in misery.

"You and I are in the same box, old chap," he said, stretching his hand toward the caged beast. "You have gone mad, and, unless God sends help, I shall soon follow suit."

This fancy took sudden root in his mind and rose up like a threatening spectre.

"I shall go mad, I shall go mad," he murmured, as he walked ; and he saw himself struggling in insane fury with a dozen men who were trying to bind him. He doubled his speed, as if to outrun the frightful thought. But the goblin had come to stay : it sat down on his shoulder and whispered shuddering things in his ear. Breathlessly Narve hurried along, heedless of the blazing sun ; people stopped and stared at him, some imagining that he was running from the police, others that he had gone mad. Dizzy, exhausted, and drenched with perspiration, he reached the door of his boarding-house. The horror was yet in his mind ; his blood was surging in his ears and beating with hammer-blows in his temples. And yet the thought of Paul—the dread lest his condition might shock his brother—enabled him to gain control of his whirling fancies : he smoothed his hair awkwardly, and strove to put his features into their accustomed folds. Then with unsteady steps he stalked up the stairs, and opened the door. Merciful God ! He was mad indeed ! There stood Paul in the middle

of the room, beaming with happiness, and stretched out his arms to him. Narve tottered forward; terror again seized him.

"Paul," he cried, despairingly, "Paul—my brother!" and fell prostrate at his feet.

IV.

Narve's illness was long and dangerous. For a week he alternated between a heavy stupor and the wildest delirium. He talked incessantly about the polar bear in the Park, and imagined himself now walking arm in arm with him on the Fifth Avenue, now travelling with him back to his beloved North, now sharing his cage with him in the Park, swaying from side to side and pawing his bed in the same frantic fashion. When Ida Tulstrup came to offer her services, and brought a gorgeous bouquet, Narve hurled her Jacqueminot roses against the wall.

"Take them away—the leprous things!" he shouted: "they smell like a corpse! But kelp—kelp—oh for a bouquet of sea-weed and kelp, with the briny smell of the sea! Give me big black-backs,—black backs rising out of the water,—walrus and whale gambolling among the icebergs! See how they spout! Hurrah! We have got 'em! My harpoon-gun—where is it? There is a fortune in it, old Thore Hering-Luck said,—ten fortunes! Halloo! That's a bouncer! Give it to him! Fire! Turn the swivel! Fire, I say! Good! He got it that time! Next time he comes up we'll give him another 'how do ye do' that'll be the end of him."

In this strain he would rave by the hour. All the suppressed hopes and longings which, out of loyalty to his brother, he had imprisoned in his bosom, now that the bars had been removed, broke loose and rioted. If Paul, as he sat at the bedside, had been less self-absorbed and more lovingly observant, he might have read a heart-rending story in these wild fancies and exclamations. But the heaviest penalty of Paul's life-long invalidism was, perhaps, a certain inability to return love for love and care for care,—a certain obtuseness in regard to the feelings of others. He had never in his life had a single responsibility of his own,—never known or recognized any onerous duty,—never been conscious of an energetic impulse or a generous desire. It is easy to blame him for this; but a low vitality, perpetual helplessness, and the habit of accepting, but never giving,—all induced by his disease,—had formed Paul's character as it was, and he was now too old to make a radical change in it. Thus it came to pass that Narve's illness made no deep impression upon him. He regarded it as a misfortune, but never dreamed of attributing to himself any responsibility for it. It seemed to him, at times, almost a blessing in disguise, as it

brought him into more frequent contact with Ida. During his brother's convalescence he was often invited to ride on the Avenue and through the Park in the Tulstrup carriage, and, although he looked in vain for the palm-groves, he found wonders enough to compensate him for their loss. He soon began cautiously to explore the city on foot, and took a child-like pleasure in everything he saw. Particularly the ladies and the shop-windows were a never-failing source of delight to him. Before long a certain pretence of fashion became visible in his attire; and in an astonishingly short time he acquired the gait and manner of the native dandy. Narve watched this metamorphosis with the melancholy amusement with which a father watches the harmless follies of his child. The question of Paul's future weighed heavily upon him, now that he had discovered that his own strength had its limit. He offered to give him lessons in writing, arithmetic, and book-keeping (reading had so far been Paul's only accomplishment), but was always met with the cheerful rejoinder that there was no particular hurry.

The winter was half gone before Narve was able to resume his position in the office. But even then he was so weak that he had to limit himself, at first, to a few hours' work. By his accurate knowledge of the conditions in the extreme North, and by his unerring interpretation of every commercial symptom, he had been of incalculable service to Mr. Tulstrup and enabled him largely to increase his fortune. The merchant was therefore disposed to be very liberal in his dealings with him; but Narve's uncompromising self-respect scented beforehand every plan for making him a beneficiary, and Mr. Tulstrup's benevolence met with many discouraging rebuffs. Paul, who was informed by Ida of his brother's "ungracious behavior," was quite at a loss to understand him. But he understood him still less after having endeavored to call him to account.

The winter was unusually cold, with two months of alternating snow and frost, and Narve, revelling in the sharp northeasters, felt his health and spirits reviving. The goblin which dwelt in the secret chamber of his soul held its peace, and but rarely showed its hideous countenance. But with the first warm days of spring the ferment of his blood returned. He began again to be haunted by the thought of the polar bear, and, much as he dreaded it, felt irresistibly driven to pay it a visit. It was a warm Sunday in May that he summoned courage for this resolution. He purposely kept his glance averted until he was right before the cage. Then with a jerk he turned his head. The cage was empty. Narve started back with a half-suppressed exclamation. He felt like a man who, calling upon his friend, finds crape on the bell-handle. A mysterious tie seemed to have bound

him to this animal, and a half-superstitious feeling that the same fate would overtake both. He scarcely needed to ask the keeper, who came along presently with a trough full of meat, what had become of the bear. He knew that he was dead.

On his homeward way the Norseman felt as if Death had locked his arm in his and were walking at his side. He shuddered again and again at the blood-curdling fancies which rose from the depth of his soul and with pale and grinning faces pursued him. His goblin was again awake and had summoned a host of relatives to keep it company. Narve knew that these wild phantoms were but symptoms of disease; and he knew, too, that the disorder of his brain was due to his unfitness to cope with the climate. If he could but leave his brother, the remedy would be simple enough. But Paul was, even with his health regained, ignorant and helpless, and utterly unequipped to grapple with the perplexities of life. There was but one way out of the dilemma; and that was to accept a proposition, previously made by Mr. Tulstrup, to become his agent and the head of a branch of his business which he intended to establish in London. The moist and even climate of the British Isles, with no extremes of heat and cold, would preserve the lives of both brothers, and absolve the one from the necessity of sacrificing himself for the other. With this resolution fixed in his mind, Narve returned home, and found his brother stretched out upon the sofa, reading a novel.

"Paul," he said, with a quiver in his voice, "this climate is death to me."

Paul looked up from his book and knocked the ashes from his cigarette with his little finger. "It is life to me," he replied, and went on reading.

Narve began to pace the floor with long strides. Beads of perspiration trickled down over his large, pale face and hung in his tawny beard. After a few minutes he stopped before the sofa where Paul lay. "What would you do, Paul," he asked, solemnly, "if I were dead?"

"Ah, my dear brother," rejoined Paul, impatiently (for his novel was absorbingly interesting), "what is the good of talking of such absurd things? When you are dead, it will be time enough to discuss that."

"I am not joking, Paul. I am in deadly earnest."

"Well, that is just your failing, brother. You are always tormenting yourself with some such unpleasant topic."

"I beg of you, do not joke. I feel death in my heart; and I am much troubled to think what is to become of you. I do not like to remind you that once I saved your life. Now it is your turn to save mine."

Paul dropped his novel and rose into a half-sitting posture. A sudden pallor overspread his countenance : his lips trembled.

"You—you—want to take me back—to the North Pole!" he cried, with sudden terror.

"No, not to the Pole, child," answered Narve, soothingly. "Mr. Tulstrup has offered me a place in England, where both you and I can live without danger to health. I want you to come with me."

Paul listened intently, with fear and suspicion depicted in his features.

"Ah, that is a foxy plan of yours," he exclaimed, jumping up and darting across the floor : "don't you suppose I know how you are pining for your delightful whale-hunts and eider-ducks and fish-smell? If you get me so far, you will soon get me back into the very grip of Death, from which, as you say, you saved me. But I am not such a child as you think. I have friends here, and I have found health and life here, and I am not going away to accommodate anybody."

He had worked himself up into such a passion that he could not keep the tears back ; and, being ashamed of his weakness, he sauntered into the sleeping-room, flung himself on his bed, and buried his face in the pillows. Narve, cut to the quick by his suspicion, stood long listening to his half-choked sobs. All the tenderness which he had felt for him from his earliest years welled up from the depth of his heart ; and, full of repentance for the grief he had caused him, he sat down on the bed, and patiently endured the pettish rebuffs with which his caresses and overtures for peace were received. He reproached himself for having so bluntly stated his proposition, instead of gradually preparing his brother for it ; and he resolved in future to use more discretion. But his recollection of his brother's tears and terror made him reluctant to return to the subject again. It seemed a cowardly thing for him as the stronger (he could never quite realize the thought that he was now the weaker) to inflict pain upon one who, in his father's dying hour, had been commended to his care. And so the days went by, summer advanced, and the opportune moment for reopening the subject never came. The Tulstrups went to the country earlier than usual, and left Paul in desolation. And it required no great acuteness, on Narve's part, to discover that Miss Ida constituted to him the most salubrious element in the American climate. This observation made it seem doubly cruel to insist upon the sacrifice.

It was about the middle of June. The heat had come with a rush and scattered fashionable New York toward all the points of the compass. That part which remained on Manhattan Island was decidedly uncomfortable. Only a few tropical characters luxuriated in the burn-

ing sun. Paul Tangen, airily and daintily clad, was sauntering down Broadway, smoking a cigarette. He was in good spirits, because he had recently discovered a new novelist who pleased him and a new brand of cigarettes which did not give him a headache. In that concentrated bit of New York between Union and Madison Squares there were crowds of people and traffic, as usual, in spite of the heat. Paul felt exhilarated at the sight of it, and allowed himself to be carried along by the current. He found himself presently standing in a dense throng of people before a druggist's window, and he obeyed the general impulse in craning his neck to see what was going on inside.

"What is it?" he asked his neighbor in the crowd.

"Nothing but a sunstroke," was the reply.

"A sunstroke!"

Paul began to feel vaguely uneasy, and elbowed his way to the front. Then, as some one moved aside, he caught a glimpse of a large blonde head, with closed eyes, upon the marble floor. With a cry he sprang forward and flung himself upon his brother's breast.

"Narve, my brother!—oh, my brother!" he wailed, piteously.

Narve half opened his eyes. There was a strange, remote look in them, then a fleeting gleam as of joy.

"I took care of—the little one—father," he murmured, in Norwegian,—*"took—care—of—the little one."*

A convulsive shiver shook his great frame. The doctor who had come with the ambulance stooped and listened to his heart-beat.

"Nothing to be done," he said: "he is dead."

Hjalmar H. Boyesen.

THE SORROW OF THE SEA.

I WALK by the sea and muse
 On the words I have often read:
 "The former things shall have passed away
 When the sea gives up her dead."

And I think since Time was young
 That the voice of the sea in woe
 Has said to the earth, "You claim my dead,
 But I cannot let them go."

William H. Hayne.

PRIZE ESSAY No. 5.

SOCIAL LIFE AT YALE.

THE gray dawn of a winter morning is stealing over the Yale Campus. The great piles of buildings that comprise the college dormitories loom up in the indistinct light like monsters of olden time. The giant elms wave their branches as if seeking to beckon back the summer that is past and gone. The ground is white with the first snow of the season, and paths are being shovelled in every direction over the Campus by the janitors and their assistants. Suddenly from the doorway of one of the dormitories a young man emerges. He is heavily booted, and is clad in a fashionable cape coat and English hunting-cap, with huge fur gloves. He pauses a moment, and then walks rapidly away across the Campus. He is followed soon after by another student, then a third, and in an incredibly short space of time several hundred young men, some of whom are completing their half-finished toilets, are hurrying through the snow in a dozen different directions.

The boys are going to their eating-clubs to get breakfast. As there is no "Memorial Hall" or college dining-room at Yale, the "club system" is maintained by most of the students, rather from necessity than from choice. In each club are some ten or a dozen boon companions, who dwell together in more or less peace and harmony. They are almost literally members of one family. They eat together thrice every day. They very often room in the same entry in college. They spend much of the time in one another's rooms during the day, and frequent the same places of amusement. Few men form closer friendships than those which exist between the members of the average eating-club.

The student, upon reaching his "joint," as the club is called, hurriedly bolts a few mouthfuls of breakfast and swallows a cup of coffee, in the mean time talking over with his table-companions the latest scandal, the prospects of the nine or crew, or the current society gossip. Thus the moments speed by; and finally, with half-appeased appetite (for the Yale man never spends over ten minutes at breakfast), he starts for chapel. In this praiseworthy undertaking he is joined by several hundred other men, some of whom are running in order to reach chapel before the beginning of the services, a failure to accomplish this purpose being attended by "two marks," which the ever-watchful "monitor" inscribes against the name of the delinquent.

The daily services are conducted by the President, who reads a selection from the Scriptures, followed by prayer. There is also singing by the college choir, which is made up of from twenty to thirty voices, and, as a rule, embraces some fine musical talent.

On Sundays the chapel is always crowded. The students occupy the body of the house, and the galleries are filled by the members of the faculty and their families. Here and there may be seen the gayly-attired form of some fashionable beauty, who numbers among her admirers a score or more of the boys below.

At the close of the daily morning service, which is held at ten minutes past eight o'clock, the students gather in the recitation-rooms, where they "rush" or "flunk," according as they have studied the night before or been "out on a lark."

The various methods of study pursued by the students are amusing enough. Some men pore over their books far into the night and idle away the major portion of the day. Others spend their evenings at the theatre, at their society hall, or in calling on their young lady acquaintances, rising at six o'clock in the morning to study an hour before breakfast. This, the doctors say, produces dyspepsia and other bad results; but the habit once contracted is hard to break.

There are men in every college, of whom Yale has its full number, denominated in student slang as "birds." The "birds" are firm believers in the old Epicurean theory that everything in life is subservient to pleasure. Most of them are the sons of wealthy men, and are "jolly good fellows" as the world goes. They rarely look into a text-book if by any possibility they can shirk that duty, but by "tutoring" and various other devices they manage to maintain a rank sufficiently high to prevent being dropped into a lower class. They occupy the front seats at theatrical performances, and smile sweetly upon such short-skirted damsels of the stage as they can persuade to flirt with them. They are conspicuous at all places of amusement, and are much given to spending an hour or two of an evening at Traeger's, or Moriarty's, two famous resorts where Yale men are wont to congregate to discuss a glass of beer and while away the long winter evenings with song and mirth. After an evening out, the "bird" is apt to reach his room in an hilarious condition. Yet, with all his faults,—and he has many,—he is everybody's friend. He knows and is on good terms with every man in college; his creditors are willing to trust him from one year's end to another; and it is said that even the members of the faculty reserve a tiny nook in a warm corner of their hearts for the erring but good-natured member of their flock.

The dormitory life of a student at Yale plays an important part in

his college course, and the habits he there contracts from association with his companions often directly affect his future life. Until last year the number of dormitories was entirely inadequate to supply the demands made by the constantly increasing body of students. A large proportion of the Freshmen were obliged to room outside the Campus, and many Sophomores failed to obtain rooms in the university buildings. Most of the members of the present Senior class, however, have enjoyed three years of dormitory life.

A student's room is his home, and in it he leads the life of a Bohemian. It is there that he prepares his lessons, attends to his correspondence, gives his little "spreads," and last, but not least, sleeps. The majority of these apartments are furnished comfortably, and many of them elegantly. The average student has a decided *penchant* for pictures, and no room is considered complete in its appointments unless a dozen or more paintings and engravings, supplemented by innumerable photographs of athletes and actresses, grace its walls. The mantels are crowded with articles of bric-à-brac, while dance-programmes and German favors hang from the chandeliers. Many of the boys have pianos in their rooms, and the banjo and violin are favorite instruments.

Let us pay a short visit to one of these "bachelors' halls." The hour is midnight. The lessons for the following day have been learned. A game of cards has been in progress, and the participants are sitting about the room in *négligé* attire. The host brings out several bottles of wine from the mysterious recesses of a dark closet, glasses are filled, and the boys give a reproduction of the ancient Greek symposium, during the course of which toasts are drunk to the healths of the President, members of the faculty, and all the friends, male and female, of those present. A song is sung, and the "merry laugh goes round" as some particularly witty anecdote is related. The second verse of

Landlord, fill the flowing bowl
Till it doth run over,

has just been reached, when a loud knock at the door, followed by the abrupt entrance of a tutor, terminates the evening's festivities and results in the immediate retirement of the host and his guests to their bed-chambers, although but a few moments before the company had been unanimous in its expression of the sentiment

We won't go home till morning.

Class-feeling at Yale is very strong,—much stronger than at Har-

ward or other seats of learning. From the time a Freshman enters college to the day of his graduation, he never tires of inscribing his class numerals on recitation-benches, the doors of his apartments, or other places where they would be conspicuous. Loyalty to one's class is most extravagantly displayed among the Sophomores and Freshmen, and becomes less noticeable, although perhaps just as strong, toward the end of the four years' course. In any matter in which the interests, athletic or otherwise, of the whole university are involved, all class-feeling disappears, and the entire student-community becomes a unit in the support of its Alma Mater. A Yale man is a Yale man the country over, and, be he rich or poor, he is welcomed by any Yale alumnus whom he may meet, with a cordiality that admits of no restraint, and a heartiness that quickly sweeps away all barriers.

The man who assists in hazing you in Freshman year, and who compels you to stand on a street-corner and scan Greek verse for the edification of the by-standers, is no less your friend because he enjoys your discomfiture while passing through the ordeal which he himself was obliged to undergo the year before. Although hazing, in its offensive signification, is practically dead and buried at Yale, a few of the old-time customs are still tenderly cherished by the Sophomores. Despite the assertions of the daily press, there are no such outrages perpetrated as were of frequent occurrence in the college days of our fathers and grandfathers. The "freshest" Freshmen are not treated to any greater indignity than being compelled to drink hot beer through a straw or to sip milk from a nursing-bottle. College sentiment no longer sanctions the barbarous treatment formerly inflicted on new-comers to Yale, and all objectionable forms of hazing are frowned upon by the students and the faculty alike.

A true democratic spirit prevails among the undergraduates. No man is looked down upon because he is poor or of humble birth. Many a student who has "worked his way through" has attained greater popularity than his wealthier classmates. The universally popular men at Yale are those who do not affiliate too closely with any one set of fellows, and who have a knack of making their influence felt without exhibiting a domineering spirit.

No men in college are more esteemed and respected than the Yale athletes. And this is only just. To acquire prominence in any branch of athletics requires an amount of hard work and stern self-denial which can hardly be appreciated by one who has not "been through the mill." The training is long and rigorous, and involves an almost complete abandonment of that personal comfort so dear to every collegian. Yale is celebrated for the uniform excellence of her crew, her

ball nine, and her foot-ball eleven, but her pre-eminence has been gained only by unflagging perseverance and honest endeavor. It is proper to say that skill in any athletic sport is rarely attained at the expense of intellectual acquirements, despite the popular idea to the contrary. In confirmation of this statement it may be remarked that last season, when Yale won the "triple crown," the captains of the crew, nine, and eleven were competitors for the De Forest prize, the highest literary honor that can be secured in the university course.

It is the opinion of most of the members of the faculty that the training undergone by an athlete incites him to greater intellectual efforts than he would otherwise put forth.

Much has been said for and against the secret society system at Yale, and it is doubtful if anything new can be advanced at this time. At all the smaller colleges a man rushes headlong into a society almost as soon as he enters his Alma Mater. He is eagerly sought for on all sides, and, if at all prominent, practically has his pick of the Greek-letter fraternities. He also maintains his connection with his society throughout his whole college course. Not so at Yale. Each class has its separate societies, and the upper-classmen have no active connection with the fraternities to which they belonged in Freshman or Sophomore years. In a social way the societies are of great advantage to a man while in college, and are often a means of assisting him materially after he has graduated. The Senior societies are productive of much rivalry among the members of lower classes in athletic contests and in a friendly strife for literary honors. That they have been the means of causing many a heart-ache and considerable hard feeling is true, but that the good they have accomplished more than counterbalances the evils that have arisen from their existence is also true.

Yale's most celebrated Senior societies are "Skull and Bones," "Scroll and Key," and "Wolf's Head." To be elected a member of "Skull and Bones" is considered one of the greatest honors that can fall to a Yale man. To secure such an election a man must achieve celebrity in one direction or another. Wealth or popularity is of minor importance. The society is limited to fifteen members. Among them are generally to be found the captains of the university crew, the base-ball and foot-ball teams, and also prominent track athletes. Among others generally chosen are the valedictorian of the Senior class, one or more members of the board of editors of the *Yale Literary Magazine*, and one or more officers of the various athletic organizations. The society has been in existence fifty-five years, and numbers among its past members some of the most noted men who have graduated from Yale. Its meetings are held in a moss-covered sandstone building

situated not far from the Campus, and are conducted with the most profound secrecy. No "Bones" man has ever been induced to disclose any of the doings of the society, and genuine offence is taken if it be referred to in his presence.

Next in importance comes the "Scroll and Key" society. Its members are all men prominent in some direction, but, as a rule, they are less celebrated than the "Bones" men. Popularity and wealth are important considerations in the choice of many of the "Keys" men, and the honor of membership is almost as eagerly sought as in "Bones."

The society yeclpt "Wolf's Head" has sprung into existence within a few years, and has grown to a good deal of importance and popularity. It has, like its sister organizations, a beautiful building, the interior of which is said to be handsomely furnished.

The Junior societies, "Delta Kappa Epsilon" and "Psi Upsilon," are ancient and honorable organizations which have been celebrated in story and in song. Prominence and popularity are the important factors in the choice of members. Up to the year 1877, both societies were accustomed to give Thanksgiving plays in Alumni Hall. These performances were very attractive to old graduates and town-people, but the college boys fell into the habit of doing and saying such objectionable things on these occasions that the faculty finally prohibited further public performances; and so it has come to pass that the yearly exhibitions are now witnessed only by the members of the society under whose auspices they are held. The exhibitions take the form of minstrel shows and burlesques on the plays of Shakespeare or some more modern author. The minstrel shows frequently include imitations of the eccentricities of the various professors, and are invariably received with great gusto. Costumers from New York are employed, and much time is spent in rehearsing for the presentations. Similar plays are given in May on the occasion of the initiation of the Sophomore members.

In addition to the fraternities mentioned above, there are several Sophomore and Freshman societies and a large number of Sheffield Scientific School societies; but they are less important than those that have been named.

The University Club is a purely social organization, and was established some years since for the purpose of affording a freer intercourse than the Seniors and Juniors had hitherto enjoyed. Its membership is confined to the two upper classes in the Academic department, to Sheffield Seniors, and to graduates. It is a sort of head-quarters for Yale men in and out of New Haven, and is among the first of the places visited by alumni when they come to town.

Just across the street from the University Club house is the "fence," the most popular and widely known institution that ever existed at Yale. Dear alike to the alumnus and to the undergraduate, it occupies a place in the heart of every Yale man second only to that of the university itself. The "fence" proper extends along Chapel Street, the principal thoroughfare of the city, to College Street, bordering on the latter as far as Lawrence Hall. The "fence" is merely a three-railed wooden structure, the rails being round and about four inches in diameter. The top rail affords a convenient seat for the student, and the middle rail offers a support for his feet. Here on pleasant evenings several hundred collegians are wont to assemble, the members of each class occupying a certain portion of the fence reserved for it by one of the unwritten laws of the university. Freshmen are not allowed to "sit on the fence" until their ball nine has defeated the Harvard Freshmen. So eagerly is this privilege coveted that but twice in eighteen years have the Yale Freshmen failed to defeat their opponents. During the spring term the glee-club sings several evenings each week at the fence, and the students turn out *en masse* to hear the music. College songs are also sung there almost every evening by coteries of the musically inclined. Almost every event of importance is first discussed at the fence, and many a scheme has had its birth in this sacred quarter of the Campus. The establishment of the *Yale Literary Magazine*, the oldest college periodical in America, was decided upon by a few Yale men while sitting on the fence a half-century ago.

The fence is the scene of the celebration of all great athletic victories. Yale has perhaps defeated Harvard or Princeton in base-ball or has won the boat-race at New London. As a consequence, pandemonium reigns supreme at the fence. Bonfires are kindled, cannon crackers are exploded, and tin horns blown. Amid all the confusion, the sharp "'rah—'rah—'rah!" of the students rises and floats far away on the night air.

The fence is the point toward which the graduate first turns his steps when he revisits his Alma Mater. Years of toil in the busy world, amid the care and strife of business life, have failed to obliterate from his mind the tender memories that cling about the time-honored, hallowed spot known simply as "the fence."

New Haven society, properly speaking, is exclusive. This will be found to be the case in almost every college town where there is any "society" at all. If a man enters Yale provided with proper letters of introduction, he finds little difficulty in obtaining an *entrée* into the best of the many old families residing in New Haven. Introductions at parties, church fairs, and other social entertainments are rather rarely

followed by invitations to call, unless a further acquaintance with the student seems to justify this extension of hospitality. The average student is thought of as a sort of happy-go-lucky fellow, bent on having a good time and on spending the allowance vouchsafed him by his "governor," but caring not overmuch during his stay in New Haven for the refining influences of the home circle. This idea, it is hardly necessary to say, is an incorrect one. By far the greater portion of the students are thoughtful, earnest young men, and they respect the confidence reposed in them by the families whose friendship they have sought. It may be remarked here that a large number of collegians do avail themselves of social privileges offered, and become well known in New Haven society before they graduate.

Many men widen their circle of acquaintances through their connection with the various churches in the city; others, by their brilliant personality and evident intrinsic worth; still others, through the kindly offices of post-graduate relatives or friends. A sprinkling of Yale men is generally observable at almost any private entertainment, and the quota of collegians at a social affair conducted on a large scale is always conspicuous. A few men in each class enjoy pleasant social relations with the families of the members of the faculty. Among the most delightful occasions of the whole college year are the receptions given by the President to the Freshman and Senior classes. The former occurs in the fall, and the latter in the spring, a short time previous to graduation. Although the majority of the professors may not invite the students to their homes, they take a genuine interest in their welfare, and are slow to curtail their liberties in any manner. The lack of constraint between pupils and instructors is a prominent feature of Yale life.

The meetings of the Young Men's Christian Association and the class prayer-meetings are the means of bringing many men together in one common pursuit, and warm friendships are often formed through these mediums. The glee-clubs and other musical organizations, as well as the various literary and debating societies, accomplish the same result.

It is a rather curious fact that marriages between New Haven girls and college men are of rare occurrence. Why this is so is hard to explain. It cannot be that the young ladies of the Elm City are not pretty, for they have a wide reputation for good looks, and their beauty is by no means skin deep. Many of them are unusually accomplished, are entertaining conversationalists, and cut a brilliant figure in society. On the other hand, the Yale men are as handsome, wear as good clothes, and possess as much intellectual ability as do

other mortals outside the pale of college life. Numerous congenial friendships exist between college men and the girls of this city, but few engagements result.

That class of young ladies known among the students as "college widows," and commonly supposed to have the acquaintance of several generations of collegians, is not larger in New Haven than elsewhere. Let a girl once get such a reputation, however, whether justly or unjustly acquired, she can bid good-by to all hopes of wedding a college man. A fellow may enjoy her company; he may call on her; he may pay her sufficient attention to ordinarily justify a popular suspicion of an engagement; but he rarely or never marries her.

The most important society event of the year is the Junior Promenade, which occurs in the middle of the winter term. No other university or college has anything approaching it in a social way. It is held under the auspices of the Juniors, but is attended by the members of every class and by many of the alumni. All portions of the country are represented at this great mid-winter celebration, many of the ladies coming over a thousand miles to participate in the festivities of the occasion. The Promenade of late years has been held in Carll's Opera-House, just opposite the college Campus. The decorations are invariably magnificent. Silk and satin banners, the trophies won by Yale's athletic organizations in many a hard-fought battle, adorn the walls and balconies. Pendent from the proscenium arch hangs the university shell, decked with a profusion of floral emblems. Gazing upon the long, narrow boat that has carried his crew to victory, the Yale man may be pardoned for the feeling of pride that rises in his breast as he thinks of the conquests achieved by his university on the blue waters of the Thames at New London. The athletes are much sought after at the Promenade, and it is for them that the ladies reserve their brightest smiles and best dances.

During "Promenade week" the three upper classes hold Germans, which are attended by the visitors from abroad. The favors distributed on these occasions are frequently of considerable value, and are carefully preserved as cherished mementos. On the evening before the Promenade, the 'Varsity Glee-Club gives its annual concert. The audience is generally limited only by the capacity of the house. The ladies are attired in their most beautiful toilets, and all the gentlemen wear evening dress.

It is then that the Freshmen attempt to display their class numerals in such a manner that "he who runs may read." Sometimes this display takes the form of a balloon, from which hang the mystic figures. On other occasions a large banner is, in some mysterious manner,

let down from the flies into the full view of the spectators. The Sophomores are always on the alert for these manifestations, and will sacrifice clothing and even expose themselves to considerable personal danger to secure the hated emblem defiantly flung in their faces by the "Freshies."

The Senior Promenade is held every year during Commencement week by the members of the graduating class. It is generally given in Alumni Hall, an historic old building situated in one corner of the Campus. Amid the music and the flowers, the winning smiles and the beautiful faces, a feeling of sadness creeps upon the Senior as he looks about upon the old, familiar walls and realizes that he must soon leave behind him the scenes that long association has rendered dear, and go forth into the world to fight life's battles single-handed and alone.

He has won his sheep-skin; he has, perchance, gained signal honors in his university course; and now he stands on the threshold of the door toward which he has long directed his steps, yet which, reached, he hesitates to cross. Life for him has only just begun. Upon the advantage he has taken of the opportunities afforded him depends in a large measure the success or failure of his future career.

Arthur Edmands Jenks (Class of '89).

RECONCILED.

IN no more fitting place could we have met,
 At no more fitting time,—a wailing night,—
 We who for years have shunned each other's sight,
 Who strove to bury Love beyond Regret,
 Who begged of God the power to forget
 Each other's eyes, voice, lips; who did so blight
 And bruise the flower of Love with all Pride's might.

Just the dead body of our friend—warm yet—
 Divides us. . . . We could feel each other's breath
 Should one lean low to scan the patient face
 Of her who prayed so hard before her death
 For us to be at peace. . . . See, Love! I place
 My hand near yours. . . . You clasp and hold mine fast:
 Such tears as wet her dead face drown our past.

Kate Vannah.

THE KEELY MOTOR SECRET.

EX VIVO OMNIA.

(Compiled.)

We stand before the dawning of a new day in science and humanity,—a new discovery, surpassing any that has been hitherto made; which promises to afford us a key to some of the most recondite secrets of nature, and to open up to our view a new world.—DR. HUFELAND.

THE error of our century in questions of research seems to have been in the persistent investigation of the phenomena of matter (or material organization) as the sole province of physics, regarding psychological research as lying outside. The term physics is derived from a Greek word signifying "nature." Nature does not limit herself to matter and mechanism. The phenomena of spirit are as much a part of Nature as are those of matter. The psychological theories of our physicists display a decided leaning toward materialism, disregarding the manifestations of the vital principle,—the *vis motrix*,—and refusing to investigate beyond the limits which they have imposed upon themselves, and which, if accepted by all, would take us back to the belief of the pagans, as echoed by Voltaire :

Est-ce-là ce raion de l'Essence Suprême
Que l'on nous peint si lumineux ?
Est-ce-là cet Esprit survivant à nous-même ?
Il naît avec nos sens, croît, s'affoiblit comme eux :
Hélas ! il périra de même.

The Keely Motor secret teaches that the various phenomena of the human constitution cannot be properly comprehended and explained without observing the distinction between the physical and material and the moral and spiritual nature of man. It demonstrates incontrovertibly the separate existence and independent activity of the soul of man, and that the spirit governs the body instead of being governed by the body. As Spenser has said,—

For of the soul the body form doth take ;
For soul is form, and doth the body make.

Huxley tells us that science prospers exactly in proportion as it is religious, and that religion flourishes in exact proportion to the scientific depth and firmness of its basis. "Civilization, society, and morals," says Figuier, "are like a string of beads, whose fastening is the belief

in the immortality of the soul. Break the fastening, and the beads are scattered."

Now, as Nature nowhere exhibits to our visual perceptions a soul acting without a body, and as we do not know in what manner the spiritual faculties are united to the organization, psychology is compelled to investigate the operations of the intellect as if they were performed altogether independently of the body; whereas they are only manifested, in the ordinary state of existence, through the intermediate agency of the corporeal organs.

The accumulation of psychological facts and speculations which characterize this age appears to have made little or no permanent impression upon the minds of our scientists and our philosophers. In truth, all their psychological theories have in general displayed a decided leaning toward materialism. Bishop Berkeley asks, "Have not Fatalism and Sadducism gained ground during the general passion for the corpuscularian and mechanical philosophy which hath prevailed?" Buffon, in writing of the sympathy, or relation, which exists throughout the whole animal economy, said, "Let us, with the ancients, call this singular correspondence of the different parts of the body a sympathy, or, with the moderns, consider it as an unknown relation in the action of the nervous system, we cannot too carefully observe its effects, if we wish to perfect the theory of medicine." Colquhoun, commenting upon Buffon's statement, says that far too little attention has been paid to the spiritual nature of man,—to the effects of those immaterial and invisible influences *which, analogous to the chemical and electrical agents, are the true springs of our organization*, continually producing changes internally which are externally perceived as the marked effects of unseen causes, and which cannot be explained upon the principles of any law of mechanism.

These unseen causes are now made clear to us by the truths which Etheric Physics and Etheric Philosophy demonstrate and sustain. The prophecy of Dr. Hufeland (made in connection with an account of certain phenomena arising from the unchangeable laws of sympathetic association) is soon to be fulfilled, and the door thrown open to "a new world" of research. Professor Rücker in his papers on "Molecular Forces," Mr. Crookes in his lecture on "The Genesis of Elements," Norman Lockyer in his book on "The Chemistry of the Sun,"—all these scientists have approached so near to this hitherto bolted, double-barred and locked portal that the wonder is not so much that they have approached as that, drawing so near, they have not passed within.

Mr. Keely gives an explanation of the failure of scientists, investigating in the same field with himself, to attain like results, as follows:

“The system of arranging introductory etheric impulses by compound chords, set by differential harmonies, is one that the world of science has never recognized, simply because the struggles of physicists combating with the solution of the conditions governing the fourth order of matter have been in a direction thoroughly antagonistic to the right one. It is true that luminosity has been induced by chemical antagonism ; and, to my mind, this ought to have been a stepping-stone toward a more perfect condition than was accepted by them ; but, independent of what might, or what might not, be an aid toward its analysis, the bare truth remains that the conditions were isolated, robbed of their most vital essentials, by not having the medium of etheric vibration associated with them.” . . .

Professor Rücker, in his papers (read before the Royal Institution of Great Britain this winter) explaining the attractive and repulsive action of molecules, found himself obliged to apologize to scientists for suggesting the possibility of an intelligence by which alone he could explain certain phenomena unaccounted for by science. The “compound secret” associated with Mr. Keely’s discovery shows that no apology is needed,—that the molecule is a perfect organism, which, like the perfect, vibratory engine of Mr. Keely, may be worked backward as well as forward. All the light that is needed for the full comprehension of its intelligent action will be found in Mr. Keely’s work on “Etheric Philosophy,”—some thousands of pages of which are nearly ready for the printer’s hands. Without referring to these pages, we find proof in ourselves that the action of molecules is an intelligent action ; for we must admit the individuality of the molecules in our organisms, in order to understand how it is that nourishment maintains life. Try as we may to account for the action of aliment upon the system, all is resolved into the fact that there must be some intelligent force at work. Do we ourselves disunite and intermingle, by myriad channels, in order to join and replace a molecule which awaits this aid ? We must either affirm that it is so, that we place them where we think they are needed, or that it is the molecules that find a place of themselves. We know that we are occupied in other ways which demand all our thoughts. It must, therefore, be that these molecules find their own place. Admit this, and we accord life and intelligence to them. If we reason that it is our nerves which appropriate substances that they need for the maintenance of their energy and their harmonious action, we then concede to the nerves what we deny to the molecules. Or, if we think it more natural to attribute this power to the viscera,—the stomach, for example,—we only change the thesis.

It will be said that it is pantheism to assert that matter, under all the

forms which it presents, is only groups of aggregates of sympathetic molecules, of a substance unalterable in its individualities; a thinking, acting substance. Let us not deny what we are unable to explain. God is all that is, without everything that is being individually God. Etheric force has been compared to the trunk of a tree, the roots of which rest in Infinity. The branches of the tree correspond to the various modifications of this one force,—heat, light, electricity, and its antagonistic force, magnetism. It is held in suspension in our atmosphere. It exists throughout the universe. Actual science not admitting a void, then all things must touch one another. To touch is to be but one by contiguity, or there would be between one thing and another something which might be termed space, or nothing. Now, as nothing cannot exist, there must be something between “the atomic triplets” which are, according to the Keely theory, found in each molecule. This something in the molecule he affirms to be “the universal fluid,” or molecular ether. One thing touching another, all must therefore be all in all, and through all, by the sensitive combination of all the molecules in the universe, as is demonstrated by electricity, galvanism, the loadstone, etc. If we account for the intelligent action of molecules by attributing it to what has been variously called “the universal fluid,” “the electric fluid,” “the galvanic fluid,” “the nervous fluid,” “the magnetic fluid,” it will only be substituting one name for another; it is still some part or other of the organization which discerns and joins to itself a portion of one of the fluids referred to, or one of these fluids which discerns and mingles with the material molecules; it is still the life of the part, the life of the molecule, life individualized in all and through all.

Admitting, then, that there is a universal fluid, it must exist in and through all things. If void does not exist, everything is full; if all is full, everything is in contact; if everything is in contact, the whole influences and is influenced, because all is life; and life is movement, because movement is a continual disunion and union of all the molecules which compose the whole. The ancient philosophers admitted all this. Under the different names of “macrocosm,” “microcosm,” “corpuscles,” “emanations,” “attraction,” “repulsion,” “sympathy,” and “antipathy,”—all names which are only one,—their various propositions were merely the product of inductions influenced by *their modes of observing*, as the deductions of scientists are influenced in our day.

Balzac tells us that everything here below is the product of an ethereal substance, the common basis of various phenomena, known under the inappropriate names of electricity, heat, light, galvanic and magnetic fluid, etc., and that the universality of its transmutations con-

stitutes what is vulgarly called matter. We cannot take up a book on physics (written with *true* scientific knowledge) in which we do not find evidence that its author acknowledges that there is, correctly speaking, but one force in nature. Radcliffe tells us that what is called electricity is only a one-sided aspect of a law which, when fully revealed, will be found to rule over organic as well as inorganic nature,—a law to which the discoveries of science and the teachings of philosophy alike bear testimony,—a law which does not entomb life in matter, but which transfigures matter with a life which, when traced to its source, will prove only to be the effluence of the Divine life.

Macvicar teaches that the nearer we ascend to the fountain-head of being and of action, the more magical must everything inevitably become; for that fountain-head is pure volition. And pure volition, as a cause, is precisely what is meant by magic; for by magic is meant a mode of producing a phenomenon without mechanical appliances,—that is, without that seeming continuity of resisting parts and that leverage which satisfy our muscular sense and our imagination and bring the phenomenon into the category of what we call “the natural;” that is, the sphere of the elastic, the gravitating,—the sphere into which the *vis inertiae* is alone admitted.

There is in Professor Crookes’s “Genesis of the Elements” an hypothesis of great interest,—a projectment of philosophical truth which brings him nearer than any known living scientist to the ground held by Mr. Keely. Davy defines hypothesis as the scaffolding of science, useful to build up true knowledge, but capable of being put up or taken down at pleasure, without injuring the edifice of philosophy. Lockyer, as well as Crookes and Rücker, is also “quite warm,” as the children would say of the one who approaches the hidden object in the game of “hide-and-seek.” When we find men in different parts of the world constructing the same kind of scaffolding, we may feel fairly sure that they have an edifice to build. The scaffolding may prove to be insecure, but it can be flung away and another constructed. It is the edifice that is all-important,—the philosophy, not the hypotheses. The science of learning, says Lesley, and the science of knowledge are not quite identical; and learning has too often, in the case of individuals, overwhelmed and smothered to death knowledge. It is a familiar fact that great discoveries come at long intervals, brought by specially-commissioned and highly-endowed messengers; while a perpetual procession of humble servants of nature arrive with gifts of lesser moment, but equally genuine, curious, and interesting novelties. From what unknown land does all this wealth of information come? who are these bearers of it? and who intrusted each with his particular

burden, which he carries aloft as if it deserved exclusive admiration? Why do those who bring the best things walk so seriously and modestly along, as if they were in the performance of a sacred duty, for which they scarcely esteem themselves worthy?

The Bishop of Carlisle, in his paper on "The Uniformity of Nature," suggests the answer to all who are prepared to approach the abyss which has hitherto divided physical science from spiritual science,—an abyss which is soon to be illumined by the sunlight of demonstration and spanned by the bridge of knowledge. To quote from the paper of the Bishop of Carlisle, "There are matters of the highest moment which manifestly do lie outside the domain of physical science. The possibility of the continuance of human existence in a spiritual form after the termination of physical life is, beyond contradiction, one of the grandest and most momentous of possibilities, but in the nature of things it lies outside physics. Yet there is nothing absolutely absurd, nothing which contradicts any human instinct, in the supposition of such possibility; consequently, the student of physical science, even if he cannot find time or inclination to look into such matters himself, may well have patience with those who can. And he may easily afford to be generous: the field of physical science is grand enough for any ambition, and there is room enough in the wide world both for physical and for psychical research."

But does psychical research lie outside the domain of physical science? What is the supernatural but the higher workings of laws which we call natural, as far as we have been able to investigate them? Is not the supernatural, then, just as legitimate a subject of consideration, for the truly scientific mind, as is the natural? If it explain, satisfactorily, phenomena which cannot be otherwise explained, there is no good reason why its aid should not be invoked by the men of science. The truth is, that the ordinary course of nature is one continued miracle, one continued manifestation of the Divine mind. "Everything which is, is thought," says Amiel, "but not conscious and individual thought. Everything is a symbol of a symbol; and a symbol of what?—of mind. We are hemmed round with mystery, and the greatest mysteries are contained in what we see, and do, every day."

Mr. Keely affirms, with other philosophers, that there is only one unique substance, and that this substance is the Divine spirit, the spirit of life, and that this spirit of life is God, who fills everything with his thoughts, disjoining and grouping together these multitudes of thoughts in different bodies called atmospheres, fluids, matters, animal, vegetable, and mineral forms.

Herbert Spencer says that amid the mysteries that become the more

mysterious the more they are thought about, there will remain the one absolute certainty, that we are ever in the presence of an infinite and an eternal energy, from which all things proceed. Macvicar foreshadowed the teachings of this new philosophy when he wrote, "All motion in the universe is rhythmical. This is seen in the forward and backward movement of the pendulum, the ebb and the flow of the tides, the succession of day and night, the systolic and diastolic action of the heart, and in the inspiration and expiration of the lungs. Our breathing is a double motion of the universal æther, an active and a reactive movement. This androgyne principle, with its dual motion, is the breath of God in man." The writings of the ancients teem with these ideas, which have been handed down to us from generation to generation, and are now flashing their light, like torches in the darkness, upon mysteries too long regarded as "lying outside the domains of physical science."

Twenty years ago Macvicar wrote his "Sketch of a Philosophy," in which he advanced the above views, with other views now maintained and demonstrated by Mr. Keely, who during these twenty years, without knowing Macvicar's views, or of his existence even, has been engaged in that "dead-work which cannot be delegated," the result of which is not learning, but knowledge; for learning, says Lessing, is only our knowledge of the experience of others; knowledge is our own. This burden of dead-work, writes Lesley, every great discoverer has had to carry for years and years, unknown to the world at large, before the world was electrified by his appearance as its genius. Without it, there can be no discovery of what is rightly called a scientific truth. Every advancement in science comes from this "dead-work," and creates, of its own nature, an improvement in the condition of the race; putting, as it does, the multitudes of human society on a fairer and friendlier footing with one another. And during these twenty years of "dead-work" the discoverer of etheric force has pursued the even tenor of his way, under circumstances which show him to be a giant in intellectual greatness, insensible to paltry, hostile criticism, patient under opposition, dead to all temptations of self-interest, calmly superior to the misjudgments of the short-sighted and the ignoble; noble means as indispensable to him as noble ends; fame and riches less important than his honor; his joys arising from the accomplishment of his work and the love and the sympathy of the few who have comprehended him! "Only the noble-hearted can understand the noble-hearted." Mr. Keely's chief ambition has been to utilize the force he discovered, not for his own aggrandizement, but to bless the lives of his fellow-men. He has scaled the rocks which barricade earth from

heaven, and he knows that the fire which he has brought down with him is divine.

This so-called secret is an open secret, which, after it is known, may be read everywhere,—in the revolution of the planets as well as in the crystallization of minerals and in the growth of a flower.

“But why does not Mr. Keely share his knowledge with others?” “Why does he not proclaim his secret to the world?” are questions that are often asked.

He is not yet ready to do so. He has made out his programme of unfinished work, ranging from its present operations to the concluding tests with dynamometer and by rail; but no one can say when the latter tests will be made. All depends upon the degree and measure of his success in the line of research that he is now following. Every man who has passed the mere threshold of science ought to be aware that it is quite possible to be in possession of a series of facts long before he is capable of giving a rational and satisfactory explanation of them,—in short, before he is enabled to discover their causes even. This “dead-work” has occupied many years of Mr. Keely’s life; and only within the last five years has he reached that degree of perfection which warranted the erection of a scaffolding for the construction of the true edifice of philosophy.

We have only to recall the wonderful discoveries which have been made in modern times, relative to the properties of heat, of electricity, of galvanism, etc., in order to acknowledge that had any man ventured to anticipate the powers and uses of the steam-engine, the voltaic pile, the electrical battery, or of any other of those mighty instruments by means of which the mind of man has acquired so vast a dominion over the world of matter, he would probably have been considered a visionary; and had he been able to exhibit the effects of any of these instruments, before the principles which regulate their action had become generally known to philosophers, they would in all likelihood have been attributed to fraud or to juggling. Herein lies the secret of Mr. Keely’s delay. His work is not yet completed to that point where he can cease experimenting and publish the results of his “dead-work” to the world.

“When will he be ready?” is a question often asked; but it is one that God only can answer, as to the year and day. Now that continuity of action in his engine has been attained, and every impediment and obstacle to eventual triumphant success has been overcome, it would seem that the time is near at hand,—within this very year; but not even Mr. Keely himself can fix the date, until he has finished his present course of experiment, his necessary “dead-work.”

“But what are his hypotheses? and what the tenets of his new

philosophy?" His hypotheses are as antithetic to existing hypotheses in chemistry as the Newtonian system, at its first publication, was antithetic to the vortices of Descartes. The philosophy is not of his creation; nor is it a new philosophy. It is as old as the universe. Its tenets are unpopular, heterodox tenets, but their grandeur, when compared with prevailing theories, will cause the latter to appear like the soap-bubbles that Sir William Drummond said the grown-up children of science amuse themselves with, whilst the honest vulgar stand gazing in stupid admiration, dignifying these learned vagaries with the name of science. It is the sole edifice of true philosophy, the corner-stone of which was laid at Creation, when God said, "Let there be light; and there was light." The scaffolding which our modern Prometheus has built is not the airy fabric of delusion, nor the baser fabric of a fraud, as has been so often asserted. It has been built, plank by plank, upon firm ground, and every plank is of pure gold, as will be seen in due time.

Another question is often asked: "What is vibratory ether?"

The answer echoes down the ages, faintly heard as yet, it is true; but, call it what you will, "the universal ether," "hypothetical ether," "the universal life-principle," "the ambient fluid," "the electro-magnético-intellectual-divine fluid," it is all the same,—one sole and unique substance, of which Mr. Keely has written, "The true study of the Deity by man being in the observation of his marvellous works, the discovery of a fundamental creative law, of as wide and comprehensive grasp as would make this etheric vapor a tangible link between God and man, would enable us to realize, in a measure, the actual existing working qualities of God himself (speaking most reverentially), as we would those of a fellow-man." As this philosopher interprets the physical forces, they are the fingers of God,—not all that there is for God.

It has been justly said that we have no ground for assuming that we have approached a limit in the field of discovery, or for claiming finality in our interpretations of Nature; that we have, as yet, only lifted one corner of the curtain, enabling us to peep at some of the machinery by which her operations are effected, while much more remains concealed; and that we know little of the marvels which in course of time may be made clear to us.

Earnest minds in all ages and in all countries have arrived at the same inferences which Mr. Keely has reached in his researches,—viz., that the one intelligent force in nature is not a mere mathematical dynamism in space and time, but a true Power existing in its type and fulness,—in one word, God. You may say that such an inference belongs to religion, not to science; but you cannot divorce the two.

No systematic distinction between philosophical, religious, and scientific ideas can be maintained. All the three run into one another with the most perfect legitimacy. Their dissociation can be effected only by art, their divorce only by violence. Great as is the revolution in mechanics which is to take place through this discovery, it has an equally important bearing on all questions connected with psychical research. Once demonstrated, we shall hear no more of the brain secreting thought, as the liver secretes bile. The laws of "rhythmical harmony," of "assimilation," of "sympathetic association," will be found governing all things, in the glorious heavens above us, down to the least atom upon our earth. Leibnitz's assertion, that "perceptivity and its correlative perceptibility are coextensive with the whole sphere of individualized being," will be accounted for without depriving us of a Creator. "The music of the spheres" will be proved a reality, instead of a figure of speech. St. Paul's words, "In him we live, and move, and have our being," will be better understood. The power of mind over matter will be incontrovertibly demonstrated.

The requirement of every demonstration is that it shall give sufficient proof of the truth it asserts. This Mr. Keely is prepared to give,—mechanical demonstration; and should he really have discovered the fundamental creative law, which he long since divined must exist, proving that the universal ether which permeates all molecules is the tangible link between God and man, connecting the infinite with the finite,—that it is the true protoplasm, or mother-element of everything,—we may look for a philosophy which will explain all unexplained phenomena and reconcile the conflicting opinions of scientists.

The great law of sympathetic association, once understood, will become known as it is,—viz., as the governing medium of the world. Herein lies one secret of "the compound secret," the full revelation of which will usher in the spiritual age foretold by the Prophets of the Old Testament and the Apostles of the New Testament. Inspiration is not confined to prophets and apostles and poets: the man of science, the writer, all who reach out after the Infinite, receive their measure of inspiration according to their capacity. We need a new revelation to turn back "the tidal wave of materialism" which has rolled in upon the scientific world, as much as Moses needed one when he sought to penetrate the mysteries of the Creation; and our revelation is near at hand,—a revelation which will change the statical "I am" into the dynamical "I will,"—a revelation which, while teaching us to look from Nature up to Nature's God, will reveal to us our own powers as "children of God," as "heirs of immortality."

C. J. Bloomfield Moore.

IS THE BASE-BALL PLAYER A CHATTEL?

I SHOULD like to describe fully the relations which exist between base-ball club and player; but, as this is not possible in a limited article, I will confine myself to a consideration of these relations as they have been induced by the action of the reserve-rule. I will first describe briefly the origin, intent, and effect of the rule; I will then trace more in detail its subsequent development; I will show that there has been a complete departure from its original intent, and in consequence a total change in its effect; that abuse after abuse has been fastened upon it, until, instead of being used to the ends for which it was formed, it has become a mere pretence for the practice of wrong. Incidentally, I will touch upon some of the methods employed by clubs in their dealings with players.

The first reserve agreement was entered into by the club members of the National League September 30, 1879. By that compact each club was conceded the privilege of reserving for the season of 1880 five of its players of the season of 1879, and each of the eight clubs pledged itself not to employ any player so reserved by any of the others. The five men so chosen by each club were thus forced either to sign with the club reserving them at its own terms or withdraw to some club not a member of the League; and, as there were no such clubs then in existence, the reservation was practically without alternative. The club thus appropriated to itself an absolute control over the labor of five of its men, and this number has since been enlarged to eleven, so that now the club controls practically its entire team.

The contracts of the players for 1879 contained no reference to any right of reservation by the clubs, nor was any such in contemplation at the time the contracts were signed: so that it was an *ex post facto* rule, and therefore a positive wrong in its inception.

In order to justify this extraordinary measure and distract public attention from the real causes making it necessary, the clubs tried to shift the blame to the players. They declared that players were demanding extortionate salaries, and that the rule was needed as a protection against these. They attempted to conceal entirely that the real trouble lay in the extravagant and unbusiness-like methods of certain managers and in the lack of good faith between the clubs themselves. According to them, the player who accepted a proffered increase of salary was a disorganizer and a dangerous character, from whom protection was necessary, while the club official who offered it was but a

poor weak instrument in his hands. Was it really wrong for the player to accept a larger salary when offered? or was not the dangerous factor here the club, which in violation of faith with its associates enticed the player by offering the increase? And was it really against the players or against themselves that the clubs were obliged to combine for protection? The history of base-ball deals between different clubs is full of instances of broken faith, and in most such cases where a player was involved the favorite procedure has been to whitewash the clubs and black-list the player. Yet I do not hesitate to say that I believe base-ball has more to fear from the reckless and improvident methods of some of its managers than from all the faults of all the players.

In the enactment of the reserve-rule the clubs were probably influenced by three considerations: they wished to make the business of base-ball more permanent, they meant to reduce salaries, and they sought to secure a monopoly of the game.

At the close of each season there was always a scramble for players for the following year: the well-balanced and successful team was especially subject to inroads, so that the particularly strong nine of one season was not unlikely to be a particularly weak one the next. The business of base-ball thus lacked stability. There was no assurance to the stockholders of a continuing fixed value to their stock, for the defection of a few important players might render it almost worthless. But with the right of retaining the pick of its players the club was assured of a good team, and the stock held its value.

Again, in this annual competition for players, clubs often paid extravagant salaries to certain very desirable men, and the effect was to enlarge the average scale so that it was assuming undue proportions. But with the privilege of retaining its best men at its own figures, the average salary would be forced down.

The third consideration, which doubtless had some weight, was the desire to create a monopoly. It was just beginning to be seen that base-ball properly managed might be made a lucrative business, though its real fertility was yet scarcely dreamed of. With all the picked players reserved to it and the prestige thus given, it was thought that the League might easily retain the control of the business.

But with the growth of the game in popular favor, and the consequent development of its money-making features, the maintenance of this monopoly became more and more difficult. A rival organization did spring up, and the reserve-rule then lost much of its force, for many of the players were willing to accept the alternative of withdrawing from the League and joining fortunes with the new Associa-

tion. The young aspirant developed such strength that it was found impossible to put it down, and the result threatened was a disastrous war in the competition for players and the favor of the public. With great good judgment and the remarkable instinct for self-preservation which has always characterized it, the League agreed with the American Association on the terms of an armistice. This was in the spring of 1883, and in the fall of the same year this armistice was made permanent in the great offensive and defensive alliance known as "The National Agreement." The parties to this were the four base-ball leagues then in existence. Each pledged itself, among other things, that its club members should respect the reservation of players by the club members of every other party, in the same manner as though they were all of the same league.

The effect of this was that a player reserved was forced to sign with the club reserving him, or quit playing ball altogether. These four leagues included all the clubs in the country, and the alternative of withdrawing to another club was thus practically cut off. As new leagues have sprung up, they have been either frozen out or forced into this agreement for their own protection, and the all-embracing nature of the reserve-rule has been maintained. There is now no escape for the player. If he attempts to elude the operation of the rule, he becomes at once a professional outlaw, and the hand of every club is against him. He may be willing to play elsewhere for less salary, he may be unable to play, or, for other reasons, may retire for a season or more, but if ever he reappears as a professional ball-player it must be at the disposition of his former club. Like a fugitive-slave law, the reserve-rule denies him a harbor or a livelihood, and carries him back, bound and shackled, to the club from which he attempted to escape. We have, then, the curious result of a contract which on its face is for seven months being binding for life, and when the player's name is once attached thereto his professional liberty is gone forever.

On the other hand, what reciprocal claim has the player? Absolutely none! For services rendered he draws his salary; but for a continuance of that service he has no claim whatever. The twentieth paragraph of the regular League contract declares that the club reserves the right to release the player at any time, "at its option," by ten days' notice, and that its liabilities under the contract shall thereupon cease and determine. That is to say, the club may hold the player as long as it pleases, and may release him at any time, with or without cause, by a simple ten days' notice; while the player is bound for life, and, no matter what his interests or wishes may be, cannot terminate the contract, even by ten years' notice.

The uninitiated in "base-ball law" may say, "If players are foolish enough to sign such contracts they must expect to abide the consequences." But, as a matter of fact, the player has no volition in the case. A provision of the League prescribes a certain form of contract, no other is "legal" according to this "base-ball law," and no club dares offer him any other to sign: that printed form is presented to him with the alternative of signing it or none at all, and under such duress he has nothing to do but submit. At some other time I may write more fully of this contract, the most unique unilateral document extant; but for the present I quote it only to show its connection with the reserve-rule. One of its clauses declares the players bound "by the Constitution of the National League and the Articles and Covenants of the National Agreement:" among these latter is included the reserve-rule, and in this way it is worked into the contract which the player is forced to sign, and which is thereby given a semblance of legality.

This, then, is the inception, intent, and meaning of the reserve-rule in its simplicity: its complicity I will presently describe. It inaugurated a species of serfdom which gave one set of men a life-estate in the labor of another, and withheld from the latter any corresponding claim. No attempt has ever been made to defend it on the grounds of abstract right. Its justification, if any, lay only in its expediency. It was a protective measure which gave stability to the game by preserving the playing strength of the teams, and it acted as a check on the increase of salaries. Its immediate results were clearly beneficial, opposition to it died away, and, notwithstanding the peculiar, not to say servile, position in which it placed the players, they accepted it as for the general good.

But, however satisfactory in its original application, I scarcely believe there will be any one found to justify it in the purposes to which it has been recently applied.

Instead of an institution for good, it has become one for evil; instead of a measure of protection, it has been used as a handle for the manipulation of a traffic in players, a sort of speculation in live stock, by which they are bought, sold, and transferred like so many sheep.

Ideal wrong will always work itself out in practical wrong, and this has been no exception. The rule itself was an inherent wrong, for by it one set of men seized absolute control over the labor of another, and in its development it has gone on from one usurpation to another until it has grown so intolerable as to threaten the present organization of the game. Clubs have seemed to think that players had no rights, and the black list was waiting for the man who dared assert the contrary. Players were cowed into submission, and were afraid even to

resort to the courts for a remedy. But all this time there was a strong undercurrent of discontent, and for the past year it has required all the influence of the conservative element of the profession to hold this in check and maintain a sentiment in favor of peaceful and legal reform.

The first mistake was made at the initial attempt to apply the rule. As was to be expected, the players chafed at first under the unaccustomed yoke. Hines, of Providence, declared that rather than submit to that club's reservation he would stay idle for a year. The construction was then evolved that even this would not free the player from the reservation,—that, though the term of his *contract* had expired, and though the reservation was so distasteful that he would prefer the loss of a year's salary, yet he would still be held by it. That is to say, the life-estate was indefeasible: the brand of the club once upon the man, it might never be removed by any act of his own. A practical illustration of the working of this construction was given in the case of Charlie Foley. During the season of 1883 he contracted a malady which incapacitated him for play. He was laid off without pay, *though still held subject to the direction of his club*. In the fall he was placed among the players reserved by the club, though he had not been on the club's pay-roll for months. The following spring he was still unable to play, and the Buffalo Club refused either to sign or release him. He recovered somewhat, and offered his services to the club, but it still refused to sign him. Having been put to great expense in securing treatment, his funds were exhausted, and it became absolutely necessary for him to do something. He had offers from several minor clubs, to whom he would still have been a valuable player, but on asking for his release from Buffalo it was again refused. He was compelled to remain idle all that summer, without funds to pay for medical treatment; and then, to crown all, the Buffalo Club again reserved him in the fall of 1884.

The second abuse was a clear violation of the spirit of the rule, and a direct breach of contract on the part of several clubs. A clause in the old form of contract gave the club the right to release any player at any time, with or without cause, by giving him twenty days' notice. Of course this was meant to apply to individual cases and total releases. But several clubs, seeing in this a convenient means of escaping the payment of the last month's salary, gave all their players the twenty days' notice on September 10, and on October 1 dismissed them, instead of on November 1 as the contracts stipulated. One club did not even go to the trouble of giving the notice, but, in open disregard of its contract obligations, dismissed its players October 1. Two of the men had courage enough to bring suit, and they recovered judgment,

and finally got their full pay ; but the others lost the month's wages. But now, the most extraordinary part of all, after formally *releasing* the men, the same clubs claimed and were conceded the right of reserving them for the following year.

The third step was of a more serious nature ; for, though no violation of contract, it was the beginning of the present odious system of buying and selling players. As the pecuniary returns of the game increased, the value of the individual player was enhanced : the strength or weakness of one position made a difference of thousands in receipts, and this set the astute managerial mind at work. Some scheme must be devised by which these gaps might be filled. It finally dawned upon him that this continuing claim upon the player's services was much akin to a right of property. Why, then, might this not be bought and sold, as are other rights of a similar nature ?

Having found a purchaser, it would be only necessary to obtain the player's consent and the sale might be made. The result was a series of deals by which players were disposed of in this manner. Since the player's consent was obtained, it may be said that he was in no wise injured ; but there were really two serious dangers. The first was that the club would be tempted to force the player's consent in one of the many ways at its disposal,—which, in fact, was frequently the case ; and the second was in the part which the reserve-rule played in the transaction. If the buying club received a claim for the remaining term of the player's *contract* only, the price would be regulated accordingly and the deal perfectly legitimate. But a fictitious value was always given, because the buying club bought not only the player's services for the unexpired term of his contract, but the right to reserve or sell him again. It is not, then, the ordinary assignment of a legal contract-claim for future service which makes the price, but the anticipated operation of the reserve-rule. The rule is, therefore, being used not as a means of *retaining* the services of a player, but for increasing his value for the purpose of sale. This is a clear perversion of the original intent of the rule. The assertion of any such claim at the time of its adoption would have killed it then and there. The clubs claimed that the right to retain the services of a valuable player was necessary for the conservation of the game, and with that understanding the players tacitly acquiesced in the seizure. They never received any consideration for the concession ; and when the Chicago Club sells Kelly for ten thousand dollars it simply makes that sum out of Kelly, for which it has never given him the slightest consideration. Kelly received his salary from Chicago (or such part as was not taken out in fines), and earned every dollar of it several times over, and yet the Chicago Club

takes ten thousand dollars for releasing Kelly from a claim for which it never paid him a dollar, but which it acquired by seizure some years ago.

Abuse number four is another step in the development of this traffic, in that it ignores entirely the player's consent, and the deal is completed without the slightest consultation of his wishes or interests. The selling club first secures the promise of the six clubs not immediately interested to keep hands off the player. The price being then paid by the buying club, the player is notified of his release to that club. By the pledge secured from the other clubs, none of them will employ him, and therefore, no matter how distasteful the change, or how many the reasons for wishing to go elsewhere, he is forced to go to his purchaser or nowhere.

Number five is a further extension of the scope of the reserve-rule, and cuts off entirely the player's only hope of escape. One would naturally suppose that the disbandment of the club with which he was under contract would release the player from all restrictions; and such was indeed the case until within the last year. But with the expected retirement of the St. Louis and Kansas City Clubs a number of first-class players would be thrown upon the market who would command good salaries if left to contract freely for themselves. The avarice of the clubs was equal to the occasion, and the League itself (whatever that may mean) reserved these men and peddled them out at so much per head. Without any regard to the fact that family ties and other considerations bound them to particular localities, the players were disposed of at the will of the League here, there, or anywhere it saw fit, and through the same organized conspiracy were obliged to go as assigned or quit playing ball altogether. The player read in his morning paper that he had been sold to such a club, and in a short time, though the question of terms had not yet been mentioned, he received a notification to report on a certain date. This was all he knew or had to say about the matter. The price demanded by the League for several of these players was more than any club was willing to pay. For instance, in the case of McQuerry the amount asked was one thousand dollars, afterwards reduced to seven hundred and fifty dollars. No club being found willing to pay so much, he was held until the 19th of April before being allowed to sign with any club. Though a good player, he was kept out of an engagement, received no salary, lost his opportunities for signing with some League or Association club, and finally was very fortunate to contract with a club of the International League.

The crowning outrage of all came in the shape of a resolution

adopted by the American Association at its Cleveland meeting last spring. Though not a League measure, I mention it as showing the spirit of the clubs and the possibilities of the reserve-rule. Not satisfied with the passive conspiracy not to hire a reserved player if he refused to sign with the reserving club, the Association actually declared its intention of black-listing him. For the mere refusal to sign upon the terms offered by the club, the player was to be debarred entirely, and his name placed among those disqualified because of dissipation and dishonesty! Has any body of sane men ever before publicly committed itself to so outrageous a proposition? Fortunately for the dignity of the Association and the interests of the game, no attempt has ever been made to enforce this penalty: if it had, it is just possible that the great reserve-rule might now exist only in the game's history and in the records of the courts.

The last step, which may scarcely be called a development,—being rather a natural consequence of the system,—is the practice of “loaning” players. A man is loaned by one club to another on condition that the latter pays his salary and returns him on demand, much the same as a horse is put out to work for his feed.

These are, in part, the relations which exist between base-ball players and the associations by which they are employed. Is there a base-ball official who will claim them to be governed by any semblance of equity? Is it surprising that players begin to protest, and think it necessary to combine for mutual protection?

Encouraged by the apparent inactivity of the players, the clubs have gone on from one usurpation to another until in the eye of the base-ball “magnate” the player has become a mere chattel. He goes where he is sent, takes what is given him, and thanks the Lord for life. The demand exceeding the supply, the growth and cultivation of young players has become an important branch of the business. They are signed in large numbers, and, if they turn out well, are disposed of as a valuable commodity to the highest bidder. If they fail, they are simply released, and the cultivator has been at little expense. Indeed, the whole thing is becoming systematized, and is carried on with the utmost openness; so that it is not unusual to find a news paragraph announcing that such and such players are for sale.

In order to learn the sentiment of some League officials on this point, I approached Mr. John I. Rogers, of the Philadelphia Club. Mr. Rogers is a gentleman of superior intelligence and legal ability, and I was therefore not surprised to find him a rather weak supporter of the system. He freely admitted the injustice of selling a player without the latter's consent, and did not think the League had any right to

reserve and sell the players of a disbanding club. He did claim, however, that a club had a right, with the player's consent, to sell its claim upon his future services, for in so doing he declared that the club was simply "compounding the value of those future services."

I have pondered a great deal over our short talk, and I think I know what Mr. Rogers meant by that specious phrase. He meant that a club which has a legal claim *by contract* upon the future service of a player may accept a cash consideration for the release of that claim at any time before the expiration of the term of contract; and in that I agree with him perfectly. I am sure he did *not* mean that a club may sell its claim on the future service of a player when that claim rests not on a legal contract, but simply on the reserve-rule. For such a purpose that rule never gave a claim. It invested the club with a questionable right of reservation for one purpose only,—namely, to retain the services of the player; not at all to sell him. The true consideration in such a sale is not the release of the claim, but the future service of the player. It proceeds, therefore, not from the selling club, but from the player; yet the former takes the cash. Every dollar received by the club in such a transaction is taken from the pocket of the player; for if the buying club could afford to pay that sum as a bonus, it could just as well have paid it to the player in the form of increased salary. The whole thing is a conspiracy, pure and simple, on the part of the clubs, by which they are making money rightfully belonging to the players. Even were we to admit, for the sake of argument, that the reserve-rule does give a right to sell, we naturally ask, What consideration did the club ever advance to the player for this right? What did the Chicago Club ever give Kelly in return for the right to control his future services? Absolutely nothing; and yet that club sells that right, so cheaply acquired, for ten thousand dollars! But, I repeat, it never gave such a right, and any such claim by one set of men of a right of property in another is as unnatural to-day as it was a quarter of a century ago. The rule is a special statute of "base-ball law," made for a special purpose: it is of doubtful right when confined to that purpose, and it is of certain and unqualified wrong when applied to any other.

In the case of a sale with the player's consent at a time when he is under contract, the case is complicated. The club may properly sell its contract-claim, but in every such case the same wrongful element will be found to enter. The buying club pays a much larger price than the contract-claim is worth, because it expects to acquire also the right to reserve or sell. The case, analyzed, is this: the amount actually paid for the contract-claim is rightfully given, while every dollar in excess is

taken from the player through the wrongful operation of the reserve-rule.

The remedy for these abuses may be difficult to find; the system has become so rooted that heroic treatment may be necessary to remove it; but go it must, like every other, founded upon so great injustice and misuse of power. The only question is, Whence shall the remedy proceed? Shall it come from the clubs, or from the players, or from both conjointly? The interests of the national game are too great to be longer trifled with in such a manner, and if the clubs cannot find a way out of these difficulties the players will try to do it for them. The tangled web of legislation which now hampers the game must be cut away, and the business of base-ball made to rest on the ordinary business basis. There will be little need, then, of extra-judicial rules to regulate salaries, for these will regulate themselves, like those of the dramatic and other professions, by the law of supply and demand; "base-ball law," that wonderful creation which no one individual seems ever yet to have mastered, will be laid away as a curious relic among the archives of the game, and the time-honored and time-proven common law will once more regulate base-ball affairs; "deals" will be confined to legal limits; "phenomenons" and "wonders" will no longer receive advertising salaries, for the careful business manager will keep within justified figures; contracts may be made for periods of more than one season, the leagues will be composed of cities of nearly equal drawing strength, and the percentage system will be re-enacted, thus reducing to a minimum the temptation to compete for players; the players will catch the spirit of the new order; base-ball, to them, will be more of a business and less of a pastime; contract-breaking will be impossible, and dissipation will disappear; the profession of ball-playing will be looked upon as a perfectly honorable calling, and the national game be more than ever the greatest of out-door sports. All of these changes may never come; many of them certainly will. But it will be when the game is governed by the law of the land, when its financial conduct is placed in the hands of thorough business-men, when the "greats" and the "onlys," the "rustlers" and the "hustlers," have gone "down the back entry of time."

John Montgomery Ward.

OUR MONTHLY GOSSIP.

ONE of the Bab Ballads has for its subject the story of a young man possessed by a curiosity, which finally amounted to frenzy, to discover who wrote the mottoes on the *bondon* papers, and relates the results of his frantic quest.

À propos of this, who compiles the calendars now so much in vogue? Let us make an example of two, the Shakespeare and the George Eliot Calendars for 1887, both elaborately and handsomely gotten up, and apparently very popular.

The object, as we conceive it, of these calendars is to bring before our minds each day some axiom or epigram which may give us food for thought, or even serve the higher purpose of uplifting us morally, as, for instance, this :

He that made us with such large discourse,
Looking before and after, gave us not
That capability and godlike reason
To fast in us unused.

Or this :

Sometimes we are devils to ourselves
When we will tempt the frailty of our powers.

And yet, in spite of the abounding richness of Shakespeare, for every two quotations like these there are twenty in this calendar which, taken apart from their context, are as meaningless as these :

The sands are numbered that make up my life ;
Here must I stay, and here my life must end.

To business that we love we rise betimes,
And go to it with delight.

Go thou forth,
• And fortune play upon thy prosperous helm.

These extracts are taken from the first twenty pages of the Shakespeare Calendar, and it is probable that the remaining months would furnish examples stronger still.

Now to turn to the other calendar. The first twenty quotations there are much better, but among them are several which have absolutely no fitness for this purpose. The extract for January 1 is a broken fragment of one of George Eliot's most beautiful thoughts. The calendar has it, "No story is the same to us after a lapse of time, or rather we, who read it, are no longer the same interpreters;" but this is merely introductory, and the gist of the matter is in the unquoted part. A little later we find an extract so striking that it must be quoted in full : "Perhaps the most delightful friendships are those in which there is much agreement, much disputation, and more personal liking;" soon after which follows this : "A real fine lady does not wear clothes that flare in people's eyes, or use importunate scents, or make a noise when she moves," and just next, this fine utterance : "No man can begin to mould himself on a faith or an idea

without rising to a higher order of experience; a principle of self-mastery has been introduced into his nature;" to be followed soon by this: "If Old Harry wants any work done, you may be sure he'll find the means."

In addition to these defects, which are to be laid to the compiler, there are various misprints in the George Eliot Calendar which deface it greatly. For instance, Silas Marner is printed throughout Silas Warner. And in the quotation, "It is difficult *for* a woman to try to be anything good, when she is not believed in," *for* is replaced by *in*; and in another quotation, "We can set a watch over our affections and our constancy as we can over our other treasures," the omission of the word *other* takes half the beauty from the idea.

Whether the last citations be mistakes of the compiler's or of the printer's, they are equally inexcusable.

J. M.

BOOK-TALK.

A CORRESPONDENT who describes himself as an old reader hitherto content to act the passive part, accepting thankfully the good things set before him, has been moved by certain passages in a recent *Book-Talk*, as well as by the general tendency of modern critical and biographical writers, to avail himself of the privilege sometimes accorded to the laity of having a voice in the matter. He begins by reminding us of the old Scotch proverb that it is an ill bird which fouls its own nest, and he continues, "The inodorous truth of this saying is often called to my mind by the persistent efforts of certain writers to present literary men, especially those who have passed away, in their worst light,—to bring out phases of their nature showing them mean and silly, weak and wicked. These writers appear to have discovered that they have a high moral duty to perform: they become very tender in conscience about the estimate the world has been putting on obscure individuals connected with men of genius; chivalrous in bringing them before the public for tardy justice. All of which, by the way, is asked for by no one, and would be the last thing desired by these unfortunates could they speak for themselves. Has the author's life been so much of a success that he need be made to know his place and taught humility? Which has done mankind most harm in the past, hero-worship or the opposite tendency? How are the youthful and enthusiastic to be helped by seeing those in whose excellence they found exalted standards lowered in their eyes and by having their enthusiasm cooled? Youth cannot separate the artist from his art, and it is well it cannot. Has the world at large, or rather has the lower walk of the newspaper press, from which it gets so much of its information, been slow to find out the sins of writers and make the most of them? These singers of songs and tellers of stories have done more than all others to lessen the sadness of the soul in these days when science and philosophy appear only to widen and deepen the problems of life, without offering for them solutions or increasing our hope of ultimate enlightenment. Pessimism is not popular, but I will venture to submit whether this is not an age of high moral standards and small performance. In view of this, let us leave the men of the past to the measure that was meted out to them by their contemporaries."

When those redoubtable disputants, Tom Touchy and Will Wimble, appealed to Sir Roger de Coverley to settle a dispute between them, the good knight listened with patience, "and, having paused some time, told them, with the air of a man who would not give his judgment rashly, that much might be said on both sides." The Reviewer confesses that this temper of mind is one which he finds very congenial. It is pleasant to dally with both sides of a question,—to keep your mental eyes open to the magnificent vista of arguments that Alp-like rise one above the other on either side, until on either side they melt away into the immeasurable distance, far, far beyond the range of human vision. "To speak," says Goethe, "is to begin to err." For we can hardly speak, we can hardly even think, without limiting ourselves, without becoming partisans, without ranging ourselves on one side or the other of a mooted question, without closing our ears to the music which to our opponent's sense gives harmony to his arguments. And, dear God! it is so easy for us to go wrong. Even in the cases where we are right, we probably reach the right by wrong reasoning. The watch that has stopped is right twice in the twenty-four hours. Only very young people are infallible. To be sure, there is the Pope; but even he claims to be infallible within the narrowest limitations, and only a small fraction of the world is willing to yield him credence. For the rest, what test of right thinking is there? Our reason? The chief use of our reason is to teach us on the morrow how false were our conclusions of the day before. The consensus of mankind? On no one subject has mankind reached a consensus. The judgment of the best minds, of Matthew Arnold's remnant? How shall we know which are the best minds, or, having found them, shall we find them in agreement? The wisest man errs almost as often and as grievously as the fool. We have authority for calling Solomon a wise man, yet he made at least six hundred and ninety-nine mistakes. If we wish to refrain from error, we must cease from thinking and cease from speaking, or at least we must cease from coming to any decision on any question that has the normal number of sides.

Still, if the Reviewer were pressed for a yea or a nay, he would side against his correspondent. He would acknowledge the force of that gentleman's arguments, he would be humbly alive to his own fallibility, but he would suggest, not insist, that the truth is usually better than a lie. If the idols which "the youthful and the enthusiastic" have set up are clay, it is best to point out the truth, though it might then be in order to prove that the clay was at least of a superior character. "Paint me with all my wrinkles," said Cromwell to the artist who was inclined to flatter him, knowing well that the harshness of that countenance, amid all its imperfections, was nobler than the sleek beauty of the curled darling. Illusion may be helpful to the youthful and the enthusiastic; but disillusion is fatal, and there is no disillusion so terrible as that which springs from the recognition that much of history and biography and fiction is a lie,—as unfortunately it is. To quote again from the ever-quotable Goethe, the difference between men and women is that women deceive each other but do not deceive men, while men do not deceive each other but do deceive women. And women are glad to be deceived wherever truth would be painful to them. Tell any woman exactly what you believe and what you know about her husband, excellent but imperfect man as he may be, she would turn you out of her house in angry scorn. The whole atmosphere of modern literature, and especially of modern fiction, is womanly; the conventions are womanly,—they are part of the

general deception of women which is practised by men. But perhaps if the novelist were more truthful, if he painted life as it is, if he gave us flesh-and-blood heroes, with all the weakness and the error to which flesh and blood is liable and the self-conquest of which it is capable, more men might be willing to read the modern novel and might find strength and comfort and guidance in it. History and biography are, of course, less conventionalized than fiction, for they deal with real men, whose sins and struggles and sufferings have left an ineffaceable record; but it is precisely here, where real men are concerned, and not imaginary puppets to whom all sorts of impossible qualities may freely be attributed,—it is precisely here that the lie does most harm, in the reaction which the young and the enthusiastic are sure to experience when they at length discover the inevitable truth.

There is another value in truthfulness where the biography of any artistic worker is concerned, that it aids us in the establishment of truer and juster canons of criticism. A work of art, in the last analysis, is the expression of just so much heart and brain as the artist was possessed of. If the man is genuine and sincere his work will be genuine and sincere; if he is a sham his work will be a sham. It is a good thing to have some means of positively identifying the true from the false. Take the case of Thackeray, Dickens, and Bulwer. In their own day each had his respective circle of worshippers, which insisted on the manifest superiority of its own idol. *De gustibus non est disputandum* is a truism which acquires a certain dignity when clothed in a dead language. Nevertheless even matters of taste can be justified or discredited by biographical facts. Every new light that has been thrown on Thackeray's character has increased his reputation. We have learned to know the man as he was. We have learned to read the man in his works. The criticism which described him as a soured, disappointed, and vulgar cynic has had its day. The *a priori* judgment of those who looked upon him as earnest, noble, loving, and lovable, as a Great-heart fighting against error with infinite charity for the wrong-doer, with humble consciousness of his own weakness, has been ratified by facts. On the other hand, Dickens and, in a far greater degree, Bulwer have been sinking in popular estimation. The criticism which, while recognizing the splendid genius of Dickens, deplored his tendency to clap-trap and melodrama, his offences against good taste, his egotism, and his womanish unreasonableness, has been confirmed by the revelation that all these weaknesses were integral parts of his personal character. Bulwer is the most striking example of the three. To many of us who are unable to throw ourselves back into a former generation, to look at the world through the eyes of our fathers or grandfathers, it is simply incredible that an author whose books are full of so much sham philosophy, sham poetry, sham emotion, sham humor, sham eloquence, should have been accepted seriously by any sane man. "Bulwer nauseates me," says Hawthorne, who was himself too genuine to tolerate sham: "he is the very pimple of the age's humbug. There is no hope of the public so long as he finds a reader, an admirer, or a publisher." A few years ago Bulwer's biography was written by his son: the darker shades of his character were omitted, and he was presented to the world with the conventional simper which adorns heroes of the average biography. But the executor and friend of the novelist's wife was determined that the true story of that lady's life should be given to the public. She published the actual correspondence that had passed between Sir Edward and Lady Bulwer. Sir Edward,

by his own showing, was made to appear in so unworthy a light that his son promptly appealed to the law to suppress the book. Now, however, the same friend, Louisa Devey, has prepared a "Life of Rosina, Lady Bulwer" (Swann, Sonnenschein, Lowrey & Co., London), which is based upon this correspondence, upon the writings of Lady Bulwer, and upon the accounts which she herself gave to the biographer.

It is not necessary to accept everything in Louisa Devey's book as the truth. Lady Bulwer was no angel. She was violent in temper, narrow in mind, bitter in her prejudices. The novels which she published, in which she attacked not only her husband but all his circle of friends,—Dickens, Disraeli, Thackeray, Palmerston, etc.,—simply overshot the mark by their violence. They are vulgar, foolish, execrable in taste, weak in grammar, weak in syntax, strong only in vituperation. The public read the books, laughed at them, and speedily forgot them. They were excusable in looking upon them as the merest vagaries of insanity. But this only made the pathos of the poor lady's position more poignant. After all possible allowances, there is no doubt that she was cruelly, even barbarously, wronged by her husband. He was unfaithful to her, lied to her, deceived her; he made her life wretched by his arrogant and overbearing temper; once at least he kicked her, and once he bit her savagely in the cheek. After the separation he dogged her footsteps with spies, in the hope of convicting her of some divorceable offence. In Paris a disgraceful public scandal was occasioned by the arrest and trial of some of his emissaries caught in the act of purloining her private papers. It may be that the young and the enthusiastic, if in these days any such still worship Bulwer, will be disillusioned by this bare statement of facts; but isn't it just as well that the truth should be known, that the sham should be unveiled?

The most interesting of recent literary "finds," next to that of the two lost parts of "The Journey from Parnassus," is a satire entitled "The Poets and Poetry of America" (Benjamin & Bell, New York), the editor of which, "Geoffrey Quarles," in an introductory argument which is written understandingly and ably reasoned, seeks to prove that its author was Edgar Allan Poe. He makes out an excellent case, the strong points of which are as follows. The satire was published in 1847, under the pseudonyme of "Lavante." The year 1847 has been looked upon as the most unproductive in Poe's literary career. In March of that year he had announced as soon to appear "The Authors of America, in Prose and Verse;" but the only known product of his pen during that year was the short poem "Ulalume," which appeared anonymously. May not this satire have been the final form of his proposed "Authors of America"? He had written on the subject of poetical satire, once in a review of Lowell's "Fable for Critics," and again in one of Wilmer's "Quacks of Helicon," suggesting in each case that the heroic couplet of Pope and Dryden was the best form for satiric verse. This satire is in heroic couplets. The unfamiliarity of the metre makes it difficult to recognize in it any of the peculiar characteristics of Poe's poetical style. Indeed, it may be owned at once that the satire has no poetical merit; but, then, did not Poe himself assert that "a satire, of course, is no *poem*"? In all other respects it tallies perfectly with what we know about Poe. It praises the Southern authors and attacks the Northern, just as Poe did in his critical essays. Yet Poe himself is never mentioned in it. The judgments on Longfellow, Bryant, Lowell, Dana,

Halleck, Willis, Holmes, Pike, Simms, Whittier, Cranch, are to a great extent echoes of the opinions Poe had already expressed in his "Literati" and in his lectures on "The Poets and Poetry of America." The satire has all Poe's arrogance, egotism, and intensity; it shows the same mental limitations, the same poverty of wit and humor, the same disregard for truth, the same petty spite and malice. As the editor remarks, "Either Poe wrote this satire, or somebody else, still unknown, wrote it with Poe's experience, Poe's doctrines, Poe's animus, and in Poe's language." In the "Supplementary" note the editor overreaches himself by too much subtilty. He rightly argues that, as Poe was fond of ingenious mystifications, he might sign his own name in some cryptographic fashion in his anonymous poems. The last couplet runs as follows:

Should public hate upon my pen react,
No matter this: I will not aught retract.

This couplet contains all the letters in the name of Edgar Allan Poe. It also contains all the letters of these words, "American Poets and Poetry, a Satire;" or these, "A True and Honest Satire by Edgar Allan Poe." This is not so bad. However, "Quarles" then goes on to find that "Edgar Poe (Lavante)" yields this anagram: "A Real Poet Aveng'd,"—which is ingenious. But why, if Poe chose the pseudonyme with a view to this anagram, did he not perfect the latter by calling himself "Levante" (a name actually used in one of his poems)? Then "Edgar A. Poe (Levante)" would have yielded "A Real Poet Avenged," without the awkwardness of the elision, and with his full name exactly as he signed it.

"Miss Bayle's Romance, a Story of To-Day" (Henry Holt & Co.), is another attempt to paint the American girl abroad, this time from the point of view of an Englishman, possibly Grant Allen. Miss Bayle is the daughter of a Chicago millionaire who has made his money in shady railroad transactions. Her great beauty, and her father's millions, gain admission for her into the highest English circles, even those of royalty; she is toasted at banquets and celebrated in the newspapers, and ends by marrying a British lord. Evidently the author likes her and intends us to like her. But in this he fails. She has nothing to recommend her but frankness and good nature (we are told, indeed, that she is clever, but are given none of her clever sayings), and these good qualities are overshadowed by her essential vulgarity. A great deal of pains has been expended to throw an air of lifelikeness over the book. Real persons—the Prince of Wales, Gladstone, Labouchere, Lord and Lady Randolph Churchill—are introduced under their own names, and other well-known persons under very thin disguises. Long extracts are given from the letters of Mrs. and Miss Bayle, which are painfully lifelike,—just the sort of letters that the every-day man gets from his wife, his sister, and his sweetheart. The author's evidently very accurate knowledge of Europe and of America has been laid under contribution. The names of Chicago, New York, Boston, and London papers, of the steamers that ply on various rivers, of leading hotels and restaurants in the New World and the Old, the characteristics of numerous out-of-the-way localities,—all these give the book that appearance of accuracy and reliability and that exhilarating interest which we look for only in a guide-book. Indeed (to drop airy persiflage), the book is dull in spite of the author's evident cleverness. The best thing in it is the sketch of Ezra P. Bayle, a typical American financier. The various tricks by

which he "made his pile," and the manner in which he was received in England when he joined his family there, are excellent bits of satiric comedy.

"Wallingford" (J. B. Lippincott Company) is another book which aims at securing the factitious interest of local color and personality. Wallingford is a suburb of Philadelphia, the author is understood to be an official of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, various railroad magnates are introduced under their real names, and accurate pictures of Philadelphia and New York streets form a romantic background. The book is not without interest, but it has that air of being written by a clever young man which is somehow (perhaps unreasonably) exasperating to the maturer mind. However, the author will improve. He will not always be young. Let us trust that he will always retain his cleverness.

"Until you understand a writer's ignorance," says Coleridge, "presume yourself ignorant of his understanding." This excellent saying is called to the Reviewer's mind by John Darby's "Nineteenth Century Sense: the Paradox of Spiritualism" (J. B. Lippincott Company). There are portions which he is not sure that he has comprehended, but he is willing to own that the muddle may be in his own mind, especially as the larger portion which he finds intelligible is a sufficiently vigorous revivification of mediæval metaphysics in terms of the nineteenth century. But a Reviewer who has grown to doubt all metaphysics, who is willing, in John Darby's terminology, to grant comprehension but not apprehension to the human mind, who looks on all ontological speculations as "words thrown at" the unknowable with only the result of further obscuring it, to such a Reviewer it can make little difference whether he understands the author's ignorance or is ignorant of his understanding.

The Seybert commission, which, according to the terms of the will of Henry Seybert, was appointed by the University of Pennsylvania to investigate modern Spiritualism, has just made its "Preliminary Report" (J. B. Lippincott Company). The commission is composed of Dr. William Pepper, Dr. Joseph Leidy, Dr. George A. Koenig, Prof. Robert Ellis Thompson, Prof. George S. Fullerton, Dr. Horace Howard Furness, Mr. Coleman Sellers, Dr. James W. White, Dr. Calvin B. Knerr, and Dr. S. Weir Mitchell. It had sittings with a number of well-known mediums, whose names are given in the report, and it examined into the questions of independent slate-writing, spirit-rapping, materializations, and other special lines of mediumship. The committee went to work in an impartial and scientific spirit, and they unanimously deny the honesty of the mediums or the genuineness of the manifestations. They hold themselves open to conviction, however, and express a willingness to continue their researches in the hope of meeting with some variation in the monotony of imposture. Aside from their scientific value, the papers are amusing and entertaining reading.

CURRENT NOTES.

THE CONCLUSION OF THE MATTER.—Seventeen years of steady and faithful trial upon sixty thousand different people has given ample opportunity to establish for Compound Oxygen these several positions as true. It is the vital part of the atmosphere made very potent, being made magnetic during the process of manufacture.

Compound Oxygen has three distinct modes of action upon the human organism: 1. Its mechanical action, in that it increases very much the respiratory function over that of ordinary breathing. This increased action is felt all over the body at once, because the lungs are just as universally present in the whole body by their rhythmical vibration as the heart is by the ramification of its blood-vessels. 2. Its chemical action, in that the solvent character of the atmosphere is greatly increased by the magnetic property of the Compound Oxygen; hence the blood is more efficiently purified by the more rapid solution and ejection of carbon,—the worn-out tissues of the body ever present; hence it dissolves and eliminates from the system many deleterious substances which otherwise are very difficult of ejection. In this way it relieves the body of its poisonous foreign tenants,—malaria, quinine, mercury, uric acid, excess of bile,—and is the deadly enemy of the now-dreaded bacilli. 3. Its vital action. This latter is vastly more important than the two former, and without it the Compound Oxygen would not work any such results as we have produced. Pure Oxygen possesses the first two properties, but not this third one.

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As these centres generate all the vitality there is in the whole man (and normal vitality is health), is it strange that nearly all the maladies (these depend upon deficient, disordered vitality)—so multitudinous in their manifestations—should be made to give way before the steady march of our newly-generated vital forces? And, when the victory is won, the peace of sound health should be permanent.

(2 F., 34.)

"LUDINGTON, MICHIGAN, April 4, 1887.

"I will drop you a few lines to let you know how I have held out since using your Compound Oxygen. I am enjoying very good health. As yet have not taken a bit of drugs since using Compound Oxygen, except once last spring I had an attack of malarial fever; sent for a homœopathic doctor and he broke it up. I was quite weak for six weeks, and told the doctor that I wanted some Compound Oxygen. He said he didn't believe in it, but it did not make any difference with me, for I have just as much faith in it as ever. Would have had some more if we had not had such a drought last summer. I have a little yet for an emergency.

"I have been acting as secretary for you ever since my testimonial appeared in print. I did not know that you had a world-wide circulation of Health and Life, but I have received letters from Maine to California and all over the United States and Canada, and am looking for one from across the ocean every day.

There has not been more than three that has sent stamp for return mail, but I have answered every letter but one, and have always been sorry that I did not answer that. It came last spring when I had fever, and I could not find it when I was able to write. Mr. P., of Ludington, saw my testimonial, and asked me if it was true. I acknowledged it to him, and he sent for some. I believe it must have cured him, for he is around again and looks better than before. I have not had any difficulty with my *lungs* this winter; have had a severe winter. Have only had two hard colds during the entire winter, and that from undue exposure. Have not had a touch of the *rheumatism* since using Compound Oxygen, and before, I was laid up every damp day that we had, so *I am positive that it does not act as a stimulant only and wear off as soon as we stop using it*, as neighbors told me it would do. I have not had but two light touches of *toothache* since I used Compound Oxygen, about two years ago.

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The most remarkable short story of the month, if not of the year, is "The Farrier Lass o' Piping Pebworth," by Amélie Rives, in the July *Lippincott*. It has the characteristics of a rare old etching with a sympathetic touch that gives the figures life and realism. The whole story is a series of warm and vivid word-paintings, each line pulsing with life. It would be easily susceptible of elaboration into a powerful, full-fledged novel.—*New York World*.

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE IN BILIOUS DISEASES.—Dr. D. Schaub, Muncie, Indiana, says, "I have used it in cases of bilious disease, and the results were all that could be desired. It is valuable."

The approaching centenary of the Constitution, to be celebrated in Philadelphia on September 17, 18, and 19, gives timeliness to an admirable article by Moncure D. Conway, entitled "A Suppressed Statesman of our Early Republic," that will appear in the September number of *Lippincott's Magazine*. It portrays the career of Edmund Randolph, of Virginia, to whom Mr. Conway insists that the initiation and ratification of the Constitution were especially due. The public will be surprised to learn what an important figure Randolph was in his own day, both as a man of action and a man of thought.

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE IN OBSTINATE INDIGESTION.—Dr. F. G. McGavock, McGavock, Arkansas, says, "It gives me pleasure to bear testimony to its beneficial action in obstinate indigestion."

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE FOR INDIGESTION.—Dr. George W. Hall, St. Louis, says, "I took it for indigestion and found it of decided advantage."

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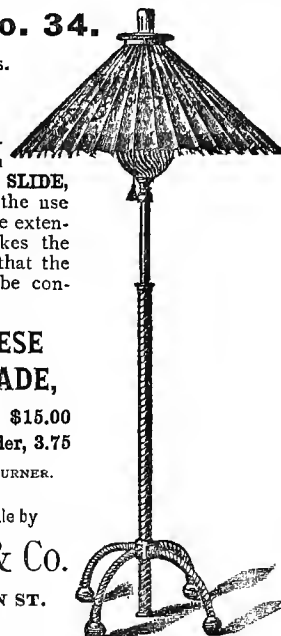
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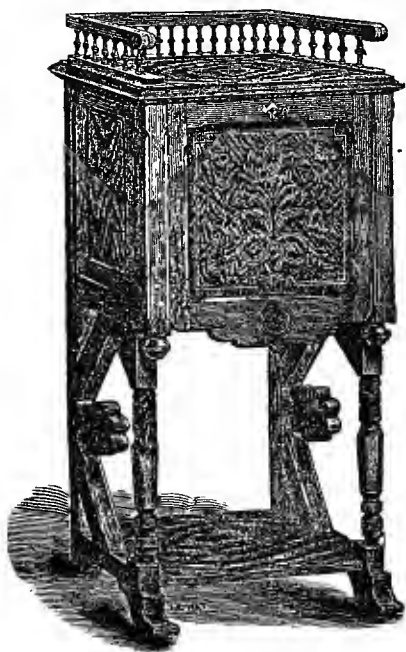
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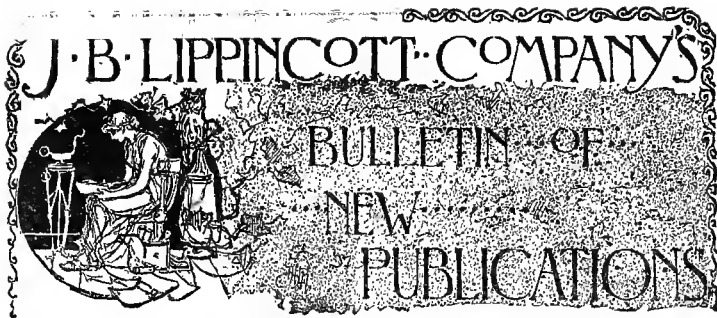
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PHILADELPHIA, 1887.

This BULLETIN contains a List of our NEW PUBLICATIONS, with brief notices of their contents, etc., together with announcements of works now in Press to be issued shortly.

Our Publications are for Sale by Booksellers generally, or will be sent by mail, post-paid, upon receipt of price.

The Reign of Queen Victoria:

A Survey of Fifty Years of Progress. Edited by T. HUMPHRY WARD. 2 vols. 8vo. 1250 pages. Extra cloth. \$8.00.

The principal chapters in the work have been contributed as follows:

The Army, LORD WOLSELEY; *The Navy*, LORD BRASSEY; *The Administration of the Law*, LORD JUSTICE BOWEN; *The Civil Service*, SIR R. WELBY; *The Development of the Constitution*, SIR WILLIAM ANSON; *National Finance*, MR. LEONARD COURTNEY; *India*, SIR H. S. MAINE; *Ireland*, SIR R. BLENNERHASSETT; *The Growth and Distribution of Wealth*, MR. GIFFEN; *Industrial Organisation*, MR. MUNDELLA; *Agriculture*, SIR J. CAIRD; *The Iron Trade*, SIR I. LOTHIAN BELL; *The Cotton Trade*, MR. J. SLAGG; *Schools*, MR. MATTHEW ARNOLD; *Science*, PROFESSOR HUXLEY; *Literature*, DR. R. GARNETT; *Medicine and Surgery*, MR. BRUDENELL CARTER; *The Theatre*, MR. W. ARCHER.

Elements of Metallurgy.

A Practical Treatise on the Art of Extracting Metals from their Ores. By J. ARTHUR PHILLIPS, F.R.S., M. Inst. C.E., F.C.S., F.G.S., etc. Ancien Élève de l'École des Mines, Paris. *New Edition*. Revised and Enlarged by the Author and H. BAUERMAN, F.G.S. With 232 Illustrations, drawn to Scale and reduced in many instances from Working Drawings. One volume. Royal 8vo. 848 pages. Extra cloth. \$9.00.

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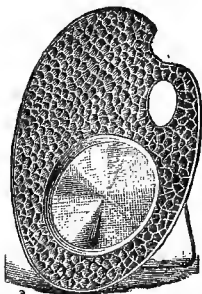
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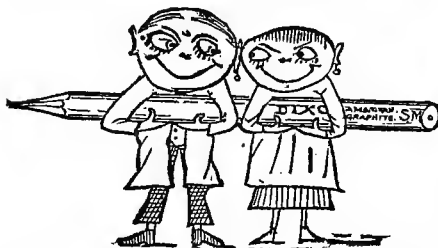
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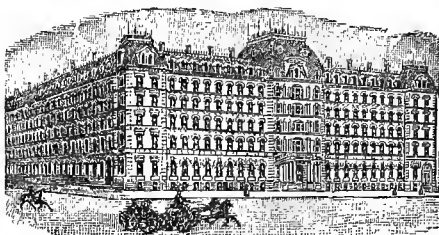
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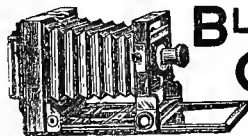
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skairt, mebbly there is a snake in front of her, or sunthin, or mebbly she is a live meat woman, but a statue." Sez I, in low, deep accents, "you stay right where you be, Josiah Allen, and I will go forward, and if we need your help, I will holler." And finally he consented after a parley.

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And it wuz anon that we see in the distance a fair, white female a standin' kinder still in the edge of the woods, and Josiah spoke in a seemingly careless way, and sez he:

"She don't seem to have many clothes on, Samantha." Sez I, "Hush! Josiah, she has probable overslept herself, and come out in a hurry, mebbly to look for some herbs or sunthin, I presume one of her children are sick, and she sprung right up out of bed, and come out to get some mother wort, or catnip or sunthin."—

And as I spoke I drawed Josiah down a side path away from her.

But he stopped stum still, and sez he, "Mebby I ort to go and help her, Samantha."

Sez I, "Josiah Allen, sence I've lived with you, I don't think I have ben shomedder of you—sez I. It would mortify her to death if she should mistrust you had seen her in that condition."

"Wall," sez he, still a hangin' back, "if the child is very sick, and I can be any help to her, it is my duty to go."

His eye had been on her nearly every moment of the time, in spite of my almost voyalent protests, and sez he kinder excited like—"She is standin' stum still, as if she is sick, and I can be any help to her, it is my duty to go."



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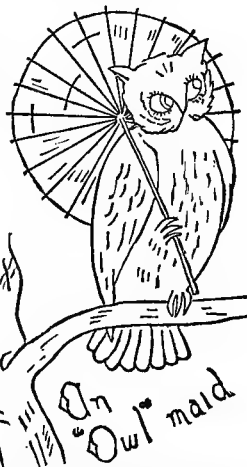
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CHAIR—"COME, SIT

THEE DOWN," 6x10.

GIRL STANDING BY A

TREE (calling to kilt-

roy, who sits up in the

tree), 5x10.

BOY IN CHAIR, READING

4x5.

DOG (full size), 5x5.

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OWLS

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ACORNS.

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PANSY.

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CAT.

GOLDEN ROD.

CHERRIES, 2½x4.

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FORGET-ME-NOTS.

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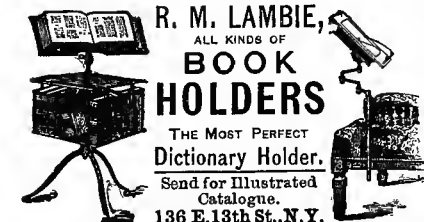
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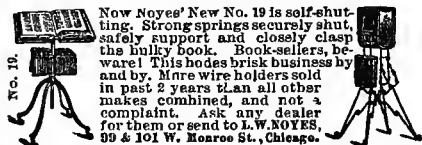
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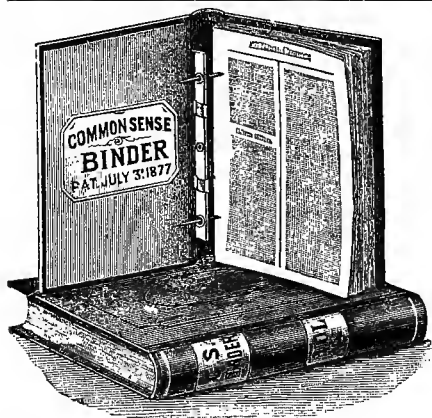
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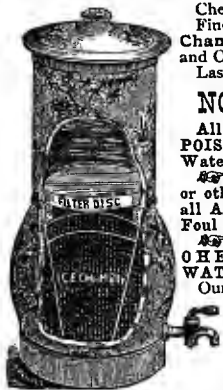
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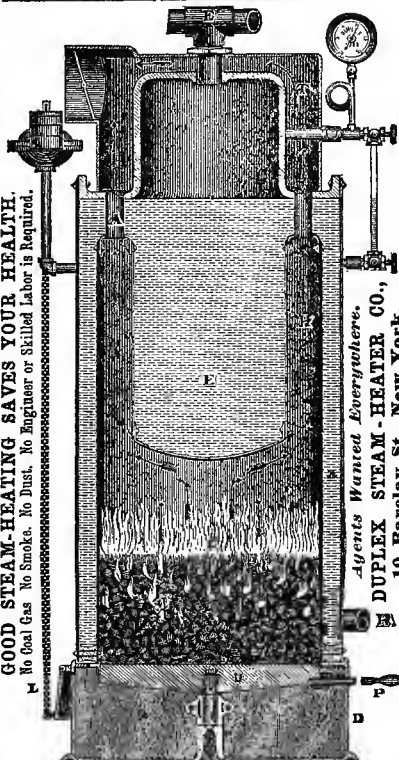
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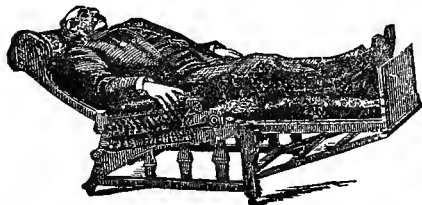


FIG. 1.



FIG. 2.

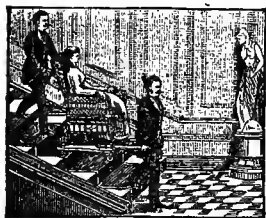


FIG. 3.

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FIG. 4.

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FIG. 7.



FIG. 8.



FIG. 6.



FIG. 9.



FIG. 10.



FIG. 11.



FIG. 12.

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FIG. 13.



FIG. 14.

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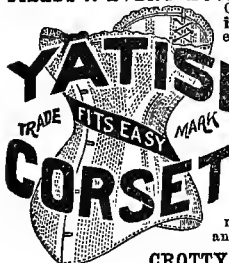
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